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THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE Valorous and witty KNIGHT-ERRANT,

Don Quixote of the *Mançha*.

VVritten in Spaniſh by *Michael Ceruantes*: And now Tranſlated into Engliſh.

LONDON,
Printed for *Edward Blount*.
1620.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, GEORGE Marqueſſe Buckingham, *Viſcount* VILLIERS, *Baron of Whaddon, Lord High* Admirall of England; Iuſtice in Eyre of all his Maieſties Forreſts, Parkes, and Chaſes beyond Trent, Maſter of the Horſe to his Maieſtie, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maieſties Bed-chamber, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the *Garter, and one of his* MAIESTIES *moſt Honourable Priuy* Counſell of England and Scotland.

Right Noble Lord,

OVR humble ſeruant hath obſeru'd in the multitude of books that haue paſt his hands, no ſmall varietie of Dedications; and thoſe ſeuerally ſorted to their Preſenters ends: Some, for the meere ambition of Great names; Others, for the deſire, or need

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of Protection; Many, to win Friends, and so fauour, and opinion; but Most, for the more sordid respect; Gaine. This humbly offers into your Lo: presence, with none of these deformities: But as a bashfull stranger, newly arriued in English, *hauing originally had the fortune to be borne commended to a* Grande *of* Spaine; *and, by the way of translation, the grace to kisse the hands of a great Ladie of* France, *could not despaire of lesse courtesie in the Court of Great* Brittaine, *then to bee receiued* of your Lo: delight; *his study being to sweeten those short starts of your retirement from publique affaires, which so many, so vnseasonably, euen to molestation trouble.*

By him who most truely honours,
and humbly professes all duties
to your Lordship.

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Ed: Blount.

THE AVTHORS PROLOGVE TO THE READER.

NOw God defend! Reader, Noble or Plebeyan, what ere thou art: how earneſtly muſt thou needs by this time expect this Prologue, ſuppoſing that thou muſt find in it nothing but reuenge, brawling, and rayling vpon the Authour of the ſecond *Don Quixote*, of whom I onely ſay as others ſay, that he was begot in *Tordeſillas*, and borne in *Tarragona*? the truth is, herein I meane not to giue thee content. Let it be neuer ſo generall a rule, that iniuries awaken and rouze vp choler in humble breſts, yet in mine muſt this rule admit an exception: Thou, it may be, wouldſt haue mee be-Aſſe him, be-madman him, and be-foole him, but no ſuch matter can enter into my thought; no, let his owne rod whip him; as hee hath brewed, ſo let him bake: elſe where he ſhall haue it: and yet there is ſomewhat which I cannot but reſent, and that is, that he exprobrates vnto me my age, and my [a] mayme, as if it had been in my power, to hold Time backe, that ſo it ſhould not paſſe vpon mee, or if my mayme had be-

[a] He loſt one of his hands.

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falne me in a Tauerne, and not vpon the most famous
[b] occasion which either the ages past or present haue
seene, nor may the times to come looke for the
like: If my wounds shine not in the eyes of such as
behold them; yet shall they be esteemed at least in
the iudgement of such as know how they were got-
ten. A Souldiour had rather be dead in the battell,
then free by running away: and so is it with me, that
should men set before me and facilitate an impossibi-
litie, I should rather haue desired to haue beene in
that prodigious action; then now to bee in a whole
skinne, free from my skarres, for not hauing been
in it. The skarres which a Souldiour shewes in his
face and brest, are starres which leade others to the
Heauen of Honor, & to the desire of iust praise: and
besides it may be noted, that it is not so much mens
pens which write, as their iudgements; and these vse
to be better'd with yeeres. Nor am I insensible of
his calling me Enuious, and describing me as an ig-
norant. What Enuy may be, I vow seriously, that
of those two sorts, that are; I skill not but of that Ho-
ly, Noble, and ingenuons Enuy, which being so, as
it is, I haue no meaning to abuse any Priest; especial-
ly, if he hath annexed vnto him the Title of *FAMI-
LIAR* of the Inquisition: and if he said so, as it seemes
by this second Author, that he did, he is vtterly deceiu-
ued: For I adore his wit, admire his workes, and his
continuall vertuous imployment; and yet in effect I
cannot but thanke this sweet Senior Author, for say-
ing that my Nouelles are more Satyrick, then Exem-
plar; and that yet they are good, which they could
not be, were they not so quite thorow. It seemes, thou

[b] At the Battell of *Lepanto*.

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telleſt me, that I write ſomewhat limited, and obſcurely, and containe my ſelfe within the bounds of my modeſtie, as knowing, that a man ought not adde miſery to him that is afflicted, which doubtleſſe muſt needs be very great in this Senior, ſince he dares not appeare in open field, in the light, but conceales his Name, faines his Countrey, as if hee had committed ſome Treaſon againſt his King. Well, if thou chance to light vpon him, and know him, tell him from mee, that I hold my ſelfe no whit aggrieued at him: for I well know what the temptations of the Diuell are; and one of the greateſt is, when hee puts into a mans head, that he is able to compoſe and print a booke, whereby he ſhall gaine as much Fame as money, and and as much money as Fame. For confirmation hereof, I intreat thee, when thou art diſpoſed to be merry and pleaſant, to tell him this Tale.

There was a Mad-man in Seuill, which hit vpon one of the prettieſt abſurd tricks that euer mad-man in this world lighted on, which was: Hee made him a Cane ſharpe at one end, and then catching a Dogge in the ſtreet, or elſewhere, hee held faſt one of the Dogges legges vnder his foot, and the other hee held vp with his hand. Then fitting his Cane as well as he could, behinde, he fell a blowing till hee made the Dogge as round as a Ball: and then, holding him ſtill in the ſame manner, hee gaue him two clappes with his hand on the belly, and ſo let him goe, Saying to thoſe which ſtood by (which alwayes were many) how thinke you, my Maſters, Is it a ſmall matter to blow vp a Dogge like a Bladder? and how thinke you, Is it a ſmall labour to make a Booke? If this

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Tale ſhould not fit him: then, good Reader, tell him this other; for this alſo is of a Mad-man and a Dog. In *Cordous* was another Mad-man, which was wont to carry on the top of his head, a huge piece of Marble, not of the lighteſt, who meeting a maſterleſſe Dogge, would ſtalke vp cloſe to him: and on a ſudden, downe with his burden vpon him: the Dogge would preſently yearne, and barking and yelling run away, three ſtreets could not hold him. It fell out afterwards among other Dogges (vpon whom hee let fall his load) there was a Cappers Dogge, which his Maſter made great account of, vpon whom hee let downe his great ſtone, and tooke him full on the head: the poore batter'd Curre cryes pittifully. His Maſter ſpies it, and affected with it, gets a meat-yard, aſſaults the mad-man, and leaues him not a whole bone in his skinne; and at euery blow that he gaue him, he cryes out, Thou Dogge, Thou Thiefe, my Spaniell! Saw'ſt thou not, thou cruell Villaine, that my Dogge was a Spaniell? And euer and anon repeating ſtill his Spaniell, he ſent away the Mad-man all blacke and blue. The Mad-man was terribly skarred herewith, but got away, and for more then a moneth after neuer came abroad: At laſt out hee comes with his inuention againe, and a bigger load then before: and comming where the Dogge ſtood, viewing him ouer and ouer againe very heedily; he had no minde, he durſt not let goe the ſtone, but onely ſaid, Take heed, this is a Spaniell. In fine, whatſoeuer Dogges he met, though they were Maſtifs or Fyſting-Hounds, hee ſtill ſaid they were Spaniels. So that after that, he neuer durſt throw his great Stone any more. And who knowes

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but the same may befall this our Historian, that hee will no more let fall the prize of his wit in Bookes? for in being naught, they are harder then Rockes: tell him too, that for his menacing, that with his booke he will take away all my gaine; I care not a straw for him: but betaking my selfe to the famous Interlude of *Perendenga*: I answere him, Let the Old man my Master liue, and Christ bee with vs all. Long liue the great *Conde de Lemos* (whose Christianity and well-knowne Liberalitie against all the blowes of my short fortune, keepes me on foote) and long liue that eminent Charitie of the Cardinall of *Toledo*, *Don Bernardo de Sandoual y Rojas*. Were there no printing in the world, or were there as many Bookes printed against mee, as there are letters in the Rimes of *Mingo Revulgo*; these two Princes, without any sollicitation of flatterie, or any other kinde of applause, of their sole bounty haue taken vpon them to doe me good, and to fauour me; wherein I account my selfe more happy and rich, then if fortune, by some other ordinary way, had raised me to her highest: Honour, a Poore man may haue it, but a Vicious man cannot: Pouerty may cast a mist vpon Noblenes, but cannot altogether obscure it: but as the glimmering of any light of it selfe, though but thorow narrow chinkes and Cranyes, comes to be esteemed by high and Noble spirits, and consequently fauoured. Say no more to him; nor will I say any more to thee: but onely aduertise that thou consider, that this Second part of *Don Quixote*, which I offer thee, is framed by the same Art, and cut out of the same cloth that the first was: in it I present thee with *Don Quixote* enlarged, & at last dead and buried,

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that

that ſo no man preſume to raiſe any farther reports of him; thoſe that are paſt are enow: and let it ſuffice that an honeſt man may haue giuen notice of theſe diſcreet follies, with purpoſe not to enter into them any more. For plenty of any thing, though neuer ſo good, makes it leſſe eſteemed: and ſcarſitie (though of euill things) makes them ſomwhat accounted of. I forgot to tell thee that thou mayſt expect *Perſiles*, which I am now about to finiſh; as alſo the Second part of *Galatea*.

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A SVMMARY TABLE of that, which this second part of the famous History of the valourous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* doth containe.

CHAP. 1.

HOw the *Vicar and the Barber passed their time with* Don Quixote, *touching his infirmitie.*

Chap. 2. *Of the notable fray that* Sancho Panſa *had with the Neece & the old Woman, and other delightful passages.*

Chap. 3. *The ridiculous discourse that passed betwixt* Don Quixote, Sancho, *and the Bachelor* Samſon Carraſco.

Chap. 4. *How* Sancho Panſa *satisfies the Bachelor* Samſon Carraſco's *doubts and demands; with other accidents worthy to be knowne and related.*

Chap. 5. *Of the wiſe and pleaſant diſcourſe, that passed betwixt* Sancho Panſa *and his wife* Tereſa Panſa, *and other accidents worthy of happy remembrance.*

Chap. 6. *What passed betwixt* Don Quixote, *his Neece, and the old Woman: and it is one of the most materiall Chapters in all the Hiſtory.*

Chap. 7. *What passed betwixt* Don Quixote *and his Squire, with other famous accidents.*

Chap. 8. *What befell* Don Quixote, *going to ſee his Miſtris* Dulcinea del Toboſo.

Chap. 9. *Where it ſet downe as followeth.*

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Chap.

Chap. 10. *How* Sancho *cunningly inchanted the Lady* Dulcinea, *and other successes, as ridiculous as true.*

Chap. 11. *Of the strange Aduenture that befell* Don Quixote, *with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death.*

Chap. 12. *Of the rare Aduenture that befell* Don Quixote, *with the Knight of the Looking-Glasses.*

Chap. 13. *Where the Aduenture of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted, with the discreet, rare, and sweet Colloquy, that passed betwixt the two Squires.*

Chap. 14. *How the Aduenture of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted.*

Chap. 15. *Who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his Squire were.*

Chap. 16. *What befell* Don Quixote *with a discreet Gentleman of* Mancha.

Chap. 17. *Where is shewed the last and extremest hazzard, to which the vnheard of courage of* Don Quixote *did or could arriue, with the prosperous accomplishment of the Aduenture of the Lyons.*

Chap. 18. *What happened to* Don Quixote *in the Castle, or Knight of the Greene Cassocke his house, with other extranagant matters.*

Chap. 19. *Of the Aduenture of the enamoured Shepheard, with other, indeed, pleasant Accidents.*

Chap. 20. *Of the Marriage of the rich* Camacho, *and the successe of poore* Basilius.

Chap. 21. *Of the prosecution of* Camacho's *marriage, with other delightfull accidents.*

Chap. 22. *Of the famous Aduenture of* Montesino's *Caue, which is in the heart of* Mancha, *which the valourous* Don Quixote *happily accomplished.*

Chap. 23. *Of the admirable things, that the vnapparaled* Don Quixote *recounted, which hee had seene in* Montesino's *profound Caue, whose strangenesse and impossibility makes this Chapter to be held for* Apocrypha.

Chap. 24 *Where are recounted a thousand slim-flams, as impertinent, as necessary to the vnderstanding of this famous History.*

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Chap.

Chap. 25. *Of the Aduenture of the Braying, and the merry one of the Puppet-man, with the memorable ſouthſaying of the prophe-ſying Ape.*

Chap. 26. *Of the delightfull paſſage of the Puppet-play, and other pleaſant matters.*

Chap. 27. *Who Maſter* Peter *and his Ape were, with the ill ſucceſſe that* Don Quixote *had in the Aduenture of the Braying, which ended not ſo well, at he would, or thought for.*

Chap. 28. *Of the things that* Benengeli *relates, which hee that readeſ ſhall know, if he reade them with attention.*

Chap 29. *Of the famous Aduenture of the Enchanted Barke.*

Cha. 30. *What hapned to* Don Quixote *with the faire Huntreſſe.*

Chap. 31. *That treats of many and great affaires.*

Chap. 32. *of* Don Quixotes *anſwere to his Reprehender, with other ſucceſſes as wiſe as witty.*

Chap. 33. *Of the wholeſome diſcourſe that paſſed betwixt the Ducheſſe and her Damozels with* Sancho Panſa, *worthy to be read and noted.*

Chap. 34. *How notice is giuen for the diſ-enchanting of the peereleſſe* Dulcinea del Toboſo, *which is one of the moſt famous Aduentures in all this booke.*

Chap. 35. *Where is proſecuted the notice that* Don Quixote *had, of diſ-enchanting* Dulcinea, *with other admirable accidents.*

Chap. 36. *Of the ſtrange and vnimagined Aduenture of the afflicted Matron,* alias, *the Counteſſe* Trifaldi, *with a letter that* Sancho Panſa *wrote to his wife* Tereſa Panſa.

Chap. 37. *Of the Proſecution of the famous Aduenture of the Afflicted Matron.*

Chap. 38. *The Afflicted Matron recounts her ill Errantry.*

Chap. 39. *Where the* Trifaldi *proſecutes her ſtupendious and memorable Hiſtory.*

Chap. 40. *Of matters that touch and pertain to this Aduenture, and moſt memorable Hiſtory.*

Chap. 41. *Of* Clauilenos *arriuall, with the end of this dilated Aduenture.*

Chap. 42. *Of the aduice that* Don Quixote *gaue* Sancho Panſa, *before hee ſhould goe to gouerne the Iland, with other matter well digeſted.*

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Chap.

Chap.43. *Of the second aduice that* Don Quixote *gaue* Sancho Pansa.

Chap.44. *How* Sancho Pansa *was carried to his Gouernment, & of the strange Aduenture that befel* Don Quixote *in the Castle.*

Chap.45. *How the Grand* Sancho Pansa *tooke possession of his Iland, and the manner of his beginning to gouerne.*

Ch.46. *Of the feareful Low-Bell-Cally horror that* Don Quixote *receiued in Processe of his Loue, by the enamor'd* Altisidora.

Chap.47. *How* Sancho *demeaned himselfe in his Gouernment.*

Chap.48. *What hapned to* Don Quixote *with* Donna Rodriguez, *the Dutchesses waiting-woman; with other successes, worthy to be written, and had in eternall remembrance.*

Ch.49. *What hapned to* Sancho *in walking the Round in his Iland.*

Ch.50. *Where is declared, who were the Enchanters and Executioners, that whipped the Matron, pincht and scracht* Don Quixote, *with the successe the Page had that carried the Letter to* Teresa Pansa, Sancho's *wife.*

Chap.51. *Of* Sancho's *proceeding in his Gouernment, with other successes, as good as Touch.*

Chap.52. *The Aduenture of the second Afflicted or straightned Matron,* alias, Donna Rodriguez.

Chap.53. *Of the troublesome end and vp-shot that* Sancho Pansa's *Gouernment had.*

Chap.54. *That treats of matters concerning this History, and no other.*

Chap.55. *Of matters that befell* Sancho *by the way, and others the best in the world.*

Chap.56. *Of the vnmercifull and neuer seene battell that passed betweene* Don Quixote *and the Lackey* Tosilos, *in defence of the Matron* Donna Rodriguez *Daughter.*

Chap.57. *How* Don Quixote *tooke his leaue of the Duke, and what befell him with the witty wanton* Altisidora, *the Dutchesses Damozell.*

Chap.58. *Of Aduentures that came so thicke and threefold on* Don Quixote, *that they giue no respit one to the other.*

Chap.59. *Of an extraordinary accident that befell* Don Quixote, *which may be held for an Aduenture.*

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Chap.60. *What happened to* Don Quixote *going to* Barſelona.
Chap.61. *VVhat hapned to* Don Quixote *at his entrance into* Barſelona, *with other events more true, then witty.*
Chap.62. *The Aduenture of the Enchanted head, with other ſlim-flams that muſt be recounted.*
Chap.63. *Of the ill chance that befell* Sancho *at his ſeeing the Gallies, with the ſtrange Aduenture of the* Moriſca.
Chap.64. *Of an Aduenture that moſt perplext* Don Quixote, *of any that hitherto befell him.*
Chap.65. *VVho the Knight of the White Moone was, with* Don Gregorio's *liberty, and other paſſages.*
Chap.66. *That treats of what the Reader ſhall ſee, and hee that hearkens heare.*
Chap.67. *Of the reſolution* Don Quixote *had to turne Shepheard, and to lead a Country life, whileſt the promiſe for his yeare was expired, with other accidents truely good, & ſauoury.*
Chap.68. *Of the briſtled Aduenture that befell* Don Quixote.
Chap.69. *Of the neweſt and ſtrangeſt Aduenture, that in all the courſe of this Hiſtory befell* Don Quixote.
Chap.70. *Of diuers rare things, which ſerue for the better illuſtration and cleering of this Hiſtory.*
Chap.71. *Of what befell* Don Quixote *and his Squire* Sancho Panſa, *in their trauel towards their Village.*
Chap.72. *How* Don Quixote *and* Sancho *arriued at their Village.*
Chap.73. *Of the preſages and fore-boadings, which hapned to* Don Quixote, *at the entrance into his Village; with other Aduentures, which ſerue for grace and ornament vnto this famous Hiſtory, and which giue credit vnto it.*
Chap.74 *How* Don Quixote *fell ſicke: of the Will hee made, and of his death.*

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ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 22. *for* of a briefe tale, *read* a briefe tale, p. 12. l. 16. *for* slight, *r.* flight. Ibid. l. 22. *for* at it were. *r.* as it were. p. 40. l. 5. *for* reduct, *r.* reduc'd. p. 65. l. 10. *for* direct, *r.* diuers. p. 77. l. 35. *for* Don Quixote, *r.* Sancho. p. 78. l. 31. *for* you, *r.* your. Ibid. l. 33. *for* like no vnfortunate, *r.* not like me vnfortunate. p. 106. l. 34. *for* Branades, *r.* Brauados. p. 156. l. 29. deleeue, *r.* beleeue. p. 173. l. 24. *for* out by, *r.* out Boy. p. 281. l. 9. *for* not to be, *r.* to be. p. 229. l. 1. *for* former, *r.* Farmer. pag. 410. l. 26. *for* Rogue, *r.* Roque.

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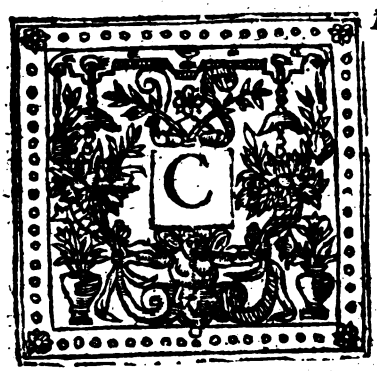
THE SECOND PART of Don Quixote.

CHAP. I.

How the Vicar and the Barber passed their time with Don Quixote, *touching his infirmity.*



I D Hamet Benengeli tels vs in the second part of this History, and *Don Quixote* his third sally, that the Vicar and Barber were almost a whole moneth without seeing him, because they would not renew and bring to his remembrance things done and past. Notwithstanding, they forbore not to visit his Neece and the olde woman, charging them they should bee carefull to cherish him, and to giue him comforting meats to eat, good for his heart and braine, from whence in likeli-hood all his ill proceeded. They answe-

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red, that they did so, and would doe it with all possible loue and care: For they perceiued that their Master continually gaue signes of being in his entire iudgement; at which the two receiued great ioy, and thought they tooke the right course, when they brought him inchaunted in the *Oxe-Waine* (as hath beene declared in the first part of this so famous, as punctual History.) So they determined to visit him, and make some triall of his amendment, which they thought was impossible; and agreed not to touch vpon any point of Knight Errantry; because they would not endanger the ripping vp of a sore, whose stitches made it yet tender.

At length they visited him, whom they found set vp in his bed, clad in a Waste-coat of greene bayes, on his head a red *Toledo* bonet, so dried and withered vp, as if his flesh had beene mommied. He welcommed them, & they asked him touching his health: of it and himselfe he gaue them good account, with much iudgement and elegant phrase, and in processe of discourse, they fell into State-matters, and manner of Gouernment, correcting this abuse, and condemning that; reforming one custome, and reiecting another; each of the three making himselfe a new Law-maker, a moderne *Lycurgus*, and a spicke and span new *Solon*; and they so refined the Common-wealth, as if they had clapped it into a forge, and drawne it out in another fashion then they had put it in. *Don Quixote* in all was so discreet, that the two Examinants vndoubtedly beleeued, he was quite well, and in his right minde. The Neece and the old woman were present at this discourse, and could neuer giue God thankes enough, when they saw their Master with so good vnderstanding: But the Vicar changing his first intent, which was, not to meddle in matters of *Canallery*, would now make a thorow triall of *Don Quixotes* perfect recouery; and so now and then tels him newes from Court, and amongst others, that it was giuen out for certaine, that the *Turke* was come downe with a powerfull Army, that his designe was not knowne, nor where such a clowd would discharge it selfe: and that all *Christendome* was affrighted with this terrour he puts vs in with his yeerely *Alarms*: Likewise, that his Maiesty had made strong

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the

the coasts of *Naples*, *Sicilie*, and *Malta*. To this (sayd *Don Quixote*) his Maiesty hath done like a most politique Warrior, in looking to his Dominions in time, lest the enemy might take him at vnawares: but if my counsaile might preuaile, I would aduise him to vse a preuention, which he is farre from thinking on at present. The Vicar scarse heard this, when hee thought with himselfe; God defend thee, poore *Don Quixote*: for mee thinkes thou fallest headlong from the high top of thy madnesse, into the profound bottome of thy simplicity. But the Barber presently being of the Vicars minde, askes *Don Quixote* what aduice it was he would giue? for peraduenture (sayd he) it is such an one as may bee put in the roll of those many idle ones that are vsually giuen to Princes. Mine, Good-man Shauer (quoth *Don Quixote*) is no such. I spoke not to that intent (replyed the Barber) but that it is commonly seene, that all or the most of your proiects that are giuen to his Maiesty, are either impossible, or friuolous, either in detriment of the King or Kingdome. Well, mine (quoth *Don Quixote*) is neither impossible, nor friuolous; but the plainest, the iustest, the most manageable and compendious, that may bee contained in the thought of any Proiectour. You are long a telling vs it, Mr. *Don Quixote*, sayd the Vicar. I would not (replyed hee) tell it you heere now, that it should bee carely to morrow in the eares of some priuy Councellour, and that another should reap the praise and reward of my labour. For mee (quoth the Barber) I passe my word, heere and before God, to tell neither King nor Kesar, nor any earthly man what you say: an oath I learnt out of the Ballad of the Vicar, in the Preface whereof he told the King of the theefe that robbed him of his two hundred double pistolets, and his gadding mule. I know not your histories (sayd *Don Quixote*) but I presume the oath is good, because I know Mr. Barber is an honest man. If he were not (sayd the Vicar) I would make it good, and vndertake for him, that he shall be dumb in this busines, vnder paine of excommunication. And who shall vndertake for you, Mr. Vicar, (quoth *Don Quixote*?) My profession (answered he) which is to keep counsaile. Body of me, (sayd *Don Quixote*) is there any more to be

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done

done then, but that the King cauſe proclamation to bee made, that at a prefixed day, all the Knights Errant that roue vp and downe *Spaine*, repaire to the Court? and if there came but halfe a doozen, yet ſuch an one there might bee amongſt them, as would deſtroy all the *Turkes* power. Harken to me, Hoe, and let me take you with mee: doe yee thinke it is ſtrange, that one Knight Errant ſhould conquer an army of two hundred thouſand fighting men, as if all together had but one throat, or were made of ſugar-pellets? But tell me, how many ſtories are full of thoſe maruels? You ſhould haue braue *Don Bellanis* aliue now, with a pox to me, for Ile curſe no other; or ſome one of that inuincible linage of *Amadis de Gaul*: for if any of theſe were liuing at this day, and ſhould affront the *Turke*, I'faith I would not be in his coat: but God will prouide for his people, and ſend ſome one, if not ſo braue a Knight Errant as thoſe formerly, yet at leaſt that ſhall not be inferiour in courage; and God knowes my meaning, and I ſay no more. Alaſſe (quoth the Neece at this inſtant) hang me, if my maſter haue not a deſire to turne Knight Errant againe. Then cryed *Don Quixote*, I muſt die ſo, march the *Turke* vp and downe when he will, and as powerfully as he can, I ſay againe, God knowes my meaning. Then ſayd the Barber, Good Sirs, giue me leaue to tell you of a briefe tale of an accident in *Seuil*, which becauſe it fals out heere ſo pat, I muſt needs tell it. *Don Quixote* was willing, the Vicar and the reſt gaue their attention, and thus he began.

In the houſe of the mad-men at *Seuil*, there was one put in there by his kindred, to recouer him of his loſt wits, hee was a Bachelour of Law, graduated in the Canons at *Oſuna*, and though he had beene graduated at *Salamanca*, yet (as many are of opinion) he would haue beene mad there too; this Bachelor after ſome yeeres impriſonment, made it appeare that hee was well and in his right wits, and to this purpoſe wrote to the Arch-Biſhop, deſiring him earneſtly, and with forcible reaſons, to deliuer him from that miſery in which hee liued, ſince by Gods mercy, he had now recouered his loſt vnderſtanding: and that his kindred, onely to get his wealth, had kept him there, and ſo meant to hold him ſtill wrongfully till his death. The

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Arch-Bishop, induced by many sensible and discreet lines of his, commanded one of his Chaplaines to informe himselfe from the Rector of the house, of the truth; and to speake also with the mad-man, that if he perceiued he was in his wits, hee should giue him his liberty. The Chaplaine did this, and the Rector said that the party was still mad, that although hee had sometimes faire intermissions, yet in the end he would grow to such a rauing, as might equall his former discretion (as hee told him) he might perceiue by discoursing with him. The Chaplaine would needes make triall, and comming to him, talked with him an houre and more, and in all that time the mad-man neuer gaue him a crosse, nor wilde answer, but rather spoke aduisedly, that the Chaplaine was forced to beleeue him to be sensible enough; and amongst the rest he told him, the Rector had an inckling against him, because hee would not lose his kindreds Presents, that hee might say he was madde by fittes: withall hee said, that his Wealth was the greatest wrong to him in his euill Fortune, since to enioy that, his enemies defrauded him, and would doubt of GODS mercie to him, that had turned him from a Beast to a Man. Lastly, hee spoke so well, that hee made the Rector to bee suspected, and his kindred thought couetous and damnable persons, and himselfe so discreet, that the Chaplaine determined to haue him with him, that the Arch-Bishop might see him, and be satisfied of the truth of the businesse. With this good beliefe, the Chaplaine required the Rector to giue the Bachelor the clothes hee brought with him thither: who replied; desiring him to consider what he did, for that the party was still madde: but the Rectors aduice preuailed nothing with the Chaplaine, to make him leaue him; so hee was forced to giue way to the Arch-bishops order, and to giue him his apparell, which was new and handsome: and when the madde man saw himselfe ciuilly cladde, and his mad-mans weedes off, hee requested the Chaplaine, that in charity he would let him take his leaue of the mad-men his companions. The Chaplaine told him that hee would likewise accompany him, and see the madde-men that were in the house. So vp they went, and with them some o-

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thers there prefent, and the Bachelor being come to a kinde of Cage, where an outragious mad-man lay, (although as then ſtill and quiet,) he ſaid, Brother, if you will command me ought, I am going to my houſe; for now it hath pleaſed God, of his infinite goodneſſe and mercy, without my deſert, to bring me to my right minde: I am now well and ſenſible, for vnto Gods power nothing is vnpoſſible. Be of good comfort, truſt in him, that ſince he hath turned mee to my former eſtate, he will doe the like to you, if you truſt in him. I will be carefull to ſend you ſome dainty to eat, and by any meanes eat it; for let me tell you what I know by experience, that all our madneſſe proceeds from the emptineſſe of our ſtomacks, that fills our brains with aire: Take heart, take heart; for this deiecting in miſery, leſſens the health, and haſtens death. Another madde-man in a Cage ouer-againſt, heard all the Bachelors diſcourſe, and rayſing himſelfe vpon an olde Matreſſe vpon which hee lay ſtarke naked, asked aloud, who it was that was going away ſound and in his wits. The Bachelor replied: It is I, brother, that am going, for I haue no need to ſtay heere any longer; for which I render infinite thankes to God, that hath done me ſo great a fauour. Take heed what you ſay, Bachelor, reply'd the madde-man, let not the Deuill deceiue you; keepe ſtill your foot, and be quiet heere at home, and ſo you may ſaue a bringing backe. I know (quoth the Bachelor) I am well, and ſhall need to walke no more ſtations hither. You'r well, ſaid the mad-man. The euent will try; God be with you: but I ſweare to thee by *Iupiter*, whoſe Maieſty I repreſent on earth, that for this dayes offence, I will eat vp all *Seuill*, for deliuering thee from hence, and ſaying thou art in thy wits; I will take ſuch a puniſhment on this City, as ſhall be remembred for euer and euer, *Amen*. Knoweſt not thou, poore raſcall Bachelor, that I can doe it, ſince (as I ſay) I am thundering *Iupiter*, that carry in my hands the ſcorching bolts, with which I can, and vſe to threaten and deſtroy the world? But in one thing onely will I chaſtiſe this ignorant Towne; which is, That for three yeers together there ſhall fall no raine about it, nor the liberties thereof, counting from this time and inſtant hence-forward, that this threat hath

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beene made. Thou free? thou ſound, thou wiſe, and I mad, I ſicke, I bound? as ſure will I raine, as I meane to hang my ſelfe. The ſtanders by gaue attention to the mad-man: but our Bachelor turning to the Chaplaine, and taking him by the hand, ſaid, Be not afraid, Sir, nor take any heed to this mad-mans words: for if he be *Iupiter* and will not raine, I that am *Neptune* the Father and god of the waters, will raine as oft as I liſt, and need ſhall require. To which (quoth the Chaplaine) Nay, Mr. *Neptune*, it were not good angring Mr. *Iupiter*. I pray ſtay you here ſtill, and ſome other time, at more leiſure and opportunitie, we wil returne for you againe. The Rector and ſtanders by began to laugh, and the Chaplaine grew to bee halfe abaſhed: the Bachelor was vnclothed, there remained, and there the Tale ends.

Well; is this the Tale, Mr. Barber (quoth *Don Quixote*) that becauſe it fell out ſo pat, you could not but relate it? Ah, goodman Shaueſter, goodman Shaueſter, how blind is he that ſees not light through the bottome of a Meale-ſiue? and is it poſsible that you ſhould not know, that compariſons made betwixt wit, & wit, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and betwixt birth and birth, are alwayes odious & ill taken? I am not *Neptune*, god of the waters, neither care I who thinks me a wiſe man, (I being none) onely I am troubled to let the world vnderſtand the errour it is in, in not renewing that moſt happy Age, in wch the Order of *Knight Errantry* did flouriſh: But our depraued times deſerue not to enioy ſo great a happines, as former Ages, when Knights Errant vndertook the defence of Kingdomes, the protection of Damoſels, the ſuccouring of Orphans, the chaſtizing the Proud, the reward of the Humble. Moſt of your Knights now-a-daies, are ſuch as ruſsle in their ſilkes, their cloth of gold and ſiluer, and ſuch rich ſtuffes as theſe they weare, rather then Maile, with which they ſhould arme themſelues. You haue no Knight now that will lye vpon the bare ground, ſubiect to the rigour of the ayre, armed *Cap a Pie*: None now that vpright on his ſtirrops, & leaning on his Launce, ſtriues to be head-ſleepe (as they ſay your Knights Errant did:) You haue none now, that comming out of this wood, enters into that mountaine, and from thence tramples ouer a barren and deſart ſhore of the Sea, moſt commonly ſtormy and vnquiet; and finding at the brinke of it ſome little Cock-boat, with-

out Oares, Saile, Maſt, or any kinde of tackling, caſts himſelfe into it with vndanted courage, yeelds himſelfe to the implacable waues of the deepe Maine, that now toſſe him as high as Heauen, and then caſt him as low as hell, & he expoſed to the ineuitable tempeſt; when he leaſt dreames of it, findes himſelfe at leaſt three thouſand Leagues diſtant from the place where he embarqued himſelfe: and leaping on a remote and vnknowne ſhore, lights vpon ſucceſſes worthy to be written in braſſe, & not parchment. But now ſloth triumphs vpon induſtry, idleneſſe on labour, vice on vertue, preſumption on valour, the Theorie on the Practice of Armes, which onely liued and ſhined in thoſe golden Ages, and in thoſe Knights Errant. If not, tell me, who was more vertuous, more valiant, then the renowned *Amadis de Gaul*? more diſcreet then *Palmerin* of England? more affable and free, then *Tirante* the *White*? more gallant then *Liſuart* of Greece? a greater hackſter, or more hacked then *Don Belianis*? more vndaunted then *Perian* of *Gaule*? who a greater vndertaker of dangers then *Feliſmarte* of *Hircania*? who more ſincere then *Eſplandian*? who more courteous then *Don Cirongilio* of Thracia? who more fierce then *Rodomant*? who wiſer then King *Sobrinus*? who more couragious then *Renaldo*? who more inuincible then *Roldan*? who more comely, or more courteous then *Rogero*? from whom the Dukes of Ferrara at this day are deſcended (according to *Turpin* in his Coſmography.) All theſe Knights, and many more (Maſter Vicar) that I could tell you, were Knights Errant, the very light and glory of Knight-hood. Theſe, or ſuch as theſe, are they I wiſh for, which if it could be, his Maieſty would bee well ſerued, and might ſaue a great deale of expence, and the Turke might goe ſhake his eares. And therefore let me tell you, I ſcorne to keepe my houſe, ſince the Chaplaine deliuers mee not, and his *Iupiter* (as goodman Barber talkes) raines not; heere am I that will raine when I liſt: this I ſpeake, that goodman Baſon may know I vnderſtand him.

Truly Mr. *Don Quixote* (ſaid the Barber) I ſpoke it not to that end, and ſo help mee God, as I meant well, and you ought not to reſent any thing. I know well enough whether I ought or no, Sir, replyed *Don Quixote*: Then (quoth the Vicar) well, goe to: I haue not ſpoken a word hitherto, I would not willingly

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remaine with one ſcruple which doth grate and gnaw vpon my conſcience, ſprung from what Mr. *Don Quixote* hath here told vs. For this and much more you haue full liberty, good Maſter Vicar (ſaid *Don Quixote*) and therefore tell your ſcruple, for ſure it is no pleaſure to continue with a ſcrupulous conſcience. Vnder correction (quoth the Vicar) this it is, I can by no means be perſwaded that all that troope of Knights Errant which you named, were euer true, and really perſons of fleſh and bone in this world: I rather imagine all is fiction, tales, and lies, or dreames ſet downe by men waking, or to ſay trulier, by men halfe aſleepe. There's another error (quoth *Don Quixote*) into which many haue falne, who beleiue not that there haue beene ſuch Knights in the world: and I my ſelfe many times in diuers companies, and vpon ſeuerall occaſions, haue laboured to ſhew this common miſtake, but ſometimes haue failed in my purpoſe; at others not; ſupporting it vpon the ſhoulders of Truth, which is ſo infallible, that I may ſay, that with theſe very eyes I haue beheld *Amadis de Gaul*, who was a goodly tall man, well complectioned, had a broad beard, and blacke, an equall countenance betwixt milde and ſterne, a man of ſmall diſcourſe, ſlow to anger, and ſoone appeaſed: and iuſt as I haue delineated *Amadis*, I might in my iudgement paint and decipher out as many Knights Errant, as are in all the Hiſtories of the world: for by apprehending, they were ſuch as their hiſtories report them, by their exploits they did, and their qualities; their features, colours, and ſtatures may in good Philoſophy be gueſſed at. How bigge, deare Mr. *Don Quixote* (quoth the Barber) might Gyant *Morgante* be? Touching Gyants (quoth *Don Quixote*) there be different opinions whether there haue beene any or no in the world: but the holy Scripture, which cannot erre a iot in the truth, doth ſhew vs plainely that there were, telling vs the ſtory of that huge Philiſtine *Goliat*, that was ſeuen cubits and a halfe high, which is an vnmeaſurable greatneſſe. Beſides, in the Ile of Sicilia, there haue beene found ſhanke-bones, and ſhoulder-bones ſo great, that their bigneſſe ſhewed their owners to haue beene Gyants, and as huge as high towers, which Geometry will make good. But for all this, I cannot eaſily tell

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you how big *Morgante* was, though I ſuppoſe he was not very tall; to which opinion I incline, becauſe I finde in his hiſtory, where there is particular mention made of his Acts, that many times hee lay vnder a roofe: And therefore ſince hee found an houſe that would hold him, tis plaine, he could not be of extraordinary bigneſſe. Tis true (quoth the Vicar) who delighting to heare him talke ſo wildely, asked him what he thought of the faces of *Renalde* of *Montalban*, *Don Roldan* and the reſt of the twelue Peeres of *France*, who were all Knights Errant. For *Renalde* (quoth *Don Quixote*) I dare boldly ſay, he was broad-faced, his complexion high, quicke and full eyed, very exceptious and extremely cholericke, a louer of theeues and debaucht company. Touching *Rolando*, or *Rotolando*, or *Orlando*, for hiſtories afford him all theſe names, I am of opinion, and affirme that hee was of a meane ſtature, broad-ſhouldred, ſomwhat bow-legged, Abourne bearded, his body hairie, and his lookes threatning, dull of diſcourſe, but affable and well behaued. If *Orlando* (ſaid the Vicar) was ſo ſweet a youth as you deſcribe him, no maruell though the faire *Angelica* diſdained him, and left him, for the handſome, briske and conceited beard-budding *Medor*, and that ſhe had rather haue his ſoftneſſe, then tothers roughneſſe. That *Angelica* (quoth *Don Quixote*) was a light huſwife, a gadder, and a wanton, and left the world as full of her fopperies, as the reports of her beauty: ſhee deſpiſed a thouſand Knights, a thouſand both valiant and diſcreet, and contented herſelfe with a poore beardleſſe Page, without more wealth or honour, then what her famous ſinger *Arioſto* could giue her in token of his thankfulneſſe to his friends loue, either becauſe hee durſt not in this reſpect, or becauſe hee would not chaunt what befell this Lady, after her baſe proſtitution, for ſure her carriage was not very honeſt: So he left her when he ſaid,

And how Cataye ſceptor ſhe had at will,
Perhaps, ſome one will write with better quill.

And vndoubtedly this was a kinde of propheſie, for Poets are called *Vates*, that is, South-ſayers: and this truth hath beene cleerely ſeene, for ſince that time, a famous *Andaluzian* Poet wept, and ſung her teares: and another famous and rare Poet of

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Caſtile

Castile her beauty. But tell mee, Mr. *Don Quixote* (quoth the Barber) was there euer any Poet that wroote a Satyre against this faire Lady, amongst those many that haue written in her praise? I am well perswaded (quoth *Don Quixote*) that if *Sacripant* or *Orlando* had beene Poets, they had trounced the Damosell: for it is an ordinary thing amongst Poets once disdained, or not admitted by their fained Mistresses, (fained indeed, because they faine they loue them) to reuenge themselues with Satyres & Libels; a reuenge truely vnworthy noble spirits: but hitherto I haue not heard of any infamatory verse against the Lady *Angelica*, that hath made any hurly burly in the world. Strange, quoth the Vicar. With that they might heare the Neece and the olde woman (who were before gone from them) keep a noyse without in the Court: so they went to see what was the matter.

CHAP. II.

Of the notable fray that Sancho Panca *had with the Neece and the old woman, and other delightfull passages.*

THe Story sayes, that the noyse which *Don Quixote*, the Vicar and the Barber heard, was of the Neece and the old woman, that were rating *Sancho Panza*, that stroue with them for entrance to see *Don Quixote*, who kept the doore against him. What will this bloud-hound haue heere? sayd they, Get you home to your own house, for you are he & none else, that doth distract and ring-lead our Master, and carry him astray. To which (quoth *Sancho*) Woman of Satan, I am hee that is distracted, ring-led, and carried astray, and not your Master: twas he that led mee vp and downe the world, and you deceiue you selues and vnderstand by halues: he drew me from my house with his conycatching, promising mee an Island, which I yet hope for. A plague of your Islands (replied the Neece) cursed *Sancho*: and what be your Islands? is it any thing to eat, good-man glutton, you cormorant, as you are? Tis not to eat (quoth *Sancho*) but to rule and gouerne, better then foure

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Cities,

Cities, or foure of the Kings Iudges. For all that (ſayd the olde woman) you come not in heere, you bundle of miſchiefe and ſacke of wickednesſe, get you home and gouerne there, and ſow your graine, and leaue ſeeking after Ilands or Dilands. The Vicar and the Barber tooke great delight to heare this Dialogue betweene the three: But *Don Quixote*, fearing leſt *Sancho* ſhould out with all, and ſhould blunder out a company of malicious fooleries, or ſhould touch vpon poynts that might not be for his reputation, he called him to him, and commanded the women to be ſilent, and to let him in. *Sancho* entred, and the Vicar and Barber tooke leaue of *Don Quixote*, of whoſe recouery they diſpaired, ſeeing how much he was bent vpon his wilde thoughts, and how much he was beſotted with his damned Knights Errant. So (quoth the Vicar to the Barber) you ſhall quickly, Goſſip, perceiue, when we leaſt thinke of it, that our Gallant takes his flight againe by the riuer. No doubt (ſayd the Barber) but I wonder not ſo much at the Knights madneſſe, as the Squires ſimplicity, that beliewes ſo in the Ilands, and I thinke all the Art in the world will not driue that out of his noddle. God mend them (ſayd the Vicar) and let vs expect what iſſue the multitude of this Knight and Squires abſurdities will haue: for it ſeemes they were both framed out of one forge, as it were, for the Maſters madnes without the Seruants folly, is not worth a chip. Tis true (ſayd the Barber) and I ſhould be glad to know their preſent diſcourſe. I warrant (ſayd the Vicar) the Neece and old woman will tell vs all when they haue done, for they are not ſo mannerly as not to harken. In the *Interim*, *Don Quixote* locked in *Sancho*, & thus diſcourſed with him: I am very ſorry, *Sancho*, you ſhould affirme and make good, that I was hee that drew you from your dog-hole cottage, knowing that I willingly left mine, a Palace in compariſon; wee went out ioyntly, ſo we marched on, & ſo we held our whole peregrination; both of vs hauing vndergone the ſame lot, the ſame fortune; & if once thou waſt toſſed in a blanket, I haue beene banged an hundred times, and heerein haue I the aduantage of thee. Why, it was very fit (anſwered *Sancho*) for (as you hold) misfortunes are more annexed to Knights Errant then to their Squires. Thou

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art deceiued, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*: for according to the saying, *Quando caput dolet*, &c. I vnderstand no other language but mine owne, said *Sancho*. Why I mean (replied *Don Quixote*) that when the head akes, all the body is out of tune: so that I being thy Lord and Master, am thy head, and thou a part of me, since thou art my seruant, in which respect, the ill that toucheth me, must concerne and grieue thee, and so thine me. Indeed, (quoth *Sancho*) it ought to bee so: but when I was tossed in the blanket, my head stood aloofe, like a part, beholding me fly in the aire, without any feeling my griefe, and since the members are bound to suffer for the head, the head in requitall should also suffer for them. You meane, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) that I had no feeling of your being tossed? And if you meane so, doe not, neither imagine any such thing: for at that time, I was more vext in spirit, then thou couldst bee in body: but leaue we this for the present; for wee shall haue leisure to consider and rectifie it: and tell me, friend *Sancho*, what say the common people of me? In what estimation doe the Gentlemen hold me? In what the Knights and Gallants? What say they of my valour? What of my exployts? What of my affability? What discourse they touching my plot in raising and restoring to the world, the long forgotten order of Knight-Errantry? To conclude, I would haue thee tell me all that thou hast heard: and you must tell me, without adding to my praise, or diminishing my dispraise, for it is the part of loyall seruants, to tell the naked truth to their Masters, in its native colour, without increasing it by flattery, or diminishing it for any other vaine respect; And I would haue thee, *Sancho*, learne by the way, that if the naked truth should come to the eares of Princes, without the apparrell of flattery, we should haue another manner of world, and other ages would be called iron, and not ours, and this would bee the golden age. And let mee aduise thee, *Sancho*, that well and discreetly thou tell me the truth of what thou knowest, concerning my demand. I shall with a very good will, Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) vpon condition that you shall not bee angry at what I shall tell you, since you will haue the naked truth, without any other clothing then what I haue seene her with. By no meanes will I

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be

be angry (answered *Don Quixote*) thou mayst speake freely, *Sancho*, and without any disguise. Why then, first of all I must tell you, the common people hold you for a notable mad-man, and that I am no lesse Cox-combe. The ordinary Gentle-men say, that not containing your selfe within the limits of Gentrie, you will needs be-*Don* your selfe, and be a man of honour, hauing but three or foure acres of land, and a rag before, and another behinde. The Knights say, they would not haue your poore Squires bee ranked with them, that clout their owne shooes, and take vp a stitch in their owne blacke stockings with greene silke. That concernes not me (quoth *Don Quixote*) for thou seest that I goe alwaies well clad, and neuer patcht: indeed a little torne sometimes, but more with my armour, then by long wearing. Concerning your valour (quoth *Sancho*) your affability, your exploits, and your plot, there bee different opinions: Some say you are a mad-man, but a merry one: others, that you are valiant, but withall vnfortunate: a third sort, that you are affable, but impertinent: and thus they descant vpon vs, that they leaue neither you nor me a sound bone. Why looke thee, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) whersoeuer vertue is eminent, it is persecuted: few or none of those braue *Hero's* that haue liued, haue scaped malicious calumniation. *Iulius Cæsar*, that most couragious, most wise, most valiant Captaine, was noted to be ambitious, and to be somewhat slouenly in his apparell and his conditions. *Alexander*, who for his exploits obtained the title of *Great*, is said to haue beene giuen to drunkennesse: *Hercules*, hee with his many labours, was said to haue beene lasciuious and a Striker: *Don Galaor*, brother to *Amadis de Gaul*, was grudged at for being offensiue: and his Brother for a sheepe-biter. So that, *Sancho*, since so many worthy men haue beene calumniated, I may well suffer mine, if it haue beene no more then thou tellest me. Why, there's the quiddity of the matter, Body of my father, quoth *Sancho*. Was there any more sayd then, said *Don Quixote*? There's more behinde yet, said *Sancho*: all that was said hitherto, is cakes and white-bread to this: but if you will know all concerning these calumnies, Ile bring you one hither by and by, that shall tell vnt you all with-

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out missing a scrap; for last night *Bartholomew Carrasco's* sonne arriued, that comes from study from *Salamanca*, and hath proceeded Bachelour, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your History was in print, vnder the Title of the most Ingenious Gentle-man *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and hee tels mee that I am mentioned too, by mine owne name of *Sancho Panſa*, and *Dulcinea del Toboſo* is in too, and other matters that passed betwixt vs, at which I was amazed, and blessed my selfe how the Historian that wrote them, could come to the knowledge of them. Assure thee, *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) the Author of our History is some Sage Enchanter: for such are not ignorant of all secrets they write. Well (said *Sancho*) if hee were wise and an Enchanter, I will tell you according as *Samſon Carraſco* told me (for thats the mans name that spoke with me) that the Authors name of this History is *Cid Hamete*[a] *Beregena*. That is the name of a Moore, sayd *Don Quixote*. It is very like (quoth *Sancho*) for your Moores are great louers of [b] *Berengens*. *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) you are out in the Moores sirname, which is *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, and *Cide* in the Arabicke signifieth Lord. It may bee so (quoth *Sancho*) but if you will haue the Bachelour come to you, Ile bring him to you flying. Friend (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou shalt doe mee a speciall pleasure, for I am in suspence with what thou hast told me, and will not eat a bit till I am informed of all. Well, I goe for him (sayd *Sancho*;) And leauing his Master, went for the Bachelor, with whom a while after hee returned, and the three had a passing pleasant Dialogue.

[a] It should be *Benengeli*, but *Sancho* simply mistakes, as followeth in the next note.

[b] *Berengena* is a fruit in Spain, which they boyle with sod meat, as we do carrats, and here was *Sancho's* simplicity in mistaking, and to thinke that name was giuen the Author for louing the fruit.

CHAP. III.

The ridiculous discourſe that paſſed betwixt Don Quixote, Sancho, *and the Bachelour* Samſon Carraſco.

DOn *Quixote* was monstrous pensatiue, expecting the Bachelour *Carrasco*, from whom he hoped to heare the newes of himselfe in print (as *Sancho* had told him) and he

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he could not be perſwaded that there was ſuch a Hiſtory, ſince yet the bloud of enemies, killed by him, was ſcarſe dry vpon his ſword blade, and would they haue his noble acts of Chiualry already in the Preſſe? Notwithſtanding, hee thought that ſome wiſe man, or friend, or enemy, by way of enchantment, had committed them to the Preſſe: If a friend, then to extoll him for the moſt remarkable of any Knight Errant: If an enemy, to annihilate them, and clap vm beneath the baſeſt and meaneſt that euer were mentioned of any inferior Squire, although (thought he to himſelfe) no acts of Squire were euer divulged: but if there were any Hiſtory, being of a Knight Errant, it muſt needs be lofty and ſtately, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himſelfe ſomewhat, but began to bee diſcomforted, to thinke that his Author muſt be a Moore, by reaſon of that name of *Cide*; and from Moores there could bee no truth expected; for all of them are Cheaters, Impoſtors, and Chymiſts.

He feared likewiſe, that he might treat of his Loue with ſome indecency, that might redound to the leſſening and preiudice of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo's* honeſty, he deſired that he might declare his conſtancy, and the decorum that hee had euer kept toward her, contemning Queenes and Empreſſes, and Damoſels of all ſorts, keeping diſtance with violencies of naturall motions. *Sancho* and *Carraſco* found him thus toſſed and turmoyled in theſe & many ſuch like imaginations, whom *Don Quixote* receiued with much courteſie.

This Bachelour, though his name was *Samſon*, was not very tall, but a notable Wag-halter, leane-faced, but of a good vnderſtanding; he was about foure and twenty yeeres of age, round-faced, flat-noſed, and wide-mouthed, all ſignes of a malicious diſpoſition, and a friend to conceits and merriment, as he ſhewed it when he ſaw *Don Quixote*; for hee fell vpon his knees before him, ſaying, Good Mr. *Don Quixote*, giue me your Greatneſſe his hand, for by the habit of St. *Peter*, which I weare, you are, Sir, one of the moſt complete Knights Errant, that hath beene, or ſhall be vpon the roundneſſe of the earth. Well-fare, *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, that left the ſtories of your Greatneſſe to poſterity, and more then well may that curious Author fare, that had

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had the care to cause them to bee translated out out of the Arabicke into our vulgar Castilian, to the generall entertainment of all men.

Don Quixote made him rise, and sayd ; Then it seemes my History is extant, and that he was a Moore, and a wise man that made it. So true it is (quoth *Samson*) that vpon my knowledge, at this day, there bee printed aboue twelue thousand copies of your History : if not, let *Portugal*, *Barcelona*, and *Valencia* speak, where they haue beene printed, and the report goes, that they are now printing at *Antwerp*, and I haue a kinde of ghesse, that there is no Nation or Language where they will not bee translated. One of the things then (quoth *Don Quixote*) that ought to giue a man vertuous and eminent content in, is, to see himselfe liuing, and to haue a good name from euery bodies mouth, to be printed and in the Presse. I said with a good name : for otherwise, no death could bee equalled to that life. If it bee for good name (said the Bachelour) your Worship carries the prize from all Knights Errant : For the Moore in his language, and the Christian in his, were most carefull to paint to the life, your gallantry, your great courage in attempting of dangers, your patience in aduersities, & your sufferance as well in misfortunes, as in your wounds, your honesty and constancy in the so *Platonick* loues of your selfe, and my Lady *Donna Dulcinea del Toboso*. I neuer (replied *Sancho*) heard my Lady stiled *Don* before, onely the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and there the History erreth somwhat. This is no obiection of moment (said *Carrasco*.) No truly (quoth *Don Quixote*) but tell me, Signior Bachelour, which of the exploits of mine are most ponderous in this History?

In this (said the Bachelour) there bee different opinions, as there bee different tastes : Some delight in the aduenture of the winde-mils, that you tooke to be Briareans and Gyants : Others in that of the fulling-hammers : This man in the description of the two Armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flockes of sheepe ; That man doth extoll your aduenture of the dead man, that was carried to be buried at *Segouia* : One saith, that that of the freeing of the gally-slaues goes beyond them all : Another, that none comes neere that of the Benitian Gyants, with the

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combate of the valorous Biscayner. Tell mee (said *Sancho*) Sr. Bachelour, comes not that in of the *Yangnesian* Carriers? when our precious *Rozinante* longed for the forbidden fruit? The wise man (said *Samson*) left out nothing, he sets downe all most punctually, euen to the very capers that *Sancho* fetcht in the blanket. Not in the blanket (replied *Sancho*) but in the aire, more then I was willing.

According to my thought (sayd *Don Quixote*) there is no humane History in the world, that hath not his changes, especially those that treat of Cauallery, which can neuer bee full of prosperous successes. For all that (replied the Bachelour) there be some that haue read your History, that would bee glad the Authors had omitted some of those infinite baslings, that in diuers encounters, were giuen Sr. *Don Quixote*. I, there (quoth *Sancho*) comes in the truth of the Story. They might likewise in equity silence them, (said *Don Quixote*) since those actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the Story, are best left out, if they must redound to the misprizing of the chiefe person of the History. *Æneas* i'faith was ne're so pitifull, as *Virgil* paints him out: Nor *Vlisses* so subtill, as *Homer* describes him. True it is (sayd *Samson*) but it is one thing to write like a Poet, and another like an Historian; the Poet may say or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to haue beene: And the Historian must write things, not as they ought to bee, but as they haue beene, without adding or taking away ought from the truth.

Well, (said *Sancho*) if you goe to telling of truths, wee shall finde that this Signior Moore hath all the baslings of my Master and mee; for I am sure they neuer tooke measure of his Worships shoulders, but they tooke it of all my body too: but no maruell, for as my Master himselfe saith, the rest of the parts must participate of the heads griefe. *Sancho*, you are a Crack-rope (quoth *Don Quixote*) I'faith you want no memory, when you list to haue it. If I would willingly forget those cudgellings that I haue had, the bunches yet fresh on my ribs would not consent. Peace, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) and interrupt not the Bachelour, whom I request to proceede, and tell mee what is

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ſaid of mee in the mentioned Hiſtory. And of mee too (ſaid *Sancho*) for it is ſaid, that I am one of the principall Perſonages of it. Perſonages, and not Parſonages, you would ſay *Sancho* (qd. *Samſon*.) More correcting of words (quoth *Sancho*:) Goe to this; and we ſhall not end in all our life-time. Hang me, *Sancho* (ſaid *Samſon*) if you be not the ſecond perſon in the Story, and you haue ſome, that had as liefe heare you ſpeake, as the beſt there: though others will not ſticke to ſay, you were too credulous to beleeue, that your gouernment of the Iland offered by Sr. *Don Quixote* heere preſent, might be true.

There is yet ſun-ſhine vpon the wals (quoth *Don Quixote*) and when *Sancho* comes to be of more yeeres, with the experience of them, he will be more able and fit then now, to bee a Gouernour. By the Maſſe (ſaid *Sancho*) if I bee not fit to gouerne an Iland at theſe yeeres, I ſhall neuer gouerne, though I come to be as old as *Methuſalem*; the miſchiefe is, that the ſaid Iland is deſaid I know not how, and not that I want braine to gouerne it. Leaue all to God, *Sancho* (ſaid *Don Quixote*) for all will be well, and perhaps better then you thinke for; and the leaues in the tree mooue not without the will of God.

Tis true indeed (ſaid *Samſon*) for if God will, *Sancho* ſhall not want a thouſand Ilands, much leſſe one. I haue ſeene (ſayd *Sancho*) of your Gouernours in the world, that are not worthy to wipe my ſhooes, and for all this, they giue vm titles, and are ſerued in plate. Theſe are not Gouernours of Ilands (replied *Samſon*) but of other eaſier Gouernments: for they that gouerne Ilands, muſt bee at leaſt *Grammarians*. For your Gra, I care not, but your Mare I could like well enough: but leauing this gouernment to Gods hands, let him place me where he pleaſeth: I ſay, Sr. Bachelour *Samſon Carraſco*, that I am infinitely glad that the Author of the Hiſtory hath ſpoken of me, in ſuch ſort, that the things he ſpeakes of me, doe not cloy the Reader, for by the faith of a Chriſtian, if he had ſpoken any thing of mee not befitting an [a] old Chriſtian as I am, I ſhould make deafe men heare on't. That were to worke miracles, ſaid *Samſon*. Miracles or not miracles (quoth *Sancho*) euery man looke how hee ſpeaks or writes of men, and ſet not down each thing that comes into

[a] In Spaniſh *Chriſtiano vieio* a name they deſire to be diſtinguiſht from the Moores.

into his noddle in a mingle-mangle. One of the faults that they say (said *Carrasco*) is in that History, is this; that his Author put in it a certaine Nouell or Tale, intitled the *Curious Impertinent*, not that it was ill, or not well contriued, but that it was vnseasonable for that place, neither had it any thing to doe with the History of *Don Quixote*.

Ile hold a wager (quoth *Sancho*) the Dog-bolt hath made a Gallimawfry. Let me tell you (said *Don Quixote*) the Author of my Story is not wise, but some ignorant Prater, that at vnawares and without iudgement vndertooke it, hab-nab, as *Orbaneja* the Painter of *Vbeda*, who being asked what he painted, answered, As it happens, sometimes he would paint yee a Cocke, but so vnlike, that he was forced to write vnderneath it in Gothish letters, *This is a Cocke*: and thus I beleeue it is with my History, that it hath neede of a Coment to make it vnderstood.

No surely (replied *Samson*) it is so conspicuous, and so void of difficulty, that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may vnderstand him, and old men may celebrate him: To conclude, he is so gleaned, so read, and so knowne to all sorts of people, that they scarse see a leane horse passe by, when they say, *There goeth Rosinante*: And amongst these, Pages are most giuen to read him: You haue no great mans withdrawing room that hath not a *Don Quixote* in him, some take him, if others lay him downe, these close with him, they demand him: Lastly, the Story is the most pleasing, the least hurtfull for entertainment, that hath hitherto beene seene; for all ouer it, there is no to be seene a dishonest word, or one like one; nor an imagination lesse then Catholike.

He that should write otherwise (quoth *Don Quixote*) should write no truths, but lies, and he that doth so, ought to bee burned, like them that coyne false mony; and I know not what the Author meant, to put in Nouels and strange Tales, my Story affording him matter enough; belike, he holds himselfe to the prouerbe of chaffe & hay, &c. Well, Ile tell you, out of mention ing onely my thoughts, my sighs, my teares, my honest wishes, and my on-sets, he might haue made a greater volume then all *Tostatus* works. Indeed, Signior Bachelor, all that I conceiue,

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is,

is, that to write a History, or any other worke of what sort soeuer, a man had need of a strong iudgement and a ripe vnderstanding: To speake wittily, and write conceits, belongs onely to good wits: The cunningst part in a play, is the Fooles; because he must not be a foole, that would well counterfet to seeme so: An History is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true & reall, and where truth is, there God is, in-asmuch as concerneth truth, howsoeuer; you haue some that doe so compose and cast their workes from them, as if they were Fritters.

There is no booke so bad (said the Bachelour) that hath not some good in it. No doubt of that (said *Don Quixote*:) but many times it fals out, that those that haue worthily hoorded vp, and obtained great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the Presse, they either altogether lose it, or in something lessen it. The reason of it (quoth *Samson*) is this, that as the printed workes are viewed by leisure, their faults are easily espied, and they are so much the more pried into, by how much the greater the Authors fame is: Men famous for their wits, great Poets, illustrious Historians, are alwaies or for the most part enuied by them, that haue a pleasure and a particular pastime, to iudge of other mens writings, without publishing their owne. That's not to bee wondred at (cries *Don Quixote*) for there bee many Diuines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excesse of him that preacheth. All this (said *Carrasco*) Sr. *Don Quixote*, is right, but I could wish such Censurers were more milde, and lesse scrupulous, in looking on the moats of the most cleere sunne of his workes, whom they bite; for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let vm consider how much hee watched, to shew the light of his worke without the least shadow that might bee: and it might bee, that what seemes ill to them, were moles that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them; and thus, I say, that hee that prints a booke, puts himselfe into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities the most impossible to frame it so, that it may content and satisfie all that shall read it.

The booke that treats of me (quoth *Don Quixote*) will haue pleased very few. Rather contrarie (saies *Samson*) for as *Stul-*

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combate of the valorous Biſcayner. Tell mee (ſaid *Sancho*) Sr. Bachelour, comes not that in of the *Yangueſian* Carriers? when our precious *Rozinante* longed for the forbidden fruit? The wiſe man (ſaid *Samſon*) left out nothing, he ſets downe all moſt punctually, euen to the very capers that *Sancho* fetcht in the blanket. Not in the blanket (replied *Sancho*) but in the aire, more then I was willing.

According to my thought (ſayd *Don Quixote*) there is no humane Hiſtory in the world, that hath not his changes, eſpecially thoſe that treat of Cauallery, which can neuer bee full of proſperous ſucceſſes. For all that (replied the Bachelour) there be ſome that haue read your Hiſtory, that would bee glad the Authors had omitted ſome of thoſe infinite baſtings, that in diuers encounters, were giuen Sr. *Don Quixote*. I, there (quoth *Sancho*) comes in the truth of the Story. They might likewiſe in equity ſilence them, (ſaid *Don Quixote*) ſince thoſe actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the Story, are beſt left out, if they muſt redound to the miſprizing of the chiefe perſon of the Hiſtory. *Æneas* i'faith was ne're ſo pitifull, as *Virgil* paints him out: Nor *Vliſſes* ſo ſubtill, as *Homer* deſcribes him. True it is (ſayd *Samſon*) but it is one thing to write like a Poet, and another like an Hiſtorian; the Poet may ſay or ſing things, not as they were, but as they ought to haue beene: And the Hiſtorian muſt write things, not as they ought to bee, but as they haue beene, without adding or taking away ought from the truth.

Well, (ſaid *Sancho*) if you goe to telling of truths, wee ſhall finde that this Signior Moore hath all the baſtings of my Maſter and mee; for I am ſure they neuer tooke meaſure of his Worſhips ſhoulders, but they tooke it of all my body too: but no maruell, for as my Maſter himſelfe ſaith, the reſt of the parts muſt participate of the heads griefe. *Sancho*, you are a Crack-rope (quoth *Don Quixote*) I'faith you want no memory, when you liſt to haue it. If I would willingly forget thoſe cudgellings that I haue had, the bunches yet freſh on my ribs would not conſent. Peace, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) and interrupt not the Bachelour, whom I requeſt to proceede, and tell mee what is

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ſaid

ſaid of mee in the mentioned Hiſtory. And of mee too (ſaid *Sancho*) for it is ſaid, that I am one of the principall Parſonages of it. Perſonages, and not Parſonages, you would ſay *Sancho* (qd. *Samſon*.) More correcting of words (quoth *Sancho*:) Goe to this; and we ſhall not end in all our life-time. Hang me, *Sancho* (ſaid *Samſon*) if you be not the ſecond perſon in the Story, and you haue ſome, that had as liefe heare you ſpeake, as the beſt there: though others will not ſticke to ſay, you were too credulous to beleeue, that your gouernment of the Iland offered by Sr. *Don Quixote* heere preſent, might be true.

There is yet ſun-ſhine vpon the wals (quoth *Don Quixote*) and when *Sancho* comes to be of more yeeres, with the experience of them, he will be more able and fit then now, to bee a Gouernour. By the Maſſe (ſaid *Sancho*) if I bee not fit to gouerne an Iland at theſe yeeres, I ſhall neuer gouerne, though I come to be as old as *Methuſalem*; the miſchiefe is, that the ſaid Iland is deuiſd I know not how, and not that I want braine to gouerne it. Leaue all to God, *Sancho* (ſaid *Don Quixote*) for all will be well, and perhaps better then you thinke for; and the leaues in the tree mooue not without the will of God.

Tis true indeed (ſaid *Samſon*) for if God will, *Sancho* ſhall not want a thouſand Ilands, much leſſe one. I haue ſeene (ſayd *Sancho*) of your Gouernours in the world, that are not worthy to wipe my ſhooes, and for all this, they giue vm titles, and are ſerued in plate. Theſe are not Gouernours of Ilands (replied *Samſon*) but of other eaſier Gouernments: for they that gouerne Ilands, muſt bee at leaſt *Grammarians*. For your Gra, I care not, but your Mare I could like well enough: but leauing this gouernment to Gods hands, let him place me where he pleaſeth: I ſay, Sr. Bachelour *Samſon Carraſco*, that I am infinitely glad that the Author of the Hiſtory hath ſpoken of me, in ſuch ſort, that the things he ſpeakes of me, doe not cloy the Reader, for by the faith of a Chriſtian, if he had ſpoken any thing of mee not befitting an [a] old Chriſtian as I am, I ſhould make deafe men heare on't. That were to worke miracles, ſaid *Samſon*. Miracles or not miracles (quoth *Sancho*) euery man looke how hee ſpeaks or writes of men, and ſet not down each thing that comes into

[a] In Spaniſh *Chriſtiano vieio*, a name they deſire to be diſtinguiſht from the Moores by.

into his noddle in a mingle-mangle. One of the faults that they say (said *Carrasco*) is in that History, is this; that his Author put in it a certaine Nouell or Tale, intitled the *Curious Impertinent*, not that it was ill, or not well contriued, but that it was vnseasonable for that place, neither had it any thing to doe with the History of *Don Quixote*.

Ile hold a wager (quoth *Sancho*) the Dog-bolt hath made a Gallimawfry. Let me tell you (said *Don Quixote*) the Author of my Story is not wise, but some ignorant Prater, that at vnawares and without iudgement vndertooke it, hab-nab, as *Orbaneja* the Painter of *Vbeda*, who being asked what he painted, answered, As it happens, sometimes he would paint yee a Cocke, but so vnlike, that he was forced to write vnderneath it in Gothish letters, *This is a Cocke*: and thus I beleeue it is with my History, that it hath neede of a Coment to make it vnderstood.

No surely (replied *Samson*) it is so conspicuous, and so void of difficulty, that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may vnderstand him, and old men may celebrate him: To conclude, he is so gleaned, so read, and so knowne to all sorts of people, that they scarse see a leane horse passe by, when they say, *There goeth Rosinante*: And amongst these, Pages are most giuen to read him: You haue no great mans withdrawing room that hath not a *Don Quixote* in him, some take him, if others lay him downe, these close with him, they demand him: Lastly, the Story is the most pleasing, the least hurtfull for entertainment, that hath hitherto beene seene; for all ouer it, there is not to be seene a dishonest word, or one like one; nor an imagination lesse then Catholike.

He that should write otherwise (quoth *Don Quixote*) should write no truths, but lies, and he that doth so, ought to bee burned, like them that coyne false mony; and I know not what the Author meant, to put in Nouels and strange Tales, my Storie affording him matter enough; belike, he holds himselfe to the prouerbe of chaffe & hay, &c. Well, Ile tell you, out of mentioning onely my thoughts, my sighs, my teares, my honest wishes, and my on-sets, he might haue made a greater volume then all *Tostatus* works. Indeed, Signior Bachelor, all that I conceiue,

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is,

is, that to write a History, or any other worke of what sort soeuer, a man had need of a strong iudgement and a ripe vnderstanding: To speake wittily, and write conceits, belongs onely to good wits: The cunningst part in a play, is the Fooles; because he must not be a foole, that would well counterfet to seeme so: An History is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true & reall, and where truth is, there God is, in-asmuch as concerneth truth, howsoeuer; you haue some that doe so compose and cast their workes from them, as if they were Fritters.

There is no booke so bad (said the Bachelour) that hath not some good in it. No doubt of that (said *Don Quixote*:) but many times it fals out, that those that haue worthily hoorded vp, and obtained great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the Presse, they either altogether lose it, or in something lessen it. The reason of it (quoth *Samson*) is this, that as the printed workes are viewed by leisure, their faults are easily espied, and they are so much the more pried into, by how much the greater the Authors fame is: Men famous for their wits, great Poets, illustrious Historians, are alwaies or for the most part enuied by them, that haue a pleasure and a particular pastime, to iudge of other mens writings, without publishing their owne. That's not to bee wondred at (cries *Don Quixote*) for there bee many Diuines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excesse of him that preacheth. All this (said *Carrasco*) Sr. *Don Quixote*, is right, but I could wish such Censurers were more milde, and lesse scrupulous, in looking on the moats of the most cleere sunne of his workes, whom they bite; for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let vm consider how much hee watched, to shew the light of his worke without the least shadow that might bee: and it might bee, that what seemes ill to them, were moles that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them; and thus, I say, that hee that prints a booke, puts himselfe into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities the most impossible to frame it so, that it may content and satisfie all that shall read it.

The booke that treats of me (quoth *Don Quixote*) will haue pleased very few. Rather contrarie (saies *Samson*) for as *Stul-*

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torum infinitus eſt numerus, an infinite number haue been delighted with this Hiſtory, but ſome found fault, and craftily taxed the Authors memory, in that hee forgot to tell, who was the theefe that ſtole *Sancho's* Dapple, for there is no mention there, onely it is inferred that hee was ſtole, and not long after wee ſee him mounted vpon the ſame Aſſe, without knowledge how he was found. They alſo ſay, that he forgot to tell what *Sancho* did with thoſe hundred piſtolets, which he found in the Maile in *Sierra Morena*, for he neuer mentions them more, and there be many that deſire to know what became of them, and how he imployed them, which is one of the eſſentiall points in the worke.

Maſter *Samſon* (ſaid *Sancho*) I am not now for your reckonings or relations, for my ſtomacke is faint, and if I fetch it not agen with a ſup or two of the old Dog, it will make me as gaunt as *Saint Lucia*; I haue it at home, and my Pigs-nie ſtaies for me, when I haue dined I am for ye, and will ſatisfie you & all the world in any thing you will aske me, aſwell touching the loſſe of mine Aſſe, as the expence of the hundred piſtolets: And ſo without expecting any reply, or exchanging another word, home he goes. *Don Quixote* intreated the Bachelour to ſtay and take a pittance with him; The Bachelour accepted the inuitement, and ſo ſtaid dinner: Beſide their ordinary fare, they had a paire of houſhold Pigeons added; at table they diſcourſed of Cauallery, *Carraſco* followed his humour, the banquet was ended, and they ſlept out the heat: *Sancho* returned, and the former diſcourſe was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

How Sancho Panſa *ſatisfies the Bachelor* Samſon Carraſco's *doubts and demands; with other accidents worthy to be knowne and related.*

Sancho came backe to *Don Quixotes* houſe, and turning to his former diſcourſe, ſaid: Touching what, Mr. *Samſon* deſired

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fired to know; who, how, and when mine Asse was stolne: By way of Answer, I say; That the very same night wee fled from the Hue and Cry, we entred *Sierra Morena*, after the vnfortunate aduenture of the Gally-slaues, & the dead man that was carrying to *Segouia*; my Master & I got vs into a thicket, where he leaning vpon his launce, & I vpon my Dapple, both of vs well bruized and wearied with the former skirmishes, we fell to sleep as soundly, as if we had beene vpon foure feather-beds, especially I, that slept so soundly, that he, whosoeuer hee was, might easily come and put me vpon foure stakes, which he had fastned vpon both sides of my pack-saddle, vpon which he left me thus mounted, and without perceiuing it, got my Dapple from vnder mee.

This was easie to be done, and no strange accident; for wee read that the same happened to *Sacripant*, when being at the siege of *Albraca*, that famous Theefe *Brunelo*, with the selfe-same slight got his horse from vnder his legs. *Sancho* proceeds: It was light day (said he) when I had scarse stretched my selfe, but the stakes failed, and I got a good squelch vpon the ground: then I looked for mine Asse, but not finding him, the teares came to mine eyes, and I made such strange moane, that if the Authour of our History omitted it, let him be assured he forgot a worthy passage. I know not how long after, comming with my Lady the Princesse *Micomicona*, I knew mine Asse, and that he who rode on him in the habit of a *Gipsen*, was that *Gines de Passamonte*, that Cheater, that arrant Mischiefe-monger, that my Master and I freed from the Chaine.

The errour was not in this (said *Samson*) but that before there was any newes of your Asse, the Authour still said, you were mounted vpon the selfe-same Dapple. I know not what to say to that (quoth *Sancho*) but that either the Historian was deceiued, or else it was the careleſnesse of the Printer. Without doubt (saith *Samson*) twas like to bee so: But what became of the Pistolets? Were they spent?

I spent them vpon my selfe (quoth *Sancho*) and on my wife and children, & they haue been the cause that she hath endured my Iournies and Careeres, which I haue fetched in my Master

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Don Quixotes ſeruice: for if I ſhould haue returned empty, and without mine Aſſe, I ſhould haue been welcommed with a pox: and if you'l know any more of me, heere I am, that will anſwer the King himſelfe in perſon; and let no body intermeddle to know, whether I brought, or whether I brought not; whether I ſpent, or ſpent not; for if the blowes that I haue had in theſe voyages were to be paid in money, though euery one of them were taxed but at three farthings apiece, an hundred Piſtolets more would not pay mee the halfe of them, and let euery man looke to himſelfe, and not take white for blacke, and blacke for white, for euery man is as God hath made him, and ſometimes a great deale worſe.

Let me alone (quoth *Carraſco*) for accuſing the Author of the Hiſtory, that if he print it againe, hee ſhall not forget what *Sancho* hath ſaid, which ſhall make it twice as good as it was. Is there ought elſe, Sr. Bachelour (ſaid *Don Quixote*) to bee mended in this Legend? Yes Mary is there (ſaid he) but nothing ſo important as what hath beene mentioned. Perhaps the Author promiſeth a ſecond part (quoth *Don Quixote?*) He doth (ſaid *Samſon*) but ſaith, hee neither findes nor knowes who hath it, ſo that it is doubtfull, whether it will come out or no: ſo that partly for this, and partly becauſe ſome hold that ſecond parts were neuer good; and others, that there is enough written of *Don Quixote*, it is doubted, that there will bee no ſecond part, although ſome more *Iouiall* then *Saturniſts*, cry out; Let's haue more *Quixotiſmes*: Let *Don Quixote* aſſault, and *Sancho* ſpeake, let the reſt bee what they will, this is enough. And how is the Author enclined?

To which (ſaid *Samſon*) when hee hath found this Hiſtory, that hee ſearcheth after with extraordinary diligence, hee will ſtraight commit it to the Preſſe, rather for his profit tho, then for any other reſpect. To this (ſaid *Sancho*) What? Doth the Author looke after money and gaine? tis a wonder if he be in the right: rather he will be like your falſe ſtitching Taylours vpon Chriſtmas Eeues: for your haſty work is neuer well performed: let that Mr Moore haue a care of his buſineſſe, for my Maſter and I will furniſh him with rubbiſh enough at hand, in

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matter of aduentures, and with ſuch different ſucceſſes, that he may not onely make one ſecond part, but one hundreth: the poore fellow thinkes belike, that we ſleep heere in an hay-mow; well, let it come to ſcanning, and hee ſhall ſee whether wee bee defectiue: This I know, that if my Maſter would take my counſaile, hee ſhould now bee abroad in the Champion, remedying grieuances, rectifying wrongs, as good Knights Errant are wont to doe.

No ſooner had *Sancho* ended this diſcourſe, when the neighing of *Rozinante* came to his eares, which *Don Quixote* tooke to be moſt auſpicious, and reſolued within three or foure dayes after to make another ſally, and manifeſting his minde to the Bachelor, asked his aduice to know which way hee ſhould begin his iourney; whoſe opinion was, That hee ſhould goe to the Kingdome of *Aragon*, and to the City of *Saragoſa*; where, not long after, there were ſolemne Iuſts to bee held in honour of Saint *George*, wherein hee might get more fame then all the Knights of *Aragon*, which were aboue all other Knights. Hee praiſed his moſt noble and valiant reſolution, but withall deſired him to be more wary in attempting of dangers, ſince his life is not his owne, but all theirs alſo, who needed his protection and ſuccour in their diſtreſſe.

I renounce that, Mr. *Samſon*, (ſaid *Sancho*) for my Maſter will fall vpon an hundred armed men, as a boy would vpon halfe a doozen of young Melons; Body of the world, Sr. Bachelour, there is a time to attempt, a time to retire, all muſt not be *Sainte Iacques*, and vpon vm. Beſides, I haue heard, and I beleeue from my Maſter himſelfe, (if I haue not forgotten) that valour is a meane betweene the two extremes of a Coward and a raſh man: and if this be ſo, neither would I haue him fly, nor follow, without there be reaſon for it: but aboue all, I wiſh that if my Maſter carry me with him, it be vpon condition, that he fight for vs both, and that I be tied to nothing but waiting vpon him, to looke to his clothes and his diet, for this I will doe as nimbly, as bring him water; but to thinke that I will lay hand to my ſword, although it be but againſt baſe fellowes and poore raskals, is moſt impoſſible. I (Mr. *Samſon*) ſtriue not to hoord vp

Santiago, y Cierra Eſpana. As we vſe in *England*, Saint *George* and the Victory.

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vp a fame of being valiant, but of the beſt and truſtieſt Squire that euer ſerued Knight Errant: And if *Don Quixote* my Maſter, obliged thereunto by my many ſeruices, will beſtow any Iland on mee, of thoſe many, his Worſhip ſaith, wee ſhall light vpon, I ſhall be much bound to him: and if he giue mee none, I was borne, and one man muſt not liue to relie on another, but on God; and perhaps I ſhall bee aſwell with a peece of bread at mine eaſe, as to be a Gouernour; and what doe I know, whether in theſe kindes of gouernments, the Deuill hath ſet any tripping-blocke before me, where I may ſtumble and fall, and daſh out my teeth? *Sancho* was I borne, *Sancho* muſt I die; but for all that, if ſo and ſo, without any care or danger, Heauen ſhould prouide ſome Iland for me, or any ſuch like thing, I am not ſo very an Aſſe as to refuſe it, according to the Prouerbe, Looke not a giuen horſe in the mouth.

Friend *Sancho* (quoth *Carraſco*) you haue ſpoken like an Oracle: Notwithſtanding, truſt in God and Mr. *Don Quixote*, that he will giue you not onely an Iland, but a Kingdome too; I thinke one aſwell as tother (quoth *Sancho*) and let me tell you, Mr. *Samſon*, (ſaid *Sancho*) I thinke my Maſters Kingdome would not bee beſtowed on mee in vaine, for I haue felt mine owne pulſe, and finde my ſelfe healthy enough to rule Kingdomes and gouerne Ilands, and thus I haue told my Maſter many times.

Looke yee, *Sancho* (quoth *Samſon*) Honours change manners, and perhaps when you are once a Gouernour, you may ſcarſe know your owne mother. That's to be vnderſtood (ſaid *Sancho*) of them that are baſely borne, and not of thoſe that haue on their ſoules [a] foure fingers fat of the old Chriſtian, as I haue: No, but come to my condition, which will bee vngratefull to no body. God grant it (quoth *Don Quixote*) and wee ſhal ſee when the Gouernment comes, for me thinks I haue it before mine eyes. (Which ſaid) he asked the Bachelour whether he were a Poet, and that he would doe him the fauour to make him ſome verſes, the ſubiect of his farewell to his Miſtris *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, and withall, that at the beginning of euery verſe, he ſhould put a letter of her name, that ſo ioyning all the firſt letters,

[a] To expreſſe his not being borne a Iew, or Moore.

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ters, there might bee read *Dulcinea del Toboſo?* The Bachelour made anſwer, that though he were none of the famous Poets of *Spaine*, which they ſaid were but three & an halfe; yet he would not refuſe to compoſe the ſaid meeter, although he found a great deale of difficulty in the compoſition, becauſe there were ſeuenteen letters in the name; and, if hee made foure ſtaues, of each foure verſes, that there would be a letter too much; and if hee made them of fiue, which they call *Decimi*, there would be three too little; but for all that, hee would ſee if hee could drowne a letter; ſo in foure ſtaues there might be read, *Dulcinea del Toboſo.* By all meanes (quoth *Don Quixote*) let it be ſo: for if the name be not plaine and conſpicuous, there is no woman will beleeue the meeter was compoſed for her.

Vpon this they agreed, and that eight dayes after their departure ſhould be. *Don Quixote* enioyned the Bachelour to keep it ſecret, eſpecially from the Vicar, and [a] Mr. *Nicholas*, his Neece, and the old woman, leſt they ſhould diſturbe his noble and valiant reſolution. *Carraſco* aſſured him, and ſo tooke leaue, charging *Don Quixote* he ſhould let him heare of all his good or bad fortune, at his beſt leiſure. So they tooke leaue, and *Sancho* went to prouide for their iourney.

[a] The Barber.

CHAP. V.

Of the wiſe and pleaſant diſcourſe, that paſſed betwixt Sancho Panſa *and his wife* Tereſa Panſa, *and other accidents worthy of happy remembrance.*

THe Tranſlatour of this Hiſtory, when he came to write this fifth Chapter, ſaies, that hee holds it for *Apocrypha*, becauſe *Sancho* ſpeakes in it after another manner then could be expected from his ſlender vnderſtanding, and ſpeakes things more acutely then was poſſible for him, yet hee would tranſlate it, for the accompliſhment of his promiſe, and ſo goes on, as followeth.

Sancho came home ſo iocund and ſo merry, that his wife perceiued

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ceiued it a flight-shot off, insomuch that shee needs would aske him; Friend *Sancho*, what's the matter that you are so ioyfull? To which he answered: Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make shew for. I vnderstand you not, husband (quoth shee) and I vnderstand not what you meane, that if it pleased God, you would not bee so contented; for though I bee a foole, yet I know not who would willingly be sad.

Looke yee, *Teresa* (said *Sancho*) I am iolly, because I am determined to serue my Master *Don Quixote*, once more, who will now this third time sally in pursuit of his aduentures, and I also with him, for my pouerty will haue it so; besides my hope that reioyceth me, to thinke that I may finde another hundred Pistolets, for those that are spent: Yet I am sad againe, to leaue thee and my children, and if it pleased God that I might liue quietly at home, without putting my selfe into those Desarts and crosse-waies, which he might easily grant if he pleased and were willing; it is manifest, that my content might bee more firme and wholesome, since the present ioy I haue, is mingled with a sorrow to leaue thee: so that I said well, I should bee glad if it pleased God I were not so contented.

Fie, *Sancho* (replied *Teresa*) euer since thou hast been a member of a Knight Errant, thou speakest so round-about the bush, that no body can vnderstand thee. It is enough (quoth *Sancho*) that God vnderstands mee, who vnderstands all things, and so much for that: but marke, Sister, I would haue you for these three daies, looke well to my Dapple, that hee may bee fit for Armes, double his allowance, seeke out his pack-saddle, and the rest of his tackling; for wee goe not to a marriage, but to compasse the world, and to giue and take, with Gyants, Sprights and Hobgoblins, to heare hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bawling: and all this were sweet meat, if we had not to doe with [a] *Yangueses* and enchanted Moores.

[a] The Carriers that beat the Master and man. *Vide* 1. *part. Don Quixote.*

I beleeue indeede (quoth *Teresa*) that your Squires Errant gaine not their bread for nothing: I shall therefore pray to our Lord, that he deliuer you speedily from this misfortune. Ile tell you, wife (said *Sancho*) if I thought not ere long to bee Gouernour of an Iland, I should die suddenly. None of that, Husband,

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band (quoth *Teresa*:) Let the hen liue, though it bee with her pip; Liue you, and the Deuill take all the Gouernments in the world, without Gouernment were you borne, without Gouernment haue you liued hitherto, and without Gouernment must you goe, or bee carried to your graue, when it shall please God. How many be there in the world, that liue without Gouernments, yet they liue well enough, and well esteemed of? Hunger is the best sawce in the world, and when the poore want not this, they eat contentedly. But harke, *Sancho*, if you should chance to see a Gouernment, pray forget not mee and your children: little *Sancho* is now iust fifteene yeeres old, and tis fit he goe to schoole, if his vncle the Abbot meane to make him a Church-man: And looke ye too, *Mary Sancha* our daughter will not die, if we marry her, for I suspect she desires marriage, as much as you your Gouernment, and indeed a daughter is better ill married, then well Paramour'd.

I'good faith (quoth *Sancho*) if I haue ought with my Gouernment, Wife; *Mary Sancha* shall be so highly married, that she shall be called Lady at least. Not so, *Sancho* (quoth *Teresa*) the best way is to marry her with her equall, for if in stead of her pattins you giue her [a] high shooes, if in stead of a course petticoat, a farthingale and silke kirtle, and from little *Mal*, my Lady *Whacham*, the girle will not know her selfe, and shee will euery foot fall into a thousand errours, discouering the thred of her grosse and course web.

[a] *Chapines.*

Peace, foole (sayd *Sancho*) all must bee two or three yeeres practice, and then her greatnesse will become her, and her state fall out pat: howsoeuer, what matter is it? let her be your Ladiship, and come what will on it. Measure your selfe by your meanes (said *Teresa*) and seeke not after greater, keepe your selfe to the Prouerbe; Let neighbours children hold together: Twere pretty i'faith to marry our *Mary* with a great Lord or Knight, that when the toy takes him in the head, should newmould her, calling her milke-maid, Boores daughter, Rockepeeler: not while I liue, Husband: for this forsooth haue I brought vp my daughter? Get you money, *Sancho*, and for marrying her, let me alone: Why, there's *Lope Tocho*, *Iohn To-*

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chos

cho's ſonne, a ſound chopping Lad, wee know him well, and I know, he caſts a ſheepes eye vpon the wench, and tis good marrying her with this her equall, and wee ſhall haue him alwayes with vs, and wee ſhall bee all one: Parent, ſonnes, and grand-ſonnes, and ſonne in law, and Gods peace and bleſſing will alwaies be amongſt vs, and let not me haue her married into your Courts and Grand Palaces, where they'l neither vnderſtand her, nor ſhe them.

Come hither, Beaſt (quoth *Sancho*) Woman of *Barrabas*, why wilt thou, without any reaſon, hinder mee from marrying my daughter where ſhee may bring mee grand-ſonnes that may be ſtiled Lordſhip? Behold, *Tereſa*, I haue alwaies heard mine Elders ſay, That he that will not when hee may, when hee deſireth, ſhall haue nay: And it is not fit that whilſt good lucke is knocking at our doore, we ſhut it: let vs therefore ſaile with this proſperous winde. (For this and for that which followeth, that *Sancho* ſpoke, the Author of the Hiſtory ſayes, hee held this Chapter for *Apocrypha*.) Doe not you thinke, Bruit-one (ſayd *Sancho*) that it will be fit to fall vpon ſome beneficiall Gouernment, that may bring vs out of want: and to marry our Daughter *Sancha* to whom I pleaſe, and you ſhall ſee how ſhe ſhall bee called *Dona Tereſa Panſa*, and ſit in the Church with your carpet and your cuſhions, and your hung-clothes, in ſpite of the Gentle-women of the towne? No, no, remaine ſtill as you are, in one eſtate, without increaſing or diminiſhing, like a picture in hangings; goe to, let's haue no more, little *Sancha* muſt bee a Counteſſe, ſay thou what thou wilt.

What a coyle you keepe (quoth *Tereſa*?) for all that, I feare this Earledome will be my daughters vndoing, yet doe what ye will, make her Dutcheſſe or Princeſſe; it ſhall not bee with my conſent: I haue alwaies loued equality, and I cannot abide to ſee folkes take vpon vm without grounds, I was Chriſtned *Tereſa*, without welt or gard, nor additions of *Don* or *Dona*, my fathers name was *Caſcaio*, and becauſe I am your wife, they call me *Tereſa Panſa*, for indeed they ſhould haue called me *Tereſa Caſcaio*: But great ones may doe what they liſt, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any *Don* vpon it,

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it, to make it more troublesome, that I shall not be able to beare it, and I will not haue folke laugh at mee, as they see mee walke in my Countesses apparell, or my Gouernesses, you shall haue them cry straight, Looke how stately the Hog-rubber goes, she that was but yesterday at her spindle, and went to Church with the skirt of her coat ouer her head in stead of an Huke, to day she is in her Varthingale and her buttons, and so demure, as if we knew her not: God keepe mee in my seuen wits, or my fiue, or those that I haue, and Ile not put my selfe to such hazards; Get you, Brother, to bee a Gouernment or an Iland, and take state as you please, for by my mothers *Holy-dam*, neither I nor my daughter will stirre a foot from our village: better a broken ioynt then a lost name, and keepe home, the honest mayd, to bee doing is her trade, goe you with *Don Quixote* to your aduentures, and leaue vs to our ill fortunes; God will send better, if we be good, and I know not who made him a *Don*, or a title which neither his Father nor his Grandfather euer had.

Now I say (quoth *Sancho*) thou hast a Familiar in that body of thine: Lord blesse thee for a woman, and what a company of things hast thou strung vp without head or feet? What hath your *Cascaio*, your buttons, or your Prouerbes, or your State, to doe with what I haue sayd? Come hither Cox-combe, foole (for so I may call you, since you vnderstand not my meaning, and neglect your happinesse) If I should say, my daughter should cast her selfe downe some Towre, or she should roue vp and downe the world, as did the Princesse *Dona Vrraca*, you had reason not to consent: But if in lesse then two trap-blowes, or the opening & shutting of an eye, I clap yee a *Don* and *Ladiship* vpon your shoulders, and bring it out of your stubble, and put it you vnder barne-couer, and set you in your state, with more Cushions then the *Almohada* Moores had in all their linage: why, will you not consent to that, that I would haue you? Would you know why, Husband (answered *Teresa*?) for the Prouerbe that sayes; He that couers thee, discouers thee: Euery one passeth his eyes slightly ouer the poore, and vpon the rich man they fasten them, and if the said rich man haue at any

An *Infanta* of *Spaine*.

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time

time beene poore, there is your grumbling and curſing, and your back-biters neuer leaue, who ſwarme as thicke as hiues of Bees thorow the ſtreets.

Marke, *Tereſa* (ſaid *Sancho*) and giue eare to my ſpeech, ſuch as peraduenture you haue not heard in all you life time, neither doe I ſpeake any thing of mine owne, for all I purpoſe to ſpeak, is ſentences of our Preacher, that preached all laſt Lent in this Towne, who (as I remember) ſaid, that all things that wee ſee before our eyes preſent, aſſiſt our memory much better, and with more vehemency, then things paſt.

(All theſe reaſons heere deliuered by *Sancho*, are the ſecond, for which the Tranſlatour of the Hiſtory holds this chapter for *Apocrypha*, as exceeding the capacity of *Sancho*, who proceeded, ſaying:)

Whereupon it happens, that when wee ſee ſome perſonage well clad in rich apparrell, and with many followers, it ſeemes hee mooues and inuites vs perforce to giue him reſpect: although our memory at that very inſtant repreſents vnto vs ſome kinde of baſeneſſe, which we haue ſeen in that perſonage, the which doth vilifie him, bee it either for pouerty or linage, both paſſed ouer, are not: and that which wee ſee preſent, only is. And if this man (whom fortune blotted out of his baſeneſſe, and to whom conſequently his father left all height of proſperity) be well-behaued, liberall and courteous towards all men, and contends not with ſuch, as are moſt anciently noble, aſſure thy ſelfe, *Tereſa*, all men will forget what he was, and reuerence him for what hee is, except the enuious, whom the greateſt ſcape not. I vnderſtand you not, Husband (replied *Tereſa*) doe what you will, and doe not trouble me with your long ſpeeches and your *Rhetoricke*: and if you be reuolued to doe what you ſay. Reſolued you muſt ſay, Wife (quoth *Sancho*) and not reuolued. I pray diſpute not with mee, Husband (ſayd *Tereſa*) I ſpeake as it pleaſes God, and ſtriue not for more eloquence: and I tell you, if you perſiſt in hauing you Gouernment, take your ſonne *Sancho* with you, and teach him from henceforth to gouerne; for it is fit that the ſonnes doe inherit, and learne the offices of their fathers.

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When

When I haue my Gouernment (quoth *Sancho*) I will ſend Poſt for him, and I will ſend thee monies, for I ſhall want none, and there neuer want ſome that will lend Gouernours money when they haue none: but clothe him ſo, that hee may not appeare what he is, and may ſeeme what he muſt bee. Send you money (quoth *Tereſa*) and Ile clad him like a Date-leafe. So that now (ſayd *Sancho*) wee are agreed that our daughter ſhall bee a Counteſſe.

The day that I ſhall ſee her a Counteſſe (ſaid *Tereſa*) will bee my deaths day: But I tell you againe, doe what you will, for we women are borne with this clog, to bee obedient to our huſbands, though they be no better then Leekes: And heere ſhe began to weep ſo heartily, as if her little daughter *Sancha* had been dead and buried. *Sancho* comforted her, ſaying, that though ſhe muſt bee a Counteſſe, yet hee would deferre it as long as hee could. Heere their Dialogue ended, and *Sancho* returned to ſee *Don Quixote*, to giue order for their departure.

CHAP. VI.

What paſſed betwixt Don Quixote, *his Neece, and the old woman: and it is one of the moſt materiall Chapters in all the Hiſtory.*

WHilſt *Sancho* and his wife were in this impertinent aforeſayd diſcourſe, *Don Quixotes* Neece and olde woman were not idle, and by a thouſand ſignes ghеſſed, that her Vnckle and their Maſter would a ſlaſhing the third time, and returne to the exerciſing of his (for them) ill Knight Errantry; they ſought by all meanes poſſible to diuert him from ſo bad a purpoſe: but all was to no purpoſe, to preach in a Deſart, or to beat cold iron.

Notwithſtanding, amongſt many other diſcourſes that paſſed betwixt them, the old woman told him; Truely Maſter, if you keepe not your foot ſtill, and reſt quiet at home, and ſuffer your ſelfe to be led thorow mountaines and valleyes, like a ſoule

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in Purgatory, seeking after those they call aduentures, which I call misfortunes, I shall complaine on you, and cry out to God and the King, that they remedie it. To which, *Don Quixote* answered; Woman, what God will answer to your complaints, I know not, nor what his Maiesty will: onely I know, if I were a King, I would saue a labour in answering such an infinity of foolish Petitions, as are giuen him daily: for one of the greatest toyles (amongst many others that Kings haue) is this, to bee bound to harken to all, to answer all; therefore I would bee loth, that ought concerning mee, should trouble him. Then (quoth the old woman) tell vs Sir, In his Maiesties Court bee there not Knights? Yes (answered hee) and many, and good reason, for the adornment and greatnesse of Princes, and for ostentation of the *Royall Maiesty*. Why? would not your Worship (replyed she) bee one of them that might quietly serue the King your Master at Court?

Looke yee, friend (answered *Don Quixote*) All Knights cannot be Courtiers, nor all Courtiers neither can, nor ought to be Knights Errant; in the world there must bee of all sorts, and though wee bee all Knights, yet the one and the other differ much: For your Courtiers, without stirring out of their chambers, or ouer the Court thresholds, can trauell all the world ouer, looking vpon a Map, without spending a mite, without suffering heat, cold, hunger, or thirst. But wee, the true Knights Errant, with sunne, with cold, with aire, with all the inclemencies of Heauen, night and day, a horse-backe and on foot, doe trace the whole world thorow: And wee doe not know our enemies by supposition, as they are painted, but in their reall being, and at all times, and vpon euery occasion wee set vpon vn, without standing vpon trifles, or on the lawes of *Duello*, whether a sword or a lance were longer or shorter, whether either of the parties wore a charme, or some hidden deceit, if they shall fight after the Sunnes going downe or no, with other ceremonies of this nature, which are vsed in single combates betwixt man and man, that thou knowest not of, but I doe. Know further, that the good Knight-Errant (although he see ten Gyants, that with their heads, not onely touch, but ouertop the clouds,

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clouds, and that each of them hath legs as big as two great towres, and armes like the maſts of mighty ſhips, and each eye as big as a mill-wheele, and more fiery then a glaſſe-ouen) muſt not be affrighted in any wiſe, rather with a ſtayd pace and vndaunted courage, hee muſt ſet on them, cloſe with them, and if poſſible, ouercome, and make vm turne taile in an inſtant; yea, though they came armed with the ſhels of a certaine fiſh, which (they ſay) are harder then Diamonds, and though in ſtead of ſwords, they had cutting skeines of *Damaſco* ſteele, or iron clubs with pikes of the ſame, as I haue ſeene them more then once or twice. All this haue I ſaid, woman mine, that you may ſee the difference betwixt ſome Knights and others, and it is reaſon that Princes ſhould more eſteeme this ſecond, or (to ſay fitter) this firſt *Species* of Knights Errant (for as we read in their hiſtories) ſuch an one there hath beene amongſt them, that hath beene a ſafe-guard not onely of one Kingdome, but many.

Ah Sir, then ſaid his Neece, beware; for all is lies and fiction that you haue ſpoken, touching your Knights Errant, whoſe ſtories, if they were not burnt, they deſerue each of them at leaſt to haue a penance inflicted vpon them, or ſome note, by which they might bee knowne to bee infamous, and ruiners of good cuſtomes.

I aſſure thee certainely (quoth *Don Quixote*) if thou were not lineally my Neece, as daughter to mine owne Siſter, I would ſo puniſh thee for the blaſphemy thou haſt ſpoken, as ſhould reſound thorow all the world. Is it poſſible that a Piſſe-kitchin, that ſcarce knowes how to make Bone-lace, dares ſpeake and cenſure the hiſtories of Knights Errant? What would Sr. *Amadis*, haue ſaid if hee ſhould haue heard this? But I warrant hee would haue forgiuen thee, for hee was the humbleſt and moſt courteous Knight of his time; and moreouer, a great Protector of Damozels: but ſuch an one might haue heard thee, that thou mightſt haue repented thee; for all are not courteous, or pitifull, ſome are harſh and bruitiſh. Neither are all that beare the name of Knights, ſo, truely; for ſome are of gold, others of Alchymy, yet all ſeeme to be Knights: but all cannot brooke the touch-ſtone of truth: You haue ſome baſe Knaues that burſt againe to

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seeme Knights, and some that are Knights, that kill themselues in post-haste till they become Peasants: The one either raise themselues by their ambition, or vertue; the others fall, either by their negligence, or vice; and a man had need be wise to distinguish betweene these two sorts of Knights, so neere in their names, so distant in their actions.

Helpe me God (quoth the Neece) that you should know so much Vnckle, as were it in case of necessity, you might step into a pulpit, and [a] preach in the streets, and for all that you goe on so blindely, and fall into so eminent a madnesse, that you would haue vs thinke you valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, being so sickly, that you are able to make crooked things straight, being crooked with yeeres, and that you are a Knight when you are none? for though Gentle-men may bee Knights, yet the poore cannot.

[a] An vsuall thing in Spaine, that a Frier or Iesuite (when a fiery zeale takes him) makes his pulpit in any part of the street, or market-place.

You say well, Neece, in that (quoth *Don Quixote*) and I could tell thee things concerning linages, that should admire thee, but because I will not mingle Diuinity with Humanity, I say nothing: Marke yee hoe, to foure sorts of linages (harken to me) may all in the world be reduc'd, and they are these. Some that from base beginnings haue arriued at the greatest honours. Others that had great beginnings, and so conserue them till the end. Others, that though they had great beginnings, yet they end pointed like a *Pyramis*, hauing lessened & annihilated their beginning, till it ends in nothing. Others there are (and these the most) that neither had good beginning, nor reasonable middle, and so they passe away without mention, as the linage of the common and ordinarie sort of people. Let the house of the *Othomans* bee an example to thee of the first, who had an obscure beginning, but rose to the greatnesse they now preserue, that from a base and poore shepheard that gaue them their first beginning, haue come to this height, in which now we see them. Many Princes may be an instance of the second linage, that began in greatnesse, and was so preserued, without augmentation or diminution, onely kept their inheritance, containing themselues within the limits of their own Kingdomes peacefully. Thousands of examples there bee of such

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ſuch, as began in greatneſſe, and leſſened towards their end. For all your *Pharaos*, your *Ptolomies* of *Ægypt*, your *Cæſars* of *Rome*, with all the hurrie (if I may ſo terme them,) of your infinite Princes, Monarchs, Lords, Medes, Aſſyrians, Perſians, Grecians, and Barbarians, all theſe linages, all theſe Lordſhips ended, pointed, and came to nought, aſwell they, as thoſe that gaue them beginning, for it is not poſſible to finde any of their ſucceſſors, and if it were, hee muſt bee in meane and baſe eſtate; with the common ſort I haue nothing to doe, ſince they only liue, and ſerue to increaſe the number of men, without deſeruing more fame, or elogie of their greatneſſe.

Thus much (fooles) you may inferre from all that hath beene ſaid, that the confuſion of linages is very great; and that thoſe are the moſt great & glorious, that ſhew it in the vertue, wealth, and liberalitie of their owners. Vertue, wealth, and liberality (I ſay) for that great man that is vicious, will be the more ſo, by his greatneſſe, and the rich man not liberall, is but a couetous begger, for he that poſſeſſeth riches, is not happie in them, but in the ſpending them, not only in ſpending, but in well ſpending them. The poore Knight hath no way to ſhew he is a Knight, but that he is vertuous, affable, well faſhioned, courteous, and well-behaued, and officious: not proud, not arrogant, not backebiting, and aboue all, charitable: for in a penie (that he giues cheerefully to the poore) he ſhewes himſelfe as liberall, as he that for oſtentation giues an Almes before a multitude, and there is no man that ſees him adorned with theſe vertues, but although he know him not, he will iudge of him, and thinke he is well deſcended: for if he were not, twere miraculous, & the reward of vertue hath beene alwaies praiſe, and the vertuous muſt needs be praiſed.

There be two courſes for men to come to be wealthie and noble by, the one is Artes, tother Armes. I haue more armes then learning, and was borne (according to my inclination that way) vnder the influence of the Planet *Mars*, ſo that I muſt of force follow his ſteps, which I meane to doe in ſpight of all the world, and it is in vaine for you to ſtriue to perſwade me, that I ſhould nill what the heauens will me, fortune ordaines, and rea-

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ſon requires, and aboue all, my affection deſires. Well, in knowing (as I know) the innumerable troubles that are annexed to Knight Errantrie, ſo I know the infinite goods that are obtained with it. And I know that the path of vertue is very narrow, and the way of vice large and ſpacious. And I know that their endes and reſting places are different, for that of vice, large and ſpacious endes in death, and that of vertue, narrow and cumberſome endes in life, and not in a life that hath ending, but that is endleſſe. And I know what [a] our great Caſtillian Poet ſaid,

a Boſcan.

To the high Seate of Immortalitie
Through crabbed paths, we muſt our iourney take,
Whence he that falles, can neuer climbe ſo hie.

Woe is me (ſaid the Neece) my Maſter too is a Poet, he knowes euery thing: I hold a wager, if he would be a Maſon, he would build a houſe as eaſily as a cage. I promiſe thee, Neece (qd. *Don Quixote*) if theſe knightly cogitations did not wrap my ſenſes, there is nothing I could not doe, nor no curioſitie ſhould ſcape me, eſpecially cages, and tooth-pickers. By this one knockt at the doore, & asking who was there, *Sancho* anſwered, Tis I. The old woman, as ſoone as ſhe heard him, ranne to hide her ſelfe, becauſe ſhe would not ſee him, for ſhe could not abide him. The Neece let him in, and his Maſter *Don Quixote* went to receiue him with open armes: & they both locked themſelues in, where they had another Dialogue as good as the former.

CHAP. VII.

What paſſed betwixt Don Quixote *and his Squire, with other moſt famous accidents.*

THE olde woman, as ſoone as ſhee ſaw her Maſter and *Sancho* locked together, began to ſmell their drift, and imagining that his third ſally would reſult from that conſultation, and taking her mantle, full of ſorrow and trouble, ſhe went to ſeeke the Bachelour *Samſon Carraſco*, ſuppoſing, that as he was wel ſpoken, & a late-acquaintãce of *Don Quixotes*, he

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he might perſwade him to leaue his doting purpoſe; ſhe found him walking in the Court of his houſe, and ſeeing him, ſhe fell downe in a cold ſweate, (all troubled) at his feete. When *Carraſco* ſaw her ſo ſorrowfull and affrighted, he asked her: Whats the matter? what accident is this? Me thinkes thy heart is at thy mouth. Nothing (ſaid ſhe) Mr. *Samſon*, but my Maſter is run out, doubtleſſe, he is run out. And where runs he, ſaid he? hath he broken a hole in any part of his body? He runnes not out (anſwered ſhe) but out of the doore of his madneſſe: I meane, ſweete ſir Bachelour, he meanes to be a gadding againe, and this is his third time, he hath gone a hunting after thoſe you call aduentures: I know not why they giue vm this name. The firſt time they brought him vs athwart vpon an Aſſe beaten to pieces. The ſecond time he came clapt vp in an Oxe-Wayne, and locked in a Cage, and he made vs beleeue hee was enchaunted, & the poore ſoule was ſo changed, that his mother that brought him forth, would not haue knowne him, ſo leane, ſo wan, his eies ſo ſunke into his head, that I ſpent aboue ſixe hundreth egges to recouer him, as God is my witneſſe, and all the world, and my hennes that will not let me lye. That I well beleeue (quoth the Bachelor) for they are ſo good, and ſo fat, and ſo well nurtured, that they will not ſay one thing for another if they ſhould burſt for it. Well, is there ought elſe? hath there any other ill lucke hapned more then this you feare, that your Maſter will abroad? No Sr, (ſaid ſhe:) Take no care (quoth he) but get you home on Gods name, and get me ſome warme thing to breakefaſt, and by the way as you goe, pray me the Oriſon of Saint *Apolonia*, if you know it, and Ile go thither preſently, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Wretch that I am (quoth ſhee) the Oriſon of Saint *Apolonia* quoth you, that were, if my Maſter had the toothach, but his paine is in his head. I know what I ſay (quoth hee) and doe not you diſpute with me, ſince you know I haue proceeded Bachelour at *Salamanca*: doe yee thinke there is no more then to take the degree (ſaid he?) With that, away ſhe goes: and he went preſently to ſeeke the Vicar, and communicate with him, what ſhall be ſaid hereafter.

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At the time that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were locked together, there passed a discourse betweene them, which the historie tels with much punctualitie, and a true relation.

Sancho said to his Master, I haue now reluc't my wife to let me goe with you whither soeuer you please; reduce you would say, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*.) I haue bid you more then once (if I haue not forgotten) said *Sancho*, that you doe not correct my words, if so be you vnderstand my meaning, and when you doe not vnderstand them, cry, *Sancho*, or Diuell, I vnderstand thee not: and if I doe not expresse my selfe, then you may correct me, for I am so docible.

I vnderstand thee not, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) for I know not the meaning of your docible. So docible is (said *Sancho*) I am so, so. Lesse and lesse doe I vnderstand (said *Don Quixote*.) Why if you do not vnderstand (said *Sancho*) I cannot do withall, I know no more, & God be with me. Thou meanest docible I beleeue, and that thou art so pliant, and so taking, that thou wilt apprehend what I shall tell thee, and learne what I shal instruct thee in.

Ile lay a wager (said *Sancho*) you searched and vnderstood me at first, but that you would put me out, and heare me blunder out a hundreth or two of follies. It may bee so (quoth *Don Quixote*) but what saies *Teresa*? *Teresa* bids mee make sure worke with you, and that wee may haue lesse saying, and more doing, for great sayers are small doers. A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush. And I say, a womans aduice is but slender, yet he that refuseth it, is a madman. I say so too (quoth *Don Quixote*:) But say (friend *Sancho*) proceede, for to day thou speakest preciously.

The businesse is (quoth *Sancho*) that as you better know then I, wee are all mortall, here to day, and gone to morrow, as soone goes the yonglambe to the roste, as the olde sheepe, and no man can promise himselfe more daies then God hath giuen him, for death is deafe, and when she knocks at lifes doore, she is in haste, neither threats, nor entreaties, nor Scepters, nor miters can stay her, as the common voice goes, and as they tell vs in Pulpits.

All this is true (saide *Don Quixote*) but I know not where thou

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thou meaneſt to ſtop. My ſtoppe is (quoth *Sancho*) that your Worſhip allow me ſome certaine wages by [a] the moneth, for the time that I ſhall ſerue you, and that the ſaid wages be paide me out of your ſubſtance, for Ile truſt no longer to good turnes, which come either ſlowly, or meanely, or neuer, God giue mee ioy of mine owne. In a word, I muſt know what I may gaine, little or much: for the henne layes aſwell vpon one egge as many, and many littles make a inickle, and whilſt ſomething is gotten, nothing is loſt. Indeede, if it ſhould ſo happen (which I neither beleeue, nor hope for) that your Worſhip ſhould giue mee the Iſland you promiſed me, I am not ſo vngratefull, nor would carrie things with ſuch extremity, as not to haue the rent of that Iſland prized, and ſo to diſcount for the wages I receiued, cantitie for cantitie. Is not quantitie as much worth as cantitie, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*? I vnderſtand you now, ſaid *Sancho*, and dare lay any thing that I ſhould haue ſaid quantitie, and not cantitie: but that's no matter, ſeeing you haue vnderſtood mee. I vnderſtand yee very well (anſwered *Don Quixote*) and haue penterated the vtmoſt of your thoughts, and know very well, what marke you ayme at, with the innumerable arrowes of your prouerbes.

[a] The cuſtome of Spaine is, to pay their ſeruants wages by the moneth.

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Looke yee, *Sancho*, I could willingly affoord you wages, if I had found in any Hiſtories of Knights Errant, any example that might giue me light, through the leaſt chinke, of any wages giuen monethly or yeerely: but I haue read all, or the moſt part of their Hiſtories, and doe not remember that euer I haue read, that any Knight Errant hath allowed any ſet wages to his Squire. Only I know, that all liued vpon courtenance, and when they leaſt dreamt of it, if their Maſters had had good lucke, they were rewarded; either with an Iſland or ſome ſuch thing equiualent, and at leaſt they remained with honour and title.

If you, *Sancho*, vpon theſe hopes and additaments haue a minde to returne to my ſeruice, a Gods name; but to thinke that I will plucke the old vſe of Knight Errantry out of his bounds, and off the hindges, is a meere impoſſibility. So that, *Sancho*, you may goe home, and tell your *Tereſa* mine intention; and if that ſhee and you will rely vpon my fauour, *bene quidem*; and if not,

hinges

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not, let's part friends; for if my pigeon-houſe haue Comyns, it will want no Doues. And take this by the way, A good expectation is better then a bad poſſeſſion, and a good demand better then an ill pay. I ſpeake thus, *Sancho*, that you may ſee, I know as well as you, to ſprinkle Prouerbes like raine-ſhowres. Laſtly, let me tell you, if you will not truſt to my reward, and run the ſame fortune with me, God keepe you, and make you a Saint, for I ſhall not want more obedient Squires, and more carefull, and not ſo irkſome, nor ſo talkatiue as you.

When *Sancho* heard his Maſters firme reſolution, hee waxed clowdy, and the wings of his heart began to ſtoope; for hee thought verily his Maſter would not goe without him, for all the treaſure in the world. Thus being doubtfull and penſatiue, *Samſon Carraſco* entred, and the Neece deſirous to heare how he perſwaded her Maſter that hee ſhould not returne to his aduentures.

In came *Samſon*, a notable Crack-rope, and embracing him as at firſt, began in this loud key: Oh flower of Chiualrie, bright light of Armes, honour and mirrour of our Spaniſh nation: may it pleaſe almighty God of his infinite goodneſſe, that he, or they, that hinder or diſturbe this thy third ſally, that they neuer finde it in the Labyrinth of their deſires, nor let the ill they wiſh, for euer be accompliſhed. And turning to the old woman, he ſaid: You neede no longer pray the Oriſon of Saint *Apolonia*, for I know, the determination of the ſpheres, is, that *Don Quixote* put in execution his loftie and new deſignes, and I ſhould much burden my conſcience, if I ſhould not perſwade and intimate vnto this Knight, that hee doe no longer withdraw and hold backe the force of his valorous arme, and the courage of his moſt valiant minde, for with his delaying he defraudes the rectifying of wrongs, the protection of Orphans, the honor of Damſels, the bulwarke of married women, and other matters of this qualitie, which concern, appertain, depend, & are annexed vnto the order of Knight Errantrie. Go on then, my beautifull, my braue *Don Quixote*, rather to day then to morrow, let your Greatneſſe be vpon the way, and if any thing be wanting to your iourney, here am I to ſupply with my wealth, with my perſon, and if

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neede

need be, to be thy Magnificence his Squire, which I shall hold a most happy fortune. Then (said *Don Quixote*) turning to *Sancho*, Did not I tell thee, *Sancho*, that I should want no Squires? See who offers himselfe to mee: the most rare Bachelour *Samson Carrasco*, the perpetuall darling and delighter of the Salamancan schooles, sound and active of body, silent, suffering of heates and coldes, hunger and thirst, with all the abilities that belong to the Squire of a Knight Errant: but heauen forbid, that for my pleasure, I hox and breake off the Columne of learning, the vellell of Sciences, and that I lop off the eminent branch of the liberall Arts: Remaine thou another *Samson* in thy Countrey, honour it, and those gray haires of thine aged Parents, for I will content my selfe with any Squire, since *Sancho* daignes not to attend mee.

I doe daigne, said *Sancho*, (all tender) and the teares standing in his eyes, and thus proceeds: It shall not be sayd, Master, for me, *No longer pipe, no longer dance*; Nor am I made of hardest oake, for all the world knowes, and especially my Towne, who the *Panſa's* were, from whom I descend; besides, I know and haue searched out, by many good works, & many good words, the desire that your Worship hath to doe me a kindnesse, and if I haue beene too blame to meddle in reckonings concerning my wages, it was to please my wife, who when shee once falls into a vaine of perswading, there's no hammer that doth so fasten the hoopes of a Bucket as shee doth, till shee obtaine what she would haue; but howsoeuer, the husband must be husband, and the wife, wife; and since I am a man euery where (I cannot deny that) I will also bee so at home, in spite of any: so that there's no more to bee done, but that you make your will, and set to your Codicill, in such sort, that it may not bee reuolked, and let's straight to our iourney, that Mr. *Samsons* soule may not suffer; for he saith, his conscience is vnquiet, till hee haue perswaded you to your third sally thorow the world, and I afresh offer my seruice faithfully & loyally, aswell and better then anie Squire that euer serued Knight Errant in former times, or in present.

The Bachelour wondred to heare *Sancho's* manner and method

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thod of speaking: for though in the first history he had read of his Master, he neuer thought *Sancho* had beene so witty, as they there paint him out, yet hearing him now mention will and Codicill, reuolking in stead of reuoking, he beleeued all that he had read of him, and confirmed him to be one of the most solemnest Cox-combes of our age, and said to himselfe, that two such mad men, as Master and man, were not in all the world agen.

Now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* embraced, and remained friends, and with the grand *Carrasco's* approbation and good will (who was then their Oracle) it was decreed, that within three daies they should depart, in which they might haue time to prouide all things necessary for their voyage, and to get an helmet, which *Don Quixote* said, hee must by all meanes carry. *Samson* offered him one, for he knew a friend of his would not deny it him, although it were fowler with mould and rust, then bright with smooth steele.

The Neece and the olde woman cursed the Bachelour vnmercifully, they tore their haire, scratcht their faces, and as your funerall mourners vse, they howled at their Masters departure, as if he had beene a dead man. The designe that *Samson* had to perswade him to this third sally, was, to doe what the History tels vs heereafter, all by the aduice of the Vicar and the Barber, to whom he had before communicated it. Well, in those three dayes, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* fitted themselues with what they thought they needed, and *Sancho* hauing set downe the time to his wife, and *Don Quixote* to his Neece, and the olde woman, toward night, without taking leaue of any body, but the Bachelor, who would needs bring them halfe a league from the towne, they tooke their way towards *Toboso*. *Don Quixote* vpon his good *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* on his old Dapple, his wallets were stuffed with prouant, and his purse with money that *Don Quixote* gaue him for their expences. *Samson* embraced him, & desired him that he might heare of his good or ill fortune, to reioyce for the one, or bee sorry for the other, as the law of friendship did require; *Don Quixote* made him a promise. *Samson* returned home, and the two went on towards the famous City of *Toboso*.

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CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

what befell Don Quixote, *going to see his Mistris* Dulcinea del Toboso.

BLessed be the powerfull *Ala* (saith *Hamete Benengeli*) at the beginning of this eighth Chapter: Blessed bee *Ala*, which he thrice repeated, and sayd, that he rendred these benedictions, to see that now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were vpon their march, and that the Readers of their delightfull History may reckon, that from this time the exployts and conceits of *Don Quixote* and his Squire doe begin: Hee perswades them they should forget the former Chiualry of the noble Knight, and fix their eyes vpon his Acts to come, which begin now in his way towards *Toboso*, as the former did in the fields of *Montiel*, and it is a small request, for so much as he is to performe, so he proceeds, saying:

Ala amongst the Moores, is as much as *Mahomet* amongst the Turkes.

Don Quixote and *Sancho* were now all alone, and *Samson* was scarce gone from them, when *Rozinante* began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which, both by Knight and Squire were held for lucky signes, and an happy presaging, though if the truth were tolde, Dapples sighs and brayings were more then the Horses neighing: whereupon *Sancho* collected, that his fortune should exceede and ouer-top his Masters; building, I know not vpon what iudiciall Astrologie, that sure he knew, although the History sayes nothing of it, onely he would often say, when he fell downe or stumbled, he would haue beene glad, not to haue gone abroad: for of stumbling or falling came nothing, but tearing his shooes, or breaking a rib, and though he were a foole, yet he was not out in this.

Don Quixote said vnto him; Friend *Sancho*, the night comes on vs apace, and it will grow too darke for vs, to reach *Toboso* ere it be day, whither I am determined to goe, before I vndertake any aduenture, and there I meane to receiue a benediction, and take leaue of the Peereless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, after which I know and am assured, I shall end and close vp euery dange-

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rous

rous aduenture; for nothing makes Knights Errant more hardy, then to see themselues fauoured by their Mistresses. I beleeue it (quoth *Sancho*) but I doubt you will not speake with her, at least, not see her where you may receiue her blessing, if shee giue you it not from the mud-wals, where I saw her the first time, when I carried the letter and newes of your madde prancks, which you were playing in the heart of *Sierra Morena*.

Were those mud-wals in thy fancie, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) where or thorow which thou sawest that neuer-enough-praised gentleneſſe and beauty? They were not so, but galleries, walkes, or goodly stone pauements, or how call yee vm? of rich and royall Palaces. All this might bee (answered *Sancho*) but to me they seemed no better, as I remember. Yet let's goe thither (quoth *Don Quixote*) for so I see her; let them be mud-wals, or not, or windowes; all is one, whether I see her thorow chincks, or thorow garden-lettices, for each ray that comes from the sunne of her brightneſſe to mine eyes, will lighten mine vnderstanding, and strengthen mine heart, and make me sole and rare in my wisdome and valour.

Truely Sir (sayd *Sancho*) when I saw that sunne, it was not so bright, that it cast any rayes from it, and belike twas, that as she was winnowing the wheat I told you of, the dust that came from it, was like a cloud vpon her face and dimmed it. Still doest thou thinke, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote?*) Beleeue and grow obstinate, that my Mistris *Dulcinea* was winnowing, it being a labor so vnfit for persons of quality, that vse other manner of exercises and recreation, which shew a flight-shoot off their nobleneſſe? Thou doest ill remember those verses of our Poet, where he paints out vnto vs, the exercises which those foure Nymphes vsed in their christall habitations, when they aduanced their heads aboue the loued [a] *Tagus*, and sat in the greene fields working those rich embroyderies, which the ingenious Poet there describes vnto vs, all which were of go'd, of purle, and wouen with embossed pearles: such was the worke of my Mistris, when thou sawest her, but that the enuy, which some base Enchanter beares to mine affaires, turnes all that should giue me delight, into different shapes, and this makes me

[a] A riuer in Spaine.

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feare,

feare, that the Historie of my exploits which is in print (if so be some Wizard my enemie were the Author) that he hath put one thing for another, mingling with one truth a hundreth lies, diuerting himselfe to tell tales, not fitting the continuing of a true Historie. Oh enuie thou roote of infinite euils, thou worme of vertues.

All vices, *Sancho*, doe bring a kinde of pleasure with them, but enuie hath nothing but distaste, rancor and rauing. I am of that minde too (said *Sancho*) & I thinke that in the Historie that *Carraco* told vs of, that he had seene of vs, that my credit is turned topsie turuy, and (as they say) goes a begging. Well, as I am honest man, I neuer spoke ill of any Enchanter, neither am I so happie as to be enuied: true it is, that I am somewhat malicious, and haue certaine knauish glimpses: but all is couered and hid vnder the large cloake of my simplicitie, alwaies naturall to me, but neuer artificiall: and if there were nothing else in me, but my beliefe (for I beleeue in God, and in all that the Romane Church beliefues, and am sworne a mortall enemie to the Iewes) the Historians ought to pittie me, and to vse me well in their writings: but let vm say what they will, naked was I borne, naked I am, I neither winne nor lose, and though they put me in bookes, and carrie me vp and downe from hand to hand, I care not a figge, let vm say what they will.

'Twas iust the same (quoth *Don Quixote*) that happened to a famous Poet of our times, who hauing made a malicious Satyre against all the Curtizans, he left out one amongst them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who seeing she was not in the scrowle amongst the rest, tooke it vnkindly from the Poet, asking him, what he had seene in her, that he should not put her amongst the rest, and desired him to enlarge his Satyre, and put her in the spare roome: if not, she would scratch out his eyes: the Poet consented, and set her downe with a vengeance, and shee was satisfied, to see her selfe famous, although indeed infamous. Besides, the tale of the shepherd agrees with this, that set *Diana's* Temple on fire, which was one of the seuen wonders of the world, because he would bee talked of for it; and although there were an Edict, that no man should either mention him by

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ſpeaking or writing, that he might not attaine to his deſire; yet his name was knowne to be *Eroſtratus*: the ſame alluſion may be had out of an Accident, that befell the great Emperor *Charles* the fift with a Knight of *Rome*.

The Emperour was deſirous to ſee the famous Temple of the *Rotunda*, which in ancient times was called the Temple of all the Gods, and now by a better ſtile, of all Saints, and it is the only entire edifice that hath remained of all the Gentiles in *Rome*, and that which doth moſt conſerue the Glory and Magnificence of it's founders: tis made like an halfe Orange, exceeding large, and very lightſome, hauing but one window that giues it light, or to ſay truer, but one round Looüer on the top of it: the Emperour looking on the edifice, there was a Romane Knight with him, that ſhewed him the deuices and contriuing of that great worke and memorable architecture; and ſtepping from the Looüer, ſaid to the Emperour: a thouſand times, mightie Monarch, haue I deſired to ſee your Maieſtie, and caſt my ſelfe down from this Looüer, to leaue an euerlaſting fame behind me. I thanke you (ſaid the Emperour) that you haue not performed it, and henceforward, I will giue you no ſuch occaſion to ſhew your loyaltie, and therefore I command you, that you neither ſpeake to me, nor come to my preſence; and for all theſe words, he rewarded him.

I'le tell you, *Sancho*, this deſire of honour is an itching thing: What do'ſt thou thinke caſt *Horatius* from the Bridge all arm'd into deepe *Tyber*? What egged *Curtius* to lanch himſelfe into the Lake? What made *Mutius* burne his hand? What forced *Ceſar* againſt all the South-ſayers to paſſe the *Rubicon*? And to giue you more moderne examples, What was it bored thoſe ſhips, and left thoſe valorous Spaniards on ground, guided by the moſt courteous *Cortez* in the new world?

All theſe, and other great and ſeuerall exploits, are, haue bin, and ſhall be the workes of fame, which mortals deſire as a reward, and part of the immortalitie, which their famous artes deſerue: though we that be Chriſtian Catholicke Knights Errant, muſt looke more to the happineſſe of another world (which is Eternall in the Ethereall and Celeſtiall regions) then to the vani-

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tie

tie of fame, which is gotten in this preſent fraile age, and which, let it laſt as long as it will, it muſt haue ending with this world, which hath its limited time: ſo that, oh *Sancho*, our actions muſt not paſſe the bounds, that Chriſtian Religion (which wee profeſſe) hath put vs in.

In Gyants we muſt kill pride: enuie in generouſneſſe and noble breſts: anger in a continent repoſed and quiet minde: ryot and drowzineſſe, in temperance and vigilance: laſciuiouſneſſe, in the loyaltie we obſerue to thoſe that we haue made the Miſtreſſes of our thoughts: and ſloth, by trauelling vp & downe the world, ſeeking occaſions, that may make vs (beſides Chriſtians) famous Knights. Theſe, *Sancho*, are the meanes, by which the extremes of glory are obtained, which fame brings with it.

All that you haue hitherto ſpoken (quoth *Sancho*) I vnderſtand paſſing well: but I would faine haue you zolue me of one doubt, which euen now comes into my head. Reſolue, thou would'ſt ſay *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) ſpeake a Gods name, for I'le anſwer thee, as well as I can. Tell me, Sr, ſaid *Sancho*, theſe *Iulies*, or *Auguſts*, and all theſe famous Knights you talke of, that are dead, where are they now? The Gentiles, ſaid he, vndoubtedly are in Hell: the Chriſtians, if they were good Chriſtians, either in [a] Purgatorie, or in Hell. Tis very well, but the Sepulchers where the bodies of theſe great Lordings lye interred, haue they [b] ſiluer lampes burning before them, or are their Chappell walles decked with Crutches, winding ſheets, periwigs, legges, and waxe eyes? and if not with theſe, with what? The Sepulchers of the Gentiles (ſaide *Don Quixote*) were for the moſt part, ſumptuous Temples, the aſhes of *Iulius Ceſars* bodie were put vpon a huge Pyramis of ſtone, which at this day, is called Saint *Peters* needle. The Emperour *Adrians* Sepulchre was a great Caſtle as bigge as a pretty village, it was called *Moles Adriani*, and at this day, the Caſtle of Saint *Angelo* in *Rome*: Queene *Artemiſia* buried her huſband *Mauſeolus* in a Sepulchre, which was held to be one of the ſeuen wonders of the world: but none of all theſe, nor many others the Gentiles had, were decked with winding ſheetes,

[a] According to the Romiſh opinion, erronious.

[b] Relicks that vſe to be hanged vp in the Papiſts Churches.

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nor any kinde of offrings or ſignes that teſtified, they were Saints that were buried in them.

That's it I come to (ſaid *Sancho*:) and tell me now, which is more, to raiſe a dead man, or to kill a Gyant? The anſwer is at hand (ſaid *Don Quixote*:) To raiſe a dead man. There I caught you (quoth *Sancho*) then, the fame of him that raiſeth the dead, giues ſight to the blinde, makes the lame walke, reſtoreth ſicke men, who hath lampes burning before his Sepulchre, whoſe Chappell is full of deuout people, which vpon their knees adore his Relickes, this man hath greater renowne, and in another world, then euer any of your Gentile Emperours, or Knights Errant euer left behind them.

I grant you that (qd. *Don Quixote*). Wel, anſwered *Sancho*, this fame, theſe graces, theſe prerogatiues, how call ye vm? haue the bodies and Relikes of Saints, that, by the approbation & licenſe of our holy Mother the Church, haue their lampes, their lights, their winding ſheetes, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of haire, their eyes, and legges, by which they increaſe mens deuotions, and endeere their Chriſtian fame; Kings carrie the bodies of Saints, or their Reliques vpon their ſhoulders, they kiſſe the pieces of their bones, and doe decke, and inrich their Chappels with them, and their moſt precious altars.

What will you haue me inferre from all this, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*?) I meane (ſaid *Sancho*) that we endeuour to be Saints, and we ſhall the ſooner obtaine the fame we looke after: and let me tell you Sr, that yeſterday or tother day, (for ſo I may ſay, it being not long ſince) there were two poore barefoote Friers canonized or beatified, and now many thinke themſelues happie, to kiſſe or touch, thoſe yron chaines, with which they girt and tormented their bodies, and they are more reuerenced, then is (as I ſaid) *Roldans* ſword in the Armorie of our Lord the King, (God ſaue him:) So that (Maſter mine) better it is, to be a poore Frier of what order ſoeuer, then a valiant Knight Errant: a doozen or two of laſhes obtaine more at Gods hands, then two thouſand blowes with the launce, whether they be giuen to Gyants, to Spirits, or Hobgoblins.

All this is true (anſwered *Don Quixote*:) but al cannot be Friers, and

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and God Almighty hath many waies, by which he carries his Elect to heauen: Cauallerie is a religion, and you haue many Knights Saints in heauen. That may be (said *Sancho*) but I haue heard, you haue more Friers there, then Knights Errant. That is (quoth *Don Quixote*) because the Religious in number are more then the Knights. But there are many Knights Errant (said *Sancho*.) Many indeede (quoth *Don Quixote*) but few that deserue the name.

In these and such like discourses they passed the whole night, and the next day, without lighting vpon any thing, worth relation, for which, *Don Quixote* was not a little sorrie: at last, the next day toward night they discouered the goodly Citie of *Toboso*, with which sight *Don Quixotes* spirits were reuiued, but *Sancho's* dulled, because he knew not *Dulcineas* house, nor euer saw her in his life, no more then his Master, so that, the one to see her, and the other, because he had not seene her, were at their wits end, and *Sancho* knew not how to doe, if his Master should send him to *Toboso*: but *Don Quixote* resolued to enter the Citie in the night, and till the time came, they staide betweene certaine Okes, that were neere *Toboso*; and the prefixed moment being come, they entred the citie, where they lighted vpon things, things indeede.

CHAP. IX.

Where is set downe as followeth.

MIdnight was neere spunne out, when *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* left the mountaine, and entred the Citie: the towne was all husht, and the dwellers were asleepe, with their legges stretcht at length, (as they say:) the night was brightsome, though *Sancho* wisht it had beene darker, that he might not see his madnesse: the dogges in the towne did nothing but barke and thunder in *Don Quixotes* eares, and affrighted *Sancho's* heart; now and then an Asse braied, Hogs grunted,

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Cats mewed, whoſe different howlings were augmented with the ſilent night: all which the enamoured Knight held to be ominous: but yet he ſpoke to *Sancho*, Sonne *Sancho* (ſaid he) guide to *Dulcinea's* Palace: it may be, we ſhall finde her waking. Body of the Sunne (quoth *Sancho*) to what Palace ſhall I guide? for where I ſaw her Highneſſe, it was a little houſe. Belike (quoth *Don Quixote*) ſhe was retired into ſome corner of her Palace, to ſolace her ſelfe in priuate with her Damozels, as great Ladies and Princeſſes vſe to doe. Sr, (quoth *Sancho*) ſince, whether I will or no, you will haue my Miſtris *Dulcinea's* houſe to be a Palace, doe ye thinke neuertheleſſe, this to be a fit time of night to finde the doore open in? Doe you thinke it fit, that we bounce, that they may heare and let vs in, to diſquiet the whole towne? are we going to a bodie houſe thinke yee? Like your whore-maſters, that come, and call, and enter, at what houre they liſt, how late ſoeuer it be? Firſt of all, to make one thing ſure, let's finde the Palace, replide *Don Quixote*, and then, *Sancho*, I'le tell thee what's fit to be done: and looke, *Sancho*, either my ſight failes me, or that great Bulk and ſhadow that we ſee, is *Dulcinea's* Palace.

Well, guide on Sr, (ſaid *Sancho*) it may be it is ſo, though I'le firſt ſee it with my eyes, and feele it with my hands, and beleeue it, as much as it is now day. *Don Quixote* led on, and hauing walked about ſome two hundreth paces, he lighted on the Bulk that made the ſhadow, and ſaw a great ſteeple, which he perceiued was not the Palace, but of the chiefe Church in the towne. Then ſaid he, *Sancho*, we are come to the Church. I ſee it very well (quoth *Sancho*) and I pray God, wee come not to our graues: for it is no good ſigne to haunt Church-yards ſo late, eſpecially ſince I told you (as I remember) that this Ladies houſe is in a little Allie without paſſage thorow. A poxe on thee blockhead (ſaid *Don Quixote*) where haſt thou euer found, that Kings houſes and Palaces haue beene built in ſuch Allies? Sr, (quoth *Sancho*) euery country hath their ſeuerall faſhions: It may be, here, in *Toboſo*, they build their great buildings thus, and therefore pray Sr, giue me leaue, to looke vp and downe the Streets, or Lanes that lie in my way, and it may be, that in ſome corner.

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corner I may light vpon this Palace (the Diuell take it) that thus mockes and milleades vs. Speake mannerly, Sr, (quoth *Don Quixote*) of my Miſtriſſes things, and let's be merry and wiſe, and caſt not the rope after the bucket.

I will forbeare (ſaid *Sancho*) but how ſhall I endure, that you will needs haue me be thorowly acquainted with a houſe, I neuer ſaw but once, and to finde it at midnight, being you cannot finde it, that haue ſeene it a million of times? Sirrah, I ſhall grow deſperate (quoth *Don Quixote*) come hither hereticke. Haue not I told thee a thouſand times, that I neuer ſaw the Peereleſſe *Dulcinea*, nor neuer croſſed the threſholds of her Palace, and that I only am enamoured on her by heare-ſay, and the great fame of her beautie and diſcretion? Why now I heare you (ſaid *Sancho*) and ſince you ſay, you haue neuer ſeene her; nor I neither. That cannot be (ſaid *Don Quixote*) for you told me at leaſt, that you had ſeene her winnowing of wheare, when you brought me the anſwer of the letter I ſent by you. Ne're ſtand vpon that (ſaid *Sancho*) for let me tell you, that I only ſaw her by heare-ſay too, & ſo was the anſwer I brought: for I know her as well, as I can boxe the Moone. *Sancho, Sancho*, (ſaid *Don Quixote*) ther's a time to laugh, and a time to mourne. Nor becauſe I ſay, I haue neither ſeene, nor ſpoken to the Miſtris of my ſoule, ſhouldſt thou ſay, thou haſt neither ſeene, nor ſpoken to her, it being otherwiſe (as thou knoweſt.) Being in this diſcourſe, they ſaw one paſſing by vm with two Mules, and by the noiſe the plough made which they drew vpon the ground, they might ſee it was ſome husbandman, that roſe by breake of day, to goe to his tillage, and ſo it was: as he came, he went ſinging that *Romante*, of the batell of *Roncefualles* with the Frenchmen.

In hearing of which (quoth *Don Quixote*) *Sancho*, hang me, if we haue any good fortune this night. Doe not you heare what this Clowne ſings? Yes marry doe I (ſaid *Sancho*) but what doth the Chaſe of *Roncefualles* concerne vs? Tis no more then if he had ſung the *Romante* of [a] *Calanias*, and all one, for our good or ill lucke in this buſineſſe.

[a] As if we ſhould haue ſaid in Engliſh, Cheuie Chaſe, or ſuch like.

By this the ploughman came by them: and *Don Quixote* queſtioned him: Can you tell me, friend (ſo God reward you)

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which is the Palace of the Princelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso*? Sir (answered the yong man) I am a stranger, and haue liued but a while in this towne, and serue a rich husbandman to till his ground; here ouer-against, the Vicar and the Sexton both liue, any of them will tell you of this Lady Princesse, as hauing a List of all the inhabitants of *Toboso*; although I thinke, there is no such Princesse here, but many Gentlefolkes, each of which may be a Princesse in her owne house. Why friend (quoth *Don Quixote*) it may be, that shee I aske for, is amongst these. It may be so (said the fellow) and God speede you, for now it begins to be day peepe: and switching his Mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho seeing his Master in a deepe suspence, and very male-content, told him: Sr, the day comes on apace, and it will not be so fit, that we Sunne our selues in the Streete: it is better to go out of the Citie, and that you shade your selfe in some Groue here abouts, and I will come backe anon, and not leaue a by-place in all this towne, where I may search for the House, Castle, or Palace of my Lady, and it were ill lucke, if I found her not: and if I doe, I will speake with her, and let her know, where, and how you doe, expecting, that she giue you order and direction, how you may see her, without preiudice to her honour and good name.

Sancho, (said *Don Quixote*) thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, inclosed in the circle of thy short discourse: The aduice that thou hast now giuen me, I hunger after, and most louingly accept of it: Come, sonne, let vs take shade, and thou shalt returne (as thou sayest) to seeke, to see, and to speake to my Mistris, from whose discretion and courtesie, I hope for a thousand miraculous fauours. *Sancho* stood vpon thornes, till he had drawne his Master from the towne, lest he should verifie the lie of the answer, that he had carried him from *Dulcinea*, to *Sierra Morena*. So he hastned him to be gone, which was presently done, some two miles from the towne, where they found a forrest, or wood, where *Don Quixote* tooke shade: and *Sancho* returned to the Citie to speake with *Dulcinea*, in which Embassie matters befell him, that require a new attention, and a new beliefe.

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CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How Sancho *cunningly enchanted the Lady* Dulcinea, *and other successes, as ridiculous as true.*

THe Authour of this history comming to relate that which he doth, in this Chapter sayes; That hee would willingly haue passed it ouer in silence, as fearing not to be beleeued; because heere *Don Quixotes* madnesse did exceed, and was at least two flight-shoots beyond his greatest that euer was: but for all this feare and suspition, he set it downe as tother acted it, without adding or diminishing the least iot of truth in the History, not caring for any thing that might bee obiected against him for a lier, and hee had reason; for truth is stretcht, but neuer breakes, and tramples on the lie, as oyle doth vpon water; and so prosecuting his History, hee sayes, that as *Don Quixote* had shaded himselfe in the Forrest or Oake-wood neere the Grand *Toboso*, he willed *Sancho* to returne to the City, and not to come to his presence, without he had first spoken to his Mistris from him, requesting her, that she would please to be seene by her captiu'd Knight, and to daigne to bestow her blessing on him, that by it, hee might hope for many most prosperous successes, in all his onsets and dangerous enterprizes. *Sancho* tooke on him to fulfill his command, and to bring him now as good an answer as the former.

Goe, Lad, (sayd *Don Quixote*) and bee not daunted when thou comest before the beames of the Sunne of Beauty, which thou goest to discouer; Oh happy thou, aboue all the Squires of the world, be mindfull, and forget not how she entertaines thee; if she blush iust at the instant, when thou deliuerest my Embassie; if she be stirred & troubled when she heares my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her; if she be set in the rich state of her Authority: and if she stand vp, marke her whether she clap sometimes one foot vpon another; if she repeat the answer shee giues thee, twice or thrice ouer; or change it from milde to curst; from cruell to amorous; whether shee seeme to order her haire, though

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though it be not disordered: Lastly, obserue all her actions and gestures; for if thou relate them, iust as they were, I shall gheſſe what is hidden in her heart, touching my loue in matter of fact: For know, *Sancho*, if thou knoweſt it not, that the actions and outward motions that appeare (when loue is in treaty) are the certaine messengers that bring newes of what passeth within. Goe, Friend, and better fortune guide thee then mine, and send thee better successe then I can expect twixt hope and feare, in this vneouth solitude in which thou leauest me.

I goe (sayd *Sancho*) and will returne quickely; Enlarge that little heart of yours no bigger then an Hasell-nut, and consider the saying, *Faint-heart never, &c. Sweet meat must haue sowre sauce*: And another, *Where wee least thinke, there goes the Hare away*. This I say, because that if to night wee found not the Castle or Palace of my Lady, now by day I doubt not but to finde it, when I least dreame of it, and so to finde her. Beleeue me, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou alwayes bringest thy Prouerbes so to the haire of the businesse wee treat of, as God giue me no worse fortune then I desire.

This sayd, *Sancho* turned his backe, and switched his Dapple, and *Don Quixote* stayd a horse-backe, easing himselfe on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sorrowfull and confused thoughts, where we will leaue him, and wend with *Sancho*, who parted from his Master no lesse troubled and pensatiue then he; insomuch, that hee was scarce out of the wood, when turning his face, and seeing that *Don Quixote* was out of sight, he lighted from his Asse, and resting at the foot of a tree, hee began to discourse thus to himselfe, and say: Now, brother *Sancho*, I pray let's know whither is your Worship going? To seeke some Asse that you haue lost? No forsooth. Well, what is it you seeke for? I seeke (a matter of nothing) a Princesse, and in her the Sunne of Beauty, and all Heauen withall. And where doe yee thinke to finde this you speake of, *Sancho*? Where? Why in the Grand City of *Toboso*. Well, and from whom doe yee seeke her? From the most famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he that righteth wrongs, [a] giues the thirsty meat, and the hungry drinke. All this is well: and doe you know her house,

[a] Mistakes of Simplicity.

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houſe, *Sancho*? My Maſter ſayes, It is a Royall Palace, or a lofty Towre. And haue you euer ſeene her, trow? Neither hee nor I, neuer. And doe you thinke it were well, that the men of *Toboſo* ſhould know, that you were here to entice their Princeſſes, and to trouble their wenches, and ſhould come and grinde your ribs with bangs, and leaue you neuer a ſound bone? Indeed belike they ſhould conſider that you are commanded, friend, but as a meſſenger, that you are in no fault, not you. Truſt not to that, *Sancho*, for your *Manchegan* people are as cholericke, as honeſt, and doe not loue to bee ieſted with. In very deede, if they ſmell you, you are ſure to pay for it. Ware Hawke, ware Hawke: No, no, let me for anothers pleaſure ſeeke better bread then's made of wheat; and I may as well finde this *Dulcinea*, as one *Mary* in [b] *Rebena*, or a Scholler in blacke in *Salamanca*: The Deuill, the Deuill, and none elſe hath clapt me into this buſineſſe. This Soliloquy paſſed *Sancho* with himſelfe, and the vpſhot was this:

[b] As if wee ſhould ſay, one *Ione* in *London*.

All things (ſayd he) haue a remedy but death, vnder whoſe yoke wee muſt all paſſe in ſpite of our teethes, when life ends. This Maſter of mine, by a thouſand ſignes that I haue ſeene, is a Bedlam, fit to be bound, and I come not a whit ſhort of him, and am the greater Cox-combe of two, to ſerue him, if the Prouerbe be true that ſayes, *Like maſter, like man*; and another; *Thou art knowne by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed.* Hee being thus mad then, and ſubiect, out of madneſſe, to miſtaking of one thing for another, to iudge blacke for white, and white for blacke, as appeared, when he ſayd the winde-mils were Gyants, and the Friers mules, Dromedaries, and the flocks of ſheepe, armies of enemies, and much more to this tune; it will not be hard to make him beleeue, that ſome huſband-mans daughter, the firſt we meet with, is the Lady *Dulcinea*: and if he beleeue it not, Ile ſweare; and if hee ſweare, Ile out-ſweare him; and if he be obſtinate, Ile be ſo more: and ſo, that I will ſtand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps with mine obſtinacy I ſhall ſo preuaile with him, that hee will ſend mee no more vpon theſe kinde of meſſages, ſeeing what bad diſpatch I bring him: or perhaps hee will thinke, that ſome wicked

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wicked Enchanter, one of those that he sayes persecute him, hath changed her shape, to vex him.

With this conceit *Sancho's* spirit was at rest, and hee thought his businesse was brought to a good passe: and so staying there till it grew to be toward the Euening, that *Don Quixote* might thinke he spent so much time in going and comming from *Toboso*, all fell out happily for him: for when hee got vp to mount vpon Dapple, he might see three Countrey-wenches comming towards him from *Toboso*; vpon three Asse-Colts, whether male or female, the Author declares not, though it bee likely they were shee-asses, they being the ordinary beasts that those Countrey-people ride on: but because it is not very pertinent to the story, we neede not stand much vpon deciding that. In fine, when *Sancho* saw the three Countrey-wenches, he turned back apace to finde out his Master *Don Quixote*, and found him sighing, and vttering a thousand amorous lamentations.

As soone as *Don Quixote* saw him, he sayd; How now, *Sancho*, what is the matter? May I marke this day with a white or a blacke stone? 'Twere better (quoth *Sancho*) you would marke it with red Oker, as the Inscriptions are vpon Professours chaires, that they may plainely read that see them. Belike then (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou bringest good newes. So good (sayd *Sancho*) that you need no more but spurre *Rozinante*, and straight discouer the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, with two Damozels waiting on her, comming to see your Worship. Blessed God! friend *Sancho*, what sayest thou (quoth *Don Quixote*?) See thou deceiue mee not with thy false mirth to glad my true sorrow.

What should I get by deceiuing you (quoth *Sancho*) the rather your selfe being so neere to discouer the truth? Spurre, Sir, ride on, and you shall see our Mistris the Princesse comming, clad indeede and adorned like her selfe: She and her Damozels are a very sparke of gold: They are all ropes of pearle, all Diamonds, all Rubies, all cloth of gold, ten stories high at least: Their haires hung loose ouer their shoulders, that were like so many Sun-beames playing with the winde, and besides all this, they are mounted vpon three flea-bitten Nackneyes, the finest

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sight

sight that can be. Hackneyes thou would'st say, *Sancho*. Hackney or Nackney (quoth *Sancho*) there is little difference: but let them come vpon what they will, they are the bravest Ladies, that can be imagined, especially, My Ladie the Princesse *Dulcinea* that dazels the sences.

Let's go, sonne *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) and for a reward for this vnlookt for good newes, I bequeath thee the best spoile I get in our first aduenture next, and if this content thee not, I giue thee my this yeeres Coltes by my three Mares thou knowest I haue to foale in our towne Common. The Colts I like (quoth *Sancho*:) but for the goodnesse of the spoile of the first aduenture I haue no minde to that. By this they came out of the wood, and saw the three Country wenches neere them. *Don Quixote* stretcht his eyes, all ouer *Toboso* way, and seeing none but the three wenches, he was somewhat troubled, and demanded of *Sancho*, if he had left them comming out of the Citie. How, out of the Citie (qd. *Sancho*:) are your eyes in your noddle, that you see them not comming here, shining as bright as the Sunne at noone? I see none, said he, but three Wenches vpon three Asses.

Now God keepe me from the Deuill (quoth *Sancho*:) and is it possible that three Hackneyes, or how call ye vm, as white as a flake of snow, should appeare to you to be Asses? As sure as may be, you shall pull off my beard if that be so. Well, I tell you, friend *Sancho*, tis as sure that they are Hee, or Shee Asses, as I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and thou *Sancho Pansa*; at least to me they seeme so.

Peace, sir (quoth *Sancho*) and say not so, but snuffe your eyes, and reuerence the Mistris of your thoughts, for now she drawes neere: and so saying, he aduanced to meet the three Countrey-wenches, and alighting from Dapple, tooke one of their Asses by the halter, and fastning both his knees to the ground, sayd, Queene, and Princesse, and Dutchesse of beauty, let you Haughtinesse and Greatnesse be pleased, to receiue into your grace and good liking, your captiu'd Knight that stands yonder turned into marble, all amazed and without his pulse, to see himselfe before your Magnificent Presence. I am *Sancho Pansa* his Squire,

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and

and he is the Way-beaten Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called The Knight of the *Sorrowfull Countenance*.

And now *Don Quixote* was on his knees by *Sancho*, and beheld with vnglad, but troubled eyes, her that *Sancho* called Queene and Lady; but seeing he discouered nothing in her but a Countrey-wench, and not very well-fauoured, for shee was blub-fac'd, and flat-nosed; he was in some suspence, & durst not once open his lips. The wenches too were astonisht, to see those two so different men vpon their knees, and that they would not let their companion goe forward. But she that was stayed, angry to heare her selfe mis-vsed, broke silence first, saying: Get you out of the way with a mischiefe, and let's be gone, for wee are in haste.

To which (quoth *Sancho*) Oh Princesse and vniuersall Lady of *Toboso*, why doth not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Knight Errantry prostrated before your sublimated presence? Which when one of the other two heard, after she had cryed out to her Asse, that was turning aside, shee said: Look how these Yonkers come to mocke at poore Countrey-folke, as if wee knew not how to returne their flouts vpon them: get you gone your way, and leaue vs, you had best. Rise, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) at this instant, for I perceiue now, that mine ill fortune, not satisfied, hath shut vp all the passages by which any content might come to this my wretched soule within my flesh. Oh thou, the extreme of all worth to bee desired, the bound of all humane gentlenesse, the only remedy of this mine afflicted heart that adores thee, now that the wicked Enchanter persecutes me, and hath put clouds and Cataracts in mine eyes, and for them onely, and none else, hath transformed and changed thy peerelesse beauty and face, into the face of a poore Countrey-wench, if so be now hee haue not turned mine too into some Hobgoblin, to make it lothsome in thy sight, look on mee gently and amorously, perceiuing, by this submission and kneeling, which I vse to thy counterfet beauty, the humility with which my soule adores thee.

Marry-muffe (quoth the Countrey-wench) I care much for your courtings: Get you gone, and let vs goe; and wee shall

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be

be beholding to you. *Sancho* let her paſſe by him, moſt glad that he had ſped ſo well with his deuice. The Countrey-wench that played *Dulcinea's* part, was no ſooner free, when ſpurring her Hackney with a prickle ſhe had at the end of her cudgell, ſhe began to run apace; and the Aſſe feeling the ſmart of it more then ordinary, began to wince ſo faſt, that downe came my Lady *Dulcinea*: which when *Don Quixote* ſaw, hee came to help her vp, and *Sancho* went to order and gird her pack-ſaddle, that hung at the Aſſes belly; which being fitted, and *Don Quixote* about to lift his enchanted Miſtris in his armes to her Aſſe, ſhee being now got vpon her legs, ſaued him that labour; for ſtepping a little backe, ſhee fetcht a riſe, and clapping both her hands vpon the Aſſes crupper, ſhee lighted as ſwift as an Hawke vpon the pack-ſaddle, and ſate aſtride like a man.

Then ſayd *Sancho*: By Saint *Roque* our Miſtris is as light as a Robin-ruddocke, and may teach the cunningſt *Cordouan* or *Mexicanian* to ride on their Ginets: At one ſpring ſhee hath leapt ouer the crupper, and without ſpurres makes the Hackney run like a Muſke-Cat, and her Damozels come not ſhort of her; for they flie like the winde. And he ſaid true: for when *Dulcinea* was once on horſe-backe, they all made after her, and ſet a running for two miles, without looking behinde them.

Don Quixote ſtill looked after them, but when they were out of ſight, turning to *Sancho*, he ſayd; *Sancho*, how thinkeſt thou? How much Enchanters doe hate mee? And ſee how farre their malice extends, and their aime at mee, ſince they haue depriued me of the happineſſe I ſhould haue receiued, to haue ſeene my Miſtris in her true being. Indeed I was borne to be an example of vnfortunate men, to be the Marke and Butt, at which Ill-Fortunes arrowes ſhould be ſent. And thou muſt note, *Sancho*, that theſe Enchanters were not content to haue changed and tranſformed my *Dulcinea*: but they haue done it into a ſhape, ſo baſe & vgly, as of a Country-wench thou ſaweſt, & withall, they haue taken from her, that which is ſo proper to her and great Ladies, to wit, her ſweet ſent of flowres and Amber: for let me tell thee, *Sancho*, that when I went to helpe *Dulcinea* to her Hackney (which as thou ſayeſt, ſeemed to me to be a ſhee-Aſſe) ſhe gaue me-

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me ſuch a breath of raw garlicke, as pierc'd and intoxicated my braine.

O baſe rowt, cried out *Sancho* inſtantly. Oh diſmall and ill minded Enchanters. I would I might ſee you all ſtrung vp together like Galls, or like Pilchers in ſholes: cunning you are, much you can, and much you doe: it had bin enough for you, Raſcals, to haue turned the pearles of my Ladies eyes, into Corky galls, and her moſt pure golden haire, into Briſtles of a red Oxes taile, and finally, all her feature from good to bad, without medling with her breath, for only by that, we might haue gheſſed, what was concealed vnder that courſe rinde, though to ſay true, I neuer ſaw her courſeneſſe, but her beautie, which was infinitely increaſed by a Moale ſhe had vpon her lippe, like a Moſtacho, with ſeuen or eight red haires like threeds of gold, and aboue a handfull long. To this Moale (quoth *Don Quixote*) according to the correſpondencie that thoſe of the face haue, with thoſe of the body, ſhee hath another in the Table of her thigh, that correſpondes to the ſide, where that of her face is: but haires of that length thou ſpeakeſt of, are very much for Moales. Well, I can tell you (quoth *Sancho*) that there they appeared, as if they had beene borne with her. I beleeue it, friend, replide *Don Quixote*: for nature could forme nothing in *Dulcinea* that was not perfect and complete; and ſo, though ſhe had a hundreth Moales, as well as that one thou ſaweſt in her, they were not Moales, but Moones and bright ſtarres.

But tell me, *Sancho*, that which thou didſt ſet on, which ſeemed to me, to be a packe-ſaddle, was it a plaine ſaddle, or a ſaddle with a backe? It was (ſaid *Sancho*) a Ginet ſaddle, with a field couering, worth halfe a Kingdome, for the richneſſe of it. And could not I ſee all this? Well, now I ſay againe, and will ſay it a thouſand times, I am the vnhappieſt man aliue. The crack-rope *Sancho* had enough to doe to hold laughter, hearing his Maſters madneſſe, that was ſo delicately gulled.

Finally, after many other reaſons that paſſed betwixt them both, they gate vp on their beaſts, and held on the way to *Saragoſa*, where they thought to be fitly, to ſee the ſolemnities that are performed once euery yeere in that famous Citie. But before they

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they came thither, things befell them, that because they are many, famous and strange, they deserue to be written and read, as shall be seene here following.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange Aduenture that befell Don Quixote, *with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death.*

DON *Quixote* went on, wonderfull pensatiue, to thinke what a shrewd tricke the Enchanters had played him, in changing his Mistris *Dulcinea* into the Rusticke shape of a Country Wench, and could not imagine what meanes he might vse to bring her to her Pristine being; and these thoughts so distracted him, that carelesly he gaue *Rozinante* the Reines, who perceiuing the libertie he had, stayed euery stitch-while to feede vpon the greene grasse, of which those fields were full; but *Sancho* put him out of his Maze, saying: Sr, Sorrow was not ordained for beasts, but men: yet if men doe exceede in it, they become beasts, pray Sr, recollect and come to your selfe, and plucke vp *Rozinantes* Reines, reuiue and cheere your selfe, shew the courage that befits a Knight Errant. What a Deuil's the matter? What faintnesse is this? are we dreaming on a dry Summer? Now Satan take all the *Dulcineas* in the world, since the well-fare of one only Knight Errant, is more worth then all the Enchantments and transformations in the world.

Peace, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) with a voice now not very faint: peace, I say, and speake no blasphemies against that Enchanted Lady, for I only am in fault for her misfortune and vnhappinesse: her ill plight springs from the enuie that Enchanters beare me. So say I too (quoth *Sancho*) for what heart sees her now, that saw her before, and doth not deplore? Thou mayst well say so, *Sancho*, repli'd *Don Quixote*, since thou saweſt her, in her iust entire beautie, and the Enchantment dimmed not thy sight, nor concealed her faireneſſe: against me only, only against mine eyes the force of it's venome is directed.

But

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But for all that, *Sancho*, I haue falne vpon one thing, which is, that thou didſt ill deſcribe her beautie to me: for if I forget not, thou ſaydſt ſhe had eyes of Pearles, and ſuch eyes are rather the eies of a Sea-Breame then a faire Dames: but as I thinke, *Dulcineas* eyes are like two greene Emeralds rared with two Celeſtiall Arkes, that ſerue them for Eye-browes. And therefore for your pearles, take them from her eyes, and put them to her teeth: for doubtleſſe, *Sancho*, thou miſtook'ſt eyes for teeth. All this may be, ſaid *Sancho*, for her beauty troubled me, as much as her foulenеſſe ſince hath done you; but leaue we all to God, who is the knower of all things that befall vs in this Vale of teares, in this wicked world, where there is ſcarce any thing without mixture of miſchiefe, Impoſtorſhip, or villanie.

One thing (Maſter mine) troubles me more then all the reſt; to thinke what meanes there will be, when you ouercome any Gyant or other Knight, and command him to preſent himſelfe before the beautie of the Lady *Dulcinea*, where this poore Gyant, or miſerable vanquiſht Knight ſhall finde her. Me thinkes I ſee vm goe ſtaring vp and downe *Toboſo*, to finde my Lady *Dulcinea*, and though they ſhould meete her in the midſt of the ſtreete, yet they would no more know her then my father.

It may be, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) her Enchantment will not extend to take from vanquiſhed and preſented Gyants and Knights, the knowledge of *Dulcinea*: and therefore in one or two of the firſt I conquer and ſend, we will make triall, whether they ſee her or no, commanding them, that they returne to relate vnto me what hath befalne them.

I ſay Sr, (quoth *Sancho*) I like what you haue ſaid very well, and by this deuice we ſhall know what we deſire; and if ſo be ſhe be only hidden to you, your misfortune is beyond hers: but ſo my Lady *Dulcinea* haue health and content, we will beare and paſſe it ouer here aſwell as we may, ſeeking our aduentures, and let time alone, who is the beſt Phiſician for theſe and other infirmities.

Don Quixote would haue anſwered *Sancho Panſa*: but he was interrupted by a waggon that came croſſe the way, loaden with the moſt different and ſtrange perſonages and ſhapes, that might

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be

beimagined. He that guided the Mules, and ſerued for Wagoner, was an vgly Deuill. The Wagons ſelfe was open without Tilt or Boughes. The firſt ſhape that preſented it ſelfe to *Don Quixotes* eyes, was of Death her ſelfe, with a humane face, and next her an Angel with large painted wings. On one ſide ſtood an Emperour, with a crowne vpon his head, to ſeem to of gold. At Deaths feet was the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his Bow, his quiuer, and arrowes. There was alſo a Knight compleatly Arm'd, only he had no Murrion or headpeece, but a hat full of direct colour'd plumes: with theſe there were other perſonages of different faſhions and faces.

All which ſeene on a ſuddaine, in ſome ſort troubled *Don Quixote*, and affrighted *Sancho's* heart, but ſtraight *Don Quixote* was iocund, beleeuing, that ſome rare and dangerous Aduenture was offred vnto him, and with this thought, and a minde diſpoſed to giue the onſet to any perill, he got himſelfe before the Wagon, and with a loud and threatning voice, cried out: Carter, Coach-man, or Deuill, or whatſoe're thou art, be not ſlow to tell me, who thou art, whither thou goeſt, and what people theſe are thou carrieſt in thy Cart-coach, rather like *Charons* boate, then Waggons now in vſe.

To which, the Deuill ſtaying the Cart, gently replide, Sr, we are Players of *Thomas Angulo's* Companie, we haue playd a play called the Parliament of Death, againſt this *Corpus Chriſti* tyde, in a towne behind the ridge of yonder mountaine, and this afternoone we are to play it againe at the towne you ſee before vs, which becauſe it is ſo neere, to ſaue a labour of new attiring vs, we goe in the ſame cloathes in which we are to Act. That yong man playes Death: that other an Angel: that woman our Authors wife, the Queene, a fourth there, a Souldier, a fift the Emperour, and I the Deuill, which is one of the chiefeſt Actors in the play, for I haue the beſt part. If you deſire to know any thing elſe of vs, aske me, and I ſhall anſwer you moſt punctually, for as I am a Deuill, nothing is vnknowne to me.

By the faith of a Knight Errant (ſaid *Don Quixote*) as ſoone as euer I ſaw this Waggon, I imagined ſome ſtrange Aduenture towards, and now I ſay it is fit to be fully ſatisfied of theſe apparitions,

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paritions, by touching them with our hands. God be with you, honeſt people: Act your play, and ſee whether you will command any thing wherein I may be ſeruiceable to you, for I will be ſo moſt cheerefully and willingly: for ſince I was a boy, I haue loued Maske-ſhewes, and in my youth, I haue beene rauiſhed with Stage-playes.

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing, it fell out, that one of the company came toward them, clad for the Foole in the Play, with Morrice-bels, and at the end of ſticke, he had three Cowes bladders full-blowne, who thus masked, running toward *Don Quixote*, began to fence with his cudgell, and to thwacke the bladders vpon the ground, and to friske with his bels in the aire: which dreadfull ſight ſo troubled *Rozinante*, that *Don Quixote* not able to hold him in (for hee had gotten the bridle betwixt his teeth) he fell a running vp and down the field, much ſwifter then his anatomized bones made ſhew for.

Sancho, that conſidered in what danger of being throwne downe his Maſter might bee, leapt from Dapple, and with all ſpeed ran to help him; but by that time he came to him, he was vpon the ground, and *Rozinante* by him, for they both tumbled together. This was the common paſſe *Rozinantes* trickes and boldneſſe came to. But no ſooner had *Sancho* left his horſe-back-ſhip to come to *Don Quixote*, when the damning Deuill with the bladders leapt on Dapple, and clapping him with them, the feare and noyſe, more then the blowes, made him fly thorow the field, towards the place where they were to play. *Sancho* beheld Dapples careere and his Maſters fall, and knew not to which of the ill chances hee might firſt repaire: But yet like a good Squire and faithfull ſeruant, his Maſters loue preuailed more with him, then the cockering of his Aſſe: though euery hoyſting of the bladders, and falling on Dapples buttocks, were to him trances and tydings of death, and rather had hee thoſe blowes had lighted on his eye-bals, then on the leaſt haire of his Aſſes taile.

In this perplexity hee came to *Don Quixote*, who was in a great deale worſe plight then he was willing to ſee him: and helping him on *Rozinante*, ſayd; Sir, the Deuill hath carried away Dapple.

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Dapple. What Deuill (quoth *Don Quixote?*) Hee with the bladders, replied *Sancho*. Well, I will recouer him (ſayd *Don Quixote*) though he ſhould locke him vp with him in the darkeſt and deepeſt dungeons of Hell: Follow me, *Sancho*, for the waggon goes but ſlowly, and the Mules ſhall ſatisfie Dapples loſſe. There is no neede (ſayd *Sancho*:) temper your choller, for now I ſee the Deuill hath left Dapple, and hee returnes to his home, and he ſayd true, for the Deuill hauing falne with Dapple, to imitate *Don Quixote* and *Rozinante*, he went on foot to the towne, and the Aſſe came backe to his Maſter.

For all that (ſayd *Don Quixote*) it were fit to take reuenge of the Deuils vnmannerlineſſe vpon ſome of thoſe in the waggon, euen of the Emperour himſelfe. Oh neuer thinke of any ſuch matter (ſayd *Sancho*) and take my counſell, that is, neuer to meddle with Players, for they are a people mightily beloued: I haue knowne one of vm in priſon for two murders, and yet ſcap'd Scot-free: Know this, Sir, that as they are merry Iouiall Lads, all men loue, eſteeme, and helpe them, eſpecially if they be the Kings Players, and all of them in their faſhion and garbe are Gentle-man-like.

For all that (ſayd *Don Quixote*) the Deuill-Player ſhall not ſcape from me & brag of it, though all mankind help him: & ſo ſaying, he gat to the waggon, that was now ſomewhat neere the towne, and crying aloud, ſayd; Hold, ſtay, merry Greekes, for Ile make yee know what belongs to the Aſſes and furniture, belonging to the Squires of Knights Errant. *Don Quixotes* noyſe was ſuch, that thoſe of the waggon heard it, and gheſſing at his intention by his ſpeeches, in an inſtant Miſtris Death leapt out of the waggon, & after her the Emperor, the Deuill-Waggoner, and the Angell, and the Queene too with little *Cupid*, all of them were ſtraight loaded with ſtones, and put themſelues in order, expecting *Don Quixote* with their Peebles poynts.

Don Quixote, that ſaw them in ſo gallant a Squadron, ready to diſcharge ſtrongly their ſtones, held in *Rozinantes* reines, and began to conſider how he ſhould ſet vpon them, with leaſt hazard to his perſon. Whilſt he thus ſtayd, *Sancho* came to him, and ſeeing him ready to giue the on-ſet, ſayd; Tis a meere mad-

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neſſe, Sir, to attempt this enterpriſe: I pray conſider, that for your [a] riuer-ſops, there are no defenſiue weapons in the world, but to be ſhut vp and inlayd vnder a brazen bell: and conſider likewiſe, ris rather raſhnes then valour, for one man alone to ſet vpon an Army, wherein Death is, and where Emperors fight in perſon, and where good and bad Angels help: and if the conſideration of this be not ſufficient, may this mooue you to know, that amongſt all theſe (though they ſeeme to be Kings, Princes and Emperours, there is no Knight Errant.

[a] Meaning the ſtones.

Thou haſt hit vpon the right, *Sancho* (ſayd *Don Quixote*) the very poynt that may alter my determination: I neither can nor muſt draw my ſword, as I haue often told thee, againſt any that be not Knights Errant. It concernes thee, *Sancho*, if thou meaneſt to bee reuenged for the wrong done thine Aſſe, and Ile encourage thee, and from hence giue thee wholeſome inſtructions. There needs no being reuenged of any body (ſaid *Sancho*) for there is no Chriſtianity in it; beſides, mine Aſſe ſhall be contented to put his cauſe to me, and to my will, which is, to liue quietly as long as Heauen ſhall afford me life.

Since this is thy determination (ſayd *Don Quixote*) honeſt, wiſe, diſcreet, Chriſtian-like, pure *Sancho*, let vs leaue theſe dreams, & ſeek other better & more reall aduentures: for I ſee, this Countrey is like to afford vs many miraculous ones. So he turned *Rozinantes* reines, and *Sancho* tooke his Dapple, Death with all the flying Squadron returned to the wagon, and went on their voyage: And this was the happy end of the wagon of Deaths aduenture: thankes to the good aduice that *Sancho Panſa* gaue his Maſter: to whom there happened the day after another Aduenture, no leſſe pleaſant, with an enamoured Knight Errant as well as he.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.

Of the rare Aduenture that befell Don Quixote, with the Knight of the Looking-Glasses.

DOn *Quixote* & his Squire passed the ensuing night, after their Deaths encounter, vnder certaine high and shadie trees, *Don Quixote* hauing first (by *Sancho's* entreaty) eaten somewhat of the Prouision that came vpon Dapple, and as they were at supper, *Sancho* sayd to his Master; Sir, what an Asse had I beene, had I chosen for a reward, the spoyles of the first aduenture which you might end, rather then the breede of the three Mares? Indeed, indeed, a bird in the hand is better then two in the bush.

For all that (quoth *Don Quixote*) if thou, *Sancho*, hadst let me giue the on-set (as I desired) thou hadst had to thy share, at least, the Empresses golden crowne, and *Cupids* painted wings, for I had taken vm away against the haire, and giuen vm thee. Your Players scepters and Emperours crownes (sayd *Sancho*) are euer of pure golde, but leafe and Tinne.

Tis true (answered *Don Quixote*) for it is very necessary, that your Play-ornaments bee not fine, but counterfet and seeming, as the Play it selfe is, which I would haue thee, *Sancho*, to esteeme of, and consequently the Actors too, and the Authors, because they are the Instruments of much good to a Commonwealth, being like Looking-glasses, where the actions of humane life are liuely represented, and there is no comparison, that doth more truely present to vs, what we are, or what we should be, then the Comedy and Comedians: If not, tell mee, hast not thou seene a Play acted, where Kings, Emperours, Bishops, Knights, Dames, and other personages are introduced? One playes a Ruffian, another the Cheater, this a Merchant, t'other a Souldier, one a crafty Foole, another a foolish Louer: And the Comedy ended, and the apparrell taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were.

Yes marry haue I, quoth *Sancho*. Why, the same thing

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(ſayd *Don Quixote*) happens in the Comedy and Theater of this world, where ſome play the Emperours, other the Biſhops; and laſtly, all the parts that may be in a Comedy: but in the end, that is, the end of our life, Death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their buriall they are equall. A braue compariſon (quoth *Sancho*) but not ſo ſtrange to me, that haue heard it often, as that of the Cheſſe-play, that while the game laſts, euery Peere hath it's particular motion, and the game ended, all are mingled and ſhuffled together, and caſt into a leathern bag, which is a kinde of buriall.

Euery day, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou groweſt wiſer and wiſer. It muſt needs bee (ſayd *Sancho*) that ſome of your wiſdome muſt cleaue to me; for grounds that are dry and barren, by mucking and tilling them, giue good fruit: I meane, your conuerſation hath beene the mucke, that hath beene caſt vpon the ſterill ground of my barren wit; and the time that I haue ſerued you, the tillage, with which I hope to render happy fruit; and ſuch as may not gaine-ſay or ſtide out of the paths of good manners, which you haue made in my withered vnderſtanding.

Don Quixote laughed at *Sancho's* affected reaſons, and it ſeemed true to him, what hee had ſayd touching his reformation: for now and then his talke admired him, although for the moſt part, when *Sancho* ſpoke by way of contradiction, or like a Courtier, he ended his diſcourſe with a downefall, from the mount of his ſimplicity, to the profundity of his ignorance: but that, wherein he ſhewed himſelfe moſt elegant and memorable, was in vrging of Prouerbs, though they were neuer ſo much againſt the haire of the preſent buſineſſe, as hath been ſeene, and noted in all this Hiſtory.

A great part of the night they paſſed in theſe and ſuch like diſcourſes, but *Sancho* had a great deſire to let fall the Portcullices (as he called them) of his eyes, and ſleepe; and ſo vndreſſing his Dapple, he turned him freely to graze: with *Rozinantes* ſaddle he medled not, for it was his Maſters expreſſe command, that whilſt they were in field, or ſlept not within doores, hee ſhould not vnſaddle him, it being an ancient cuſtome obſerued by Knights Errant, to take the bridle and hang it at the ſaddle-pummell:

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pummell : but beware taking away the saddle, which *Sancho* obserued, and gaue him the same liberty, as to his Dapple, whose friendship and *Rozinantes* was so sole and vnited, that the report goes by tradition from father to sonne, that the Author of this true History made particular chapters of it, onely to keepe the decency and decorum due to so heroike a Story : he omitted it, although sometimes he forgets his purpose herein, and writes, that as the two beasts were together, they would scratch one another, and being wearied and satisfied, *Rozinante* would crosse his throte ouer Dapples necke, at least halfe a yard ouer the other side: and both of them looking wilfully on the ground, they would stand thus three dayes together, at least as long as they were let alone, or that hunger compelled them not to looke after their prouander.

Tis sayd (I say) that the Author in his Story, compared them in their friendship, to *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, to *Pilades* and *Oreστes*, which, if it were so, it may be seene (to the generall admiration) how firme and stedfast the friendship was of these two pacificke beasts, to the shame of men, that so ill know the rules of friendship one to another. For this, it was sayd, No falling out, like to that of friends. And let no man think the Author was vnreasonable, in hauing compared the friendship of these beasts, to the friendship of men ; for men haue receiued many Items from beasts, and learnt many things of importance, as the Storks dung, the Dogs vomit and faithfulnesse, the Cranes watchfulnesse, the Ants prouidence, the Elephants honesty, and the Horse his loyalty.

At length *Sancho* fell fast asleepe at the foote of a Cork-tree, and *Don Quixote* reposed himselfe vnder an Oke. But not long after, a noise behind wakned him, & rising suddainly, he looked and hearkned from whence the noise came, and he saw two men on horsebacke, and the one tumbling from his saddle, said to the other ; Alight, friend, and vnbridle our horses, for me-thinkes this place hath pasture enough for them, and befits the silence & solitude of my amorous thoughts : thus he spoke, & stretcht himselfe vpon the ground in an instant, but casting himselfe down, his Armour wherwith he was armed, made a noise:

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a manifeſt token that made *Don Quixote*, thinke hee was ſome Knight Errant, and comming to *Sancho*, who was faſt aſleepe, hee pluck't him by the Arme, and tolde him ſoftly. Brother *Sancho*, wee haue an Aduenture. God grant it bee good (quoth *Sancho*:) and where is this Maſters Aduentures Worſhip? Where, *Sancho*, replide *Don Quixote*, looke on one ſide, looke, and there thou ſhalt ſee a Knight Errant ſtretcht, who (as it appeares to me) is not ouermuch ioyed, for I ſaw him caſt himſelfe from his horſe, and ſtretch on the ground, with ſome ſhewes of griefe, and as he fell, he croſſed his Armes. Why, in what doe you perceiue that this is an Aduenture (quoth *Sancho*?) I will not ſay (anſwered *Don Quixote*) that this is altogether an Aduenture, but an introduction to it, for thus Aduentures begin.

But harke, it ſeemes he is tuning a Lute, or Viall, and by his ſpitting and cleering his breſt, he prepares himſelfe to ſing. In good faith you ſay right (quoth *Sancho*) and tis ſome enamoured Knight. There is no Knight Errant (ſaid *Don Quixote*) that is not ſo: let vs giue eare, and by the circumſtance, we ſhall ſearch the Laborynth of his thoughts, if ſo be he ſing, for out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh. *Sancho* would haue replied to his Maſter: But the Knight of the woods voice (which was but ſo ſo) hindered him, and whil'ſt the two were aſtoniſht, he ſung as followeth.

SONET.

Permit me, Miſtris, *that I follow may*
The bound, cut out iuſt to your hearts deſire:
The which, in mine I ſhall eſteeme for aye,
So that I neuer from it will retire.
If you be pleas'd, my griefe (I ſilent) ſtay,
And die make reckning that I ſtraight expire,
If I may tell it you; the vnuſuall way
I will, and make loues ſelfe be my ſupplier.

Faſhion'd

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Fashion'd I am to proofe of contraries,
As soft as waxe, as hard as Diamond too,
And to Loues lawes, my soule her selfe applies,
Or hard, or soft, my brest I offer you
Grauen, imprint in't what your pleasure is,
I (secret) sweare it neuer to forgoe.

With a deep-fetcht, heigh, ho: euen from the bottome of his heart, the Knight of the wood ended his song: and after some pause, with a grieued and sorrowfull voice vttered these words: Oh the faireſt and moſt vngratefull woman in the world. And shall it be possible, moſt excellent *Casildea de Vandalia*, that thou suffer this thy captiue Knight to pine and perish, with continuall peregrinations, with hard and painefull labours? Sufficeth not, that I haue made all the Knights of *Nauarre*, of *Leon*, all the *Tartesians*, all the *Castillians* confesse thee to be the faireſt Lady of the world? I, and all the Knights of *Mancha* too? Not so, (quoth *Don Quixote* straight) for I am of the *Mancha*, but neuer yeelded to that, for I neither could nor ought confesse a thing so preiudiciall to the beautie of my Mistris: and thou seest, *Sancho*, how much this Knight is wide: but let vs heare him, it may be, he will vnfold himselfe more. Marry will he (quoth *Sancho*) for he talkes, as if he would lament a moneth together. But it fell out otherwise; for the Knight of the wood, hauing ouer-heard that they talked somewhat neere him, ceasing his complaints, he stood vp, and with a cleere, but familiar voice thus spake, Who's there, who is it? Is it haply some of the number of the contented, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted (answered *Don Quixote*.) Come to me then (said he of the wood) and make account, you come to sadnesse it selfe, and to afflictions selfe. *Don Quixote*, when he saw himselfe answered so tenderly, and so modestly, drew neere, and *Sancho* likewise. The wailefull Knight laid hold on *Don Quixotes* arme, saying, Sit downe, Sr Knight: for to know that you are so, and one that professeth Knight Errantrie, it is enough that I haue found you in this place, where solitarines, and the [a] *Serene* beare you company,

[a] *Serene*, the night-dew that falles.

panie, the naturall beds, and proper beings for Knights Errant.

To which *Don Quixote* replide, A Knight I am, and of the profession you speake of, and though disgraces, misfortunes, and sorrowes haue their proper seate in my minde: notwithstanding, the compassion I haue to other mens griefs, hath not left it: by your complaints I gheſſe you are enamoured, I meane, that you loue that vngratefull faire one, mentioned in your laments. Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat together louingly vpon the cold ground, as if by day-breake, their heads also would not breake.

The Knight of the wood demanded, Are you happily enamoured, Sr Knight? Vnhappily I am (quoth *Don Quixote*) although the vnhappines that ariseth from wel-placed thoughts, ought rather to be estemed a happinesse then otherwise. True it is (replide he of the wood) if disdaines did not vexe our reason and vnderstanding, which being vnmercifull, come neerer to reuenge. I was neuer (said *Don Quixote*) disdained of my Mistris. No indeed (quoth *Sancho*) who was neere them: for my Lady is as gende as a lambe, and as soft as butter. Is this your Squire (said he of the wood?) He is (said *Don Quixote*.) I ne're saw Squire (replide he of the wood) that durst prate so boldly before his Master, at least yonder is mine, as bigge as his father, and I can prooue he neuer vnfolded his lippes, whensoeuer I spake.

Well yfaith (quoth *Sancho*) I haue spoken, and may speake before, as, and perhaps: but let it alone, the more it is stirred, the more it will stinke. The Squire of the wood tooke *Sancho* by the hand, saying: Let vs goe and talke what we list Squirelike, and let vs leaue these our Masters, Let them fall from their launces, and tell of their Loues: for I warrant you, the morning wil ouertake them, before they haue done. A Gods name (quoth *Sancho*) and Ile tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the number of your talking Squires. So the two Squires went apart, betweene whom there passed as wittie a Dialogue, as their Masters was serious.

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CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Where the Aduenture of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted, with the discreete, rare, and sweete Coloque, that passed betwixt the two Squires.

THE Knights and their Squires were deuided; these telling their liues, they their loues: and thus sayth the Storie, that the Squire of the wood said to *Sancho*, It is a cumbersome life that we leade, Sr, we, I say, that are Squires to Knights Errant: for truly we eate our bread with the sweat of our browes, which is one of the curses, that God laid vpon our first parents. You may say also (added *Sancho*) that we eate it in the frost of our bodies: for who endure more heates and colds, then your miserable Squires to Knights Errant? and yet not so bad if we might eate at all, for good fare lessens care: but sometimes it happens, that we are two daies without eating, except it be the ayre that blowes on vs. All this may be borne (quoth he of the wood) with the hope we haue of reward: for if the Knight Errant whom a Squire serues, be not too vnfortunate, he shall, with a little good hap, see himselfe rewarded with the gouernment of some Island, or with a reasonable Earledome. I (said *Sancho*) haue often told my Master, that I would content my selfe with the gouernment of any Island, and he is so Noble and Liberall, that he hath often promised it me. I (said he of the Wood) for my seruices would be satisfied, with some Canonrie, which my Master too hath promised me.

Your Master indeed (said *Sancho*) belike is an Ecclesiasticall Knight, and may doe his good Squires these kindnesses: but my Master is meerely Lay, though I remember, that some persons of good discretion (though out of bad intention) counselled him, that he should be an Archbishop: which he would not be, but an Emperour: and I was in a bodily feare, lest he might haue a minde to the Church, because I held my selfe vncapable of benefits by it: for let me tell you, though to you I seeme a man, yet in Church matters I am a very beast. Indeed, Sr, (said he of the Wood)

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Wood) You are in the wrong: for your Iſland Gouernments are not al ſo ſpecial, but that ſome are crabbed, ſome poore, ſome diſtaſtefull; and laſtly, the ſtatelieſt and beſt of all brings with it a heauy burden of cares and inconueniences, which hee (to whom it falls to his lot) vndergoes. Farre better it were, that we, who profeſſe this curſed ſlauery, retire home, and there entertaine our ſelues with more delightfull exerciſes, to wit, hunting and fiſhing; for what Squire is there in the world ſo poore, that wants his Nag, his brace of Grey-hounds, or his Angle-rod, to paſſe his time with, at his Village?

I want none of this (ſayd *Sancho*:) true it is, I haue no Nag, but I haue an Aſſe worth two of my Maſters Horſe: An ill Chriſtmas God ſend mee, (and let it be the next enſuing) if I would change for him, though I had foure buſhels of barley to boot: you laugh at the price of my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of mine Aſſe: well, Grey-hounds I ſhall not want neither, there being enow to ſpare in our towne; beſides, the ſport is beſt at another mans charge.

Indeed, indeed, Sr. Squire (ſayd he of the Wood) I haue propoſed and determined with my ſelfe, to leaue theſe bezelings of theſe Knights, and returne to my Village, and bring vp my children, for I haue three, like three Orient-pearles. Two haue I (ſayd *Sancho*) that may bee preſented to the Pope in perſon, eſpecially one, a wench, which I bring vp to bee a Counteſſe (God ſaue her) although it grieue her mother. And how olde (asked he of the Wood) is this Lady-Counteſſe that you bring vp ſo?

Fifteene, ſomewhat vnder or ouer (ſayd *Sancho*) but ſhe is as long as a lance, and as freſh as an Aprill-morning, and as ſturdy as a Porter. Theſe are parts (ſayd he of the Wood) not onely for her to be a Counteſſe, but a Nymph of the Greeny Groue: Ah whoreſon, whore, and what a ſting the Queane hath? To which (quoth *Sancho* ſomewhat muſty) Shee is no whore, neither was her mother before her, and none of them (God willing) ſhall be, as long as I liue: and I pray, Sir, ſpeake more mannerly: for theſe ſpeeches are not conſonant from you, that haue beene brought vp amongſt Knights Errant, the flowers of courteſie.

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teſie. Oh (ſayd he of the Wood) Sr. Squire, how you miſtake, and how little you know what belongs to praiſing: what? haue yee neuer obſerued, that when any Knight in the market-place giues the Bul a ſure thruſt with his lance, or when any body doth a thing well, the common people vſe to ſay; Ah whoreſon whoremaſter, how brauely he did it? ſo that, that which ſeemes to be a diſpraiſe, in that ſence is a notable commendation, and renounce you thoſe ſonnes and daughters, that doe not the workes, that may make their parents deſerue ſuch like praiſes. I doe renounce (ſayd *Sancho*) and if you meant no other wiſe; I pray you clap a whole whore-houſe at once vpon my wife and children; for all they doe or ſay, are extremes worthy of ſuch praiſes, and ſo I may ſee them, God deliuer me out of this mortall ſinne, that is, out of this dangerous profeſſion of being a Squire, into which I haue this ſecond time incurred, being inticed and deceiued with the purſe of the hundred duckats, which I found one day in the heart of *Sierra Morena*, and the Deuill caſt that bag of Piſtolets before mine eyes: (me thinkes) euery foot I touch it, hugge it, and carry it to mine houſe, ſet leaſes, and rents, and liue like a Prince, and ſtill when I thinke of this, all the toyle that I paſſe with this Block-head my Maſter, ſeems eaſie and tolerable to me, who (I know) is more madman then Knight.

Hereupon (ſayd he of the Wood) it is ſayd; that, *All couet, all loſe*: And now you talke of mad-men, I thinke, my Maſter is the greateſt in the world, he is one of them that cries, *Hang ſorrow*; and that another Knight may recouer his wits, hee'l make himſelfe mad, and will ſeeke after that, which perhaps once found, will tumble him vpon his ſnowt. And is hee amorous haply? Yes (ſayd hee of the Wood) hee loues one *Caſildea de Vandalia*, the moſt raw and moſt roſted Lady in the world; but he halts not on that foot of her rawneſſe, for other manner of impoſtures doe grunt in thoſe entrailes of hers, which ere long will be knowne. Sancho

There is no way ſo plaine (quoth *Don Quixote*) that hath not ſome rubbe, or pit, or as the Prouerbe goes, In ſome houſes they ſeethe beanes, and in mine whole kettles full. So madneſſe hath

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more

more companions, and more needie ones then wiſedome. But if that which is commonly ſpoken be true, that to haue companions in miſery is a lightner of it, you may comfort me, that ſerue as ſottiſh a Maſter as I doe. Sottiſh but valiant, (anſwered he of the wood) but more knaue then foole or then valiant. It is not ſo with my Maſter, ſaid *Sancho*: for he is ne're a whit knaue; rather he is as dull as a Beetle, hurts no-body, does good to all, he hath no malice, a childe will make him beleeue tis night at noone day: and for his ſimplicitie, I loue him as my heart-ſtrings, and cannot finde in my heart, to leaue him for all his fopperies. For all that, Brother and friend, (ſaid he of the wood) if the blinde guide the blinde; both will be in danger to fall into the pit.

Tis better to retire faire and ſoftly, and returne to our loued homes: for they that hunt after Aduentures, doe not alwaies light vpon good. *Sancho* ſpit often, and as it ſeemed, a kinde of glewy and dry matter: which noted by the charitable wooddy Squire, he ſaid, Me thinkes, with our talking, our tongues cleaue to our roofes: but I haue ſuppler hangs at the pummell of my horſe, as good as touch: and riſing vp, he returned preſently with a Borracha of wine, and a bak't meate, at leaſt halfe a yard long, and it is no lye, for it was of a Parboiled Cony ſo large, that *Sancho*, when he felt it, thought it had beene of a Goate, and not a Kid: which being ſeene by *Sancho*, he ſaid, And had yee this with you too, Sr? Why, what did yee thinke (ſaid the other) doe you take me to be ſome hungry Squire? I haue better prouiſion at my horſes crupper, then a Generall carries with him vpon a March. *Sancho* fell to, without inuitation, and champed his bits in the darke, as if he had ſcraunched knotted cordes, and ſaid, I marry, Sr, you are a true Legall Squire, round and ſound, Royall and Liberall (as appeares by your feaſt) which if it came not hither by way of Enchantment, yet it ſeemes ſo at leaſt, and not like me vnfortunate wretch, that only carry in my wallets, a little Cheeſe, ſo hard, that you may breake a Gyants head with it, & only ſome doozens of Saint *Iohns* Weed leaues, and ſome few Walnuts, and ſmall nuts, (plentie in the ſtrictneſſe of my Maſter, and the opinion he hath) and the me-

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thod

thod he obserues, that Knights Errant must only be maintained and sustained onely with a little dry fruit, & sallets. By my faith (Brother) replide he of the wood, my stomacke is not made to your thistles, nor your stalkes, nor your mountaine-roots: let our Masters deale with their opinions, and their Knightly statutes, and eate what they will, I haue my cold meates, and this bottle hanging at the pummel of my saddle, will he, or nill he: which I reuerence and loue so much, that a minute scarce passeth me, in which I giue it not a thousand kisses & embraces. Which said, he gaue it to *Sancho*, who rearing it on end at his mouth, looked a quarter of an houre together vpon the Starres: and when he had ended his draught, he held his necke on one side, and fetching a great sigh, cryes, Oh whoresoone raskal, how Catholike it is. Law yee there (said he of the wood) in hearing *Sancho's* whoresoone, how you haue praised the wine, in calling it whoresoone? I say (quoth *Sancho*) that I confesse, that I know it is no dishonour to call any bodie whoresoone, when there is a meaning to praise him. But tell me, Sr, by the remembrance of her you loue best, is this wine of a *Ciuidad Reall*? A braue taste (said he of the wood:) it is no lesse, and it is of some yeeres standing too. Let me alone (said *Sancho*) you could not but thinke I must know it to the height. Doe not you thinke it strange, Sr Squire, that I should haue so great, and so naturall an instinct, in distinguishing betwixt wines, that comming to smell any wine, I hit vpon the place, the grape, the sauour, the lasting, the strength, with all circumstances belonging to wine? But no marueile, if in my linage by my fathers side, I had two of the most excellent tasters that were knowne in a long time in *Mancha*: for proofe of which, you shall know what befell them.

A place in Spaine that hath excellent wines.

They gaue to these two some wine to taste out of a Hogshead, asking their opinions, of the state, qualitie, goodnesse or badnesse of the wine: the one of them proued it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelt to it. The first said, that that wine sauoured of yron. The second said, Rather of goats leather. The owner protested, the Hogshead was cleane, and that the wine had no kinde of mixture, by which it should receiue any sauour of yron or leather. Notwithstanding, the two famous

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tasters

tasters stood to what they had said. Time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessell was cleansed, there was found in it a little key, with a leatherne thong hanging at it. Now you may see, whether he that comes from such a race, may giue his opinion in these matters.

Therefore I say to you (quoth he of the wood) let vs leaue looking after these Aduentures, and since we haue content, let vs not seeke after dainties, but returne to our cottages, for there God will finde vs, if it be his will. Till my Master come to *Saragosa*, I meane (quoth *Sancho*) to serue him, and then weele all take a new course. In fine, the two good Squires talked and dranke so much, that it was fit sleepe should lay their tongues, and slake their thirst, but to extinguish, it was impossible; so both of them fastned to the nigh emptie bottle, and their meate scarce out of their mouthes, fell asleepe: where for the present wee will leaue them, and tell what passed betweene the two Knights.

CHAP. XIV.

How the Aduenture of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted.

AMongst many discourses that passed betweene *Don Quixote*, and the Knight of the Wood, the History saies, that he of the wood said to *Don Quixote*, In briefe, Sr Knight, I would haue you know, that my destinie, or to say better, my election enamoured me vpon the peereleste *Casildea de Vandalia*, Peereleste I call her, as being so in the greatneste of her Stature, and in the extreme of her being and beautie. This *Casildea* (I tell you of) repaide my good and vertuous desires, in employing me (as did the stepmother of *Hercules*, in many and different perils, promising me, at the accomplishing of each one, in performing another, I should enioy my wishes: but my labours haue beene so linked one vpon another, that they are numberleste, neither know I which may be the last

to

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to giue an accompliſhment to my lawfull deſires.

Once ſhe commanded me to giue defiance to that famous Gyanteſſe of *Seuil*, called the *Giralda*, who is ſo valiant & ſo ſtrong (as being made of braſſe, and without changi ng place) is the moſt mooueable and turning woman in the world. I came, I ſaw, and conquered her, and made her ſtand ſtill, and keepe diſtance; for a whole weeke together, no windes blew, but the North: Otherwhiles ſhe commanded me to lift vp the ancient ſtones of the fierce Buls of *Guiſando*: an enterprize fitter for Porters, then Knights: another time ſhe commanded me to go downe and diue in the Vault of *Cabra* (a fearefull and vnheard of attempt) and to bring her relation of all that was incloſed in that darke profunditie. I ſtaide the motion of the *Giralda*, I waied the Buls of *Guiſando*, I caſt my ſelfe downe the ſteep Caue, and brought to light the ſecrets of that bottome, but my hopes were dead, how dead? her diſdaines ſtill liuing, how liuing? Laſtly, ſhe hath now commanded me, that I run ouer all the Prouinces of *Spaine*, & make all the Knights Errant, that wander in them, confeſſe, that ſhe alone goes beyond all other women in beauty, and that I am the valianteſt, and moſt enamoured Knight of the world: in which demand I haue trauelled the greateſt part of Spaine, and haue ouercome many Knights, that durſt contradict me. But that which I prize and eſteeme moſt is, That I haue conquer'd, in ſingle combate, that ſo famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and made him confeſſe that my *Caſildea* is fairer then his *Dulcinea*, and in this conqueſt only I make account, that I haue conquer'd all the Knights in the world, becauſe the aforeſaid *Don Quixote* hath conquered them all, and I hauing ouercome him, his fame his glorie, and his honour, hath beene transferred and paſſed ouer to my perſon, and the Conquerour is ſo much the more eſteemed, by how much the conquered was reputed, ſo that the innumerable exploits of *Don Quixote* now mentioned, are mine, and paſſe vpon my account.

As if we ſhould ſay, to remoue the ſtones at Stonage in Wilt-ſhire.

Don Quixote admired to heare the Knight of the wood, and was a thouſand times about to haue giuen him the lye, and had his *Thou lyeſt*, vpon the point of his tongue: but hee defer'd it as well as he could, to make him confeſſe with his owne

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mouth that he lyed, and so he told him calmely. That you may haue ouercome (Sr Knight) all the Knights Errant of Spaine, and the whole world, I grant yee: but that you haue ouercome *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I doubt it, it might be some other like him, though few there be so like. Why not? replide he of the Wood: I can assure you, Sir, I fought with him, ouercame, and made him yeeld. Hee is a tall fellow, withred faced, lanke and dry in his limbes, somewhat hoary, sharpe-nosed and crooked; his mustachoes long, blacke, and falne; hee marcheth vnder the name of *The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance*: he presses the loine, and rules the bridle of a famous horse called *Rozinante*, & hath for the Mistris of his thoughts, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sometimes called *Aldonsa Lorenso*, iust as mine, that because her name was *Casilda*, and of *Andaluzia*, I call her *Casildea de Vandalia*: and if all these tokens be not enough to countenance the truth, heere is my sword that shall make incredulity it selfe believe it. Haue patience, Sr Knight (quoth *Don Quixote*) and heare what I shall say. Know, that this *Don Quixote* you speake of, is the greatest friend I haue in this world, and so much that I may tell you, I loue him as well as my selfe, and by the signes that you haue giuen of him, so punctuall and certaine, I cannot but thinke it is he whom you haue ouercome. On the other side, I see with mine eyes, and feele with my hands, that it is not possible it should be he, if it be not, that, as he hath many Enchanters that be his enemies, especially one, that doth ordinarily persecute him, there be some one that hath taken his shape on him, and suffered himselfe to be ouercome, to defraud him of the glory which his noble chiualry hath gotten and layd vp for him thorowout the whole earth. And for confirmation of this, I would haue you know, that these Enchanters mine enemies (not two daies since) transformed the shape and person of the faire *Dulcinea del Toboso*, into a foule & base country wench, and in this sort belike they haue transformed *Don Quixote*: and if all this be not sufficient to direct you in the truth, here is *Don Quixote* himselfe, that will maintaine it with his Armes on foot or on horse-back, or in what manner you please: and he grasped his sword, expecting what resolution the Knight of the Wood

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would

would take, who with a ſtayed voyce, anſwered & ſayd: A good Pay-maſter needs no ſurety: hee that could once, *Don Quixote*, ouercom you when you were transformed, may very well hope to reſtore you to your proper being. But becauſe it becomes not Knights to doe their feats in the darke like high-way-robbers and Ruffians, let vs ſtay for the day, that the Sunne may behold our actions; and the condition of our combate ſhall be, that he that is ouercome, ſhall ſtand to the mercy of the Conquerour, to do with him according to his will, ſo farre as what he ordaineth ſhall be fitting for a Knight.

I am ouer-ioyed with this condition and agreement (quoth *Don Quixote*.) And (this ſayd) they went where their Squires were, whom they found ſnorting, and iuſt as they were, when ſleep firſt ſtole vpon them. They wakened them, and commanded they ſhould make their horſes ready: for by ſun-riſing, they meant to haue a bloudy and vnequall ſingle combate. At which newes *Sancho* was aſtoniſht and amazed, as fearing his Maſters ſafety, by reaſon of the Knight of the Woods valour, which he had heard from his Squire: but without any reply, the two Squires went to ſeeke their cattel: for by this the three horſes and Dapple had ſmelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the Wood ſayd to *Sancho*, You muſt vnderſtand, Brother, that your Combatants of *Andaluzia* vſe, when they are Sticklers in any quarrell, not to ſtand idlely with their hands in their pockets, whilſt their friends are fighting I tell you this, becauſe you may know, that whilſt our Maſters are at it, we muſt skirmiſh too, and breake our lances to ſhiuers. This cuſtome, S^r Squire (anſwered *Sancho*) may be currant there, and paſſe amongſt your Ruffians and Combatants you talke of: but with your Squires that belong to Knights Errant, not ſo much as a thought of it. At leaſt, I haue not heard my Maſter ſo much as ſpeake a word of any ſuch cuſtome, and hee knowes without booke all the ordinances of Knight Errantry. But let mee grant yee, that tis an expreſſe ordinance that the Squires fight, whilſt their Maſters doe ſo: yet I will not fulfill that, but pay the penalty that ſhall be impoſed vpon ſuch peaceable Squires: for I doe not thinke, it will be aboue two pound

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Alluding to some penalties enioyned by Confessors, to pay to burne in candles in the Church.

of wax, and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me lesse, then the lint that I shall spend in making tents to cure my head, which already I make account is cut and diuided in two: besides, tis impossible I should fight, hauing neuer a sword, and I neuer wore any.

For that (quoth he of the Wood) Ile tell you a good remedy, I haue heere two linnen bags of one bignesse, you shall haue one, and I the other, and with these equall weapons, wee'll fight at bag-blowes. Let vs doe so and you will (sayd *Sancho*) for this kinde of fight will rather serue to dust, then to wound vs. Not so (sayd the other) for within the bags (that the winde may not carry them to and fro) wee will put halfe a doozen of delicate smooth pebbles, of equall waight, and so we may bag-baste one another, without doing any great hurt. Looke ye, body of my father (quoth *Sancho*) what Martins or Sables furre, or what fine-carded wooll he puts in the bags, not to beat out our brains, or make *Priuet* of our bones: but know, Sir, if they were silke bals, I would not fight: let our Masters fight, and heare on it in another world, let vs drinke and liue, for time will bee carefull to take away our liues, without our striuing to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe. For all that (sayd he of the Wood) we must fight halfe an houre. No, no (sayd *Sancho*) I will not be so discourteous and vngratefull, as to wrangle with whom I haue eaten and drunke, let the occasion bee neuer so small, how much more I being without choller or anger, who the Deuill can barely without these fight?

For this (sayd he of the Wood) Ile giue you a sufficient cause, which is, that before wee begin the combate, I will come mee finely to you, and giue you three or foure boxes, and strike you to my feet, with which I shall awake your choller, although it sleepe like a Dormouse. Against this cut I haue another (quoth *Sancho*) that comes not short of it, I will take me a good cudgell, and before you waken my choller, I will make you sleepe so soundly with bastinadoing you, that it shall not wake but in another world, in which it shall be knowne, that I am not hee that will let any man handle my face; and euery man looke to the

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ſhaft he ſhoots: And the beſt way were to let euery mans choller ſleepe with him, for no man knowes what's in another, and many come for wooll, that returne ſhorne, and God bleſſed the Peace-makers, and curſed the Quarreller; for if a Cat ſhut into a roome, much baited and ſtraightned, turne to be a Lyon, God knowes what I that am a man, may turne to: Therefore, from henceforward, Sr. Squire, let mee intimate to you, that all the euill and miſchiefe that ſhall ariſe from our quarrell, bee vpon your head. Tis well (quoth he of the Wood) let it be day, and we ſhall thriue by this.

And now a thouſand ſorts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and in their different delightfull tones, it ſeemed they bad good morrow, & ſaluted the freſh *Aurora*, that now diſcouered the beauty of her face, thorow the gates & bay-windowes of the Eaſt, ſhaking from her lockes an infinite number of liquid pearles, bathing the hearbes in her ſweet liquour, that it ſeemed they alſo ſprouted, and rained white and ſmall pearles: the willowes did diſtill their ſauoury *Manna*, the fountaines laughed, the brookes murmured, the woods were cheered, and the fields were enriched with her comming.

But the brightneſſe of the day ſcarce gaue time to diſtinguiſh things, when the firſt thing that offered it ſelfe to *Sancho's* ſight, was the Squire of the Woods noſe, which was ſo huge, that it did as it were ſhadow his whole body. It is ſayd indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bigneſſe, crooked in the middeſt, and all full of warts of a darkiſh-greene colour, like a *Berengena*, and hung ſome two fingers ouer his mouth: this hugeneſſe, colour, warts, and crookedneſſe, did ſo diſ-figure his face, that *Sancho* in ſeeing him, began to lay about him back-ward and forward, like a young raw Ancient, and reſolued with himſelfe to endure two hundred boxes, before his choller ſhould waken to fight with that Hobgoblin.

Don Quixote beheld his oppoſite, and perceiued that his helmet was on and drawne, ſo that he could not ſee his face, but he ſaw that he was well ſet in his body, though not tall; vpon his armour he wore an vpper garment or caſſocke, to ſee to, of pure cloth of gold, with many Moones of ſhining Looking-glaſſes

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ſpred about it, which made him appeare very braue and gorgeous, a great plume of greene feathers waued about his Helmet, with others white & yellow, his Lance which he had reared vp againſt a tree, was very long and thicke, and with a ſteele pike aboue a handfull long *Don Quixote* obſerued and noted all, and by what he had ſeene and marked, iudged that the ſayd Knight muſt needs be of great ſtrength: But yet he was not afrayd (like *Sancho*) and with a bold courage thus ſpoke to the Knight of the Looking-glaſſes: If your eagernesſe to fight, Sir Knight, haue not ſpent your courteſie, for it, I deſire you to lift vp your Viſor a little, that I may behold whether the liuelineſſe of your face be anſwerable to that of your diſpoſition, whether vanquiſht or Vanquiſher you be in this enterprize. Sir Knight (anſwered he of the Looking-glaſſes) you ſhall haue time and leiſure enough to ſee me, and if I doe not now ſatisfie your deſire, it is becauſe I thinke I ſhall doe a great deale of wrong to the faire *Caſildea de Vandalia*, to delay ſo much time as to lift vp my Viſor, till I haue firſt made you confeſſe what I know you goe about. Well, yet while we get a horſe-backe (*Don Quixote* ſayd) you may reſolue me whether I be that *Don Quixote* whom you ſayd, you had vanquiſhed.

To this I anſwer you (ſaid he of the Looking-glaſſes) You are as like the Knight I conquered, as one egge is to another: But, as you ſay, Enchanters perſecute you, and therefore I dare not affirme whether you bee hee or no. It ſufficeth (quoth *Don Quixote*) for mee, that you beleeue your being deceiued: but that I may entirely ſatisfie you, let's to horſe, for in leſſe time then you ſhould haue ſpent in lifting vp your Viſor (if God, my Miſtriſſe, and mine Arme defend me) will I ſee your face, and you ſhall ſee that I am not the vanquiſht *Don Quixote* you ſpeake of.

And heere cutting off diſcourſe, to horſe they goe, and *Don Quixote* turn'd *Rozinante* about, to take ſo much of the field (as was fit for him) to returne to encounter his enemie, and the Knight of the Looking-glaſſes did the like. But *Don Quixote* was not gone twenty paces from him, when he heard that he of the looking-glaſſes called him. So the two parting the way, he of

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the Glasses sayd, Be mindefull, Sr. Knight, that the condition of our combate is, that the vanquished (as I haue told you before) must stand to the discretion of the Vanquisher. I know it (sayd *Don Quixote*) so that what is imposed and commanded the vanquished, be within the bounds and limits of Cauallery. So it is meant, sayd he of the Glasses.

Heere *Don Quixote* saw the strange nose of the Squire, and he did not lesse wonder at the sight of it, then *Sancho*; insomuch that he deemed him a monster, or some new kinde of man not vsuall in the world. *Sancho*, that saw his Master goe to fetch his Careere, would not tarry alone with *Nose-antem*, fearing that at one snap with tothers Nose vpon his, their fray would bee ended, that either with the blow, or it, hee should come to the ground. So he ran after his Master, laying hold vpon one of *Rozinantes* stirrup leathers, and when hee thought it time for his Master to turne backe, he sayd; I beseech your Worship, Master mine, that before you fall to your encounter, you helpe mee to climbe vp yon Cork-tree, from whence I may better, and with more delight, then from the ground, see the gallant encounter you shall make with this Knight.

Rather, *Sancho* (sayd *Don Quixote*) thou wouldest get aloft, as into a scaffold, to see the Buls without danger. Let mee deale truely (sayd *Sancho*) the vgly nose of that Squire hath astonisht me, and I dare not come neere him. Such an one it is (sayd *Don Quixote*) that any other but I, might very well be afrayd of it, and therefore come, and Ile helpe thee vp.

Whilst *Don Quixote* was helping *Sancho* vp into the Cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses tooke vp roome for his Careere, and thinking that *Don Quixote* would haue done the like, without looking for trumpets sound, or any other warning-signe, he turned his horses reines (no better to see to, nor swifter then *Rozinante*) and with his full speede (which was a reasonable trot) hee went to encounter his enemy: but seeing him busied in the mounting of *Sancho*, hee held in his reines, and stopped in the midst of his Careere, for which his horse was most thankefull, as being vnable to mooue. *Don Quixote*, who thought his enemy by this came flying, set spurres lustily to *Ro-*

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zinantes hinder-flancke, and made him poſt in ſuch manner, that the Story ſayes, now onely he ſeemed to run, for all the reſt was plaine trotting heeretofore. And with this vnſpeakable fury, he came where he of the Looking-glaſſes was gagging his ſpurres into his horſe, to the very hoopes, without being able to remooue him a fingers length from the place, where he had ſet vp his reſt for the Careere.

In this good time and coniuncture, *Don Quixote* found his contrary puzzled with his horſe, & troubled with his lance; for either he could not, or elſe wanted time to ſet it in his reſt. *Don Quixote* that neuer looked into theſe inconueniencies, ſafely and without danger, encountred him of the Looking-glaſſes ſo furiouſly, that in ſpight of his teeth hee made him come to the ground, from his horſe-crupper, with ſuch a fall, that ſtirring neither hand nor foot, hee made ſhew as if hee had beene dead. *Sancho* ſcarce ſaw him downe, when hee ſlid from the Cork-tree, and came in all haſte to his Maſter, who diſmounted from *Rozinante*, got vpon him of the Looking-glaſſes, and vnlacing his helmet, to ſee if he were dead, or if he were aliue, to giue him aire, he ſaw: (Who can tell without great admiration, wonder and amaze to him that ſhall heare it?) he ſaw (ſayes the Hiſtory) the ſelfeſame face, the ſame viſage, the ſame aſpect, the ſame phiſiognomy, the ſame ſhape, the ſame perſpectiue of the Bachelor *Samſon Carraſco*, and as he ſaw it, hee cryed aloud, Come *Sancho*, and behold what thou mayeſt ſee, and not beleeue, runne whore-ſonne, and obſerue the power of Magicke, what Witches and Enchanters can doe.

Sancho drew neere, and ſaw the Bachelour *Samſon Carraſco's* face, & ſo began to make a thouſand croſſes, & to bleſſe himſelfe as oft. In all this while the ouerthrowne Knight made no ſhew of liuing. And *Sancho* ſayd to *Don Quixote*, I am of opinion, Sir, that by all means you thruſt your ſword down this fellowes throte, that is ſo like the Bachelour *Samſon Carraſco*, and ſo perhaps in him, you ſhall kill ſome of your enemies the Enchanters. Tis not ill aduiſed (quoth *Don Quixote*.) So drawing out his ſword, to put *Sancho's* counſell in execution, the Knights Squire came in, his noſe being off, that had ſo diſ-figured him, and ſayd aloud:

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aloud: Take heede, Sr *Don Quixote*, what you doe; for hee that is now at your mercy, is the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco* your friend, and I his Squire.

Now *Sancho* seeing him without his former deformity, said to him, And your nose? To which he answered, Here it is in my pocket: and putting his hand to his right side, hee pulled out a pasted nose, and a varnisht vizard, of the manifacture described. And *Sancho* more and more beholding him, with a loud and admiring voyce said, Saint *Mary* defend me: and is not this *Thomas Cecial* my neighbour and my Gossip? And how say you by that (quoth the vn-nosed Squire?) *Thomas Cecial* I am, Gossip and friend *Sancho*, and streight I will tell you, the conueyances, sleights and trickes that brought mee hither: in the meane time request and intreat your Master, that he touch not, misuse, wound or kil the Knight of the Looking-glasses, now at his mercy; for doubtlesse it is the bold and ill-aduized Bachelor *Samson Carrasco* our Countryman.

By this time the Knight of the Looking-glasses came to himselfe, which *Don Quixote* seeing, hee clapt the bare point of his sword vpon his face, & said, Thou diest, Knight, if thou confesse not, that the peerelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso* excells your *Casildea de Vandalia* in beauty: and moreouer, you shall promise (if from this battell and fall you remaine with life) to goe to the Citie of *Toboso*, and present your selfe from me before her, that she may dispose of you as she pleaseth: and if she pardon you, you shall returne to me; for the tracke of my exploits will bee your guide, and bring you where I am, to tell mee what hath passed with her. These conditions (according to those wee agreed on before the battell) exceed not the limits of Knight Errantrie.

I confesse, said the faln Knight, that the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso's* torne and foule shooe, is more worth then the ill-combed haire (though cleane) of *Casildea*: and here I promise to goe and come from her presence to yours, and giue you entire and particular relation of all you require. You shall also confesse and believe (added *Don Quixote*) that the Knight whom you ouercame, neyther was, nor could be *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but some other like him, as I confesse and believe, that you, although

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though you seeme to be the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, are not he, but one like him, and that my enemies haue cast you into his shape, that I may with-hold and temper the force of my choller, and vse moderately the glory of my conquest. I confesse, iudge, and allow of all as you confesse, iudge, and allow (answered the backe-broken Knight.) Let me rise, I pray you, if the blow of my fall will let mee; for it hath left me in ill case. *Don Quixote* helped him to rise, and *Thomas Cecial* his Squire, on whom *Sancho* still cast his eyes, asking him questions, whose answeres gaue him manifest signes, that hee was *Thomas Cecial* indeed, as hee said, but the apprehension that was made in *Sancho*, by what his Master had said, that the Enchanters had changed the forme of the Knight of the glasses into *Samson Carrasco's*, made him not beleeue what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the Master and Man remained still in their errour: and he of the glasses and his Squire very moody and ill Errants, left *Don Quixote*, purposing to seeke some towne where hee might scare-cloth himselfe, and settle his ribbes. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* held on their way to *Saragosa*, where the story leaues them, to tell who was the Knight of the Glasses and his Nosie Squire.

CHAP. XV.

Who the Knight of the looking-glasses and his Squire were.

Don Quixote was extremely contented, glad, and vaine-glorious, that hee had subdued so valiant a Knight, as hee imagined hee of the Looking-glasses was, from whose knightly word he hoped to know if the Enchantment of his Mistris were certaine, since of necessity the said vanquished Knight was to returne, (on paine of not being so) to relate what had happened vnto him: but *Don Quixote* thought one thing, and he of the Glasses another, though for the present he minded nothing, but to seeke where hee might scare-cloth himselfe. The history then tels vs, that when the Bache-

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lor *Samſon Carraſco* aduiſed *Don Quixote* that he ſhould proſecute his forſaken Cauallery, hee entred firſt of all into counſell with the Vicar and the Barber, to know what meanes they ſhould vſe, that *Don Quixote* might bee perſwaded to ſtay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himſelfe with his vnlucky aduentures: from which counſaile by the common conſent of all, and particular opinion of *Carraſco*, it was agreed, that *Don Quixote* ſhould abroad againe, ſince it was impoſſible to ſtay him, and that *Samſon* ſhould meet him vpon the way like a Knight Errant, and ſhould fight with him, ſince occaſion would not be wanting, and ſo to ouercome him, which would not be difficult, and that there ſhould be a couenant and agreement, that the vanquiſhed ſhould ſtand to the courteſie of the vanquiſher, ſo that *Don Quixote* being vanquiſhed, the Bachelor Knight ſhould command him to get him home to his towne and houſe, and not to ſtirre from thence in two yeeres after, or till hee ſhould command him to the contrary: the which in all likelihood *Don Quixote* once vanquiſhed would infallibly accompliſh, as vnwilling to contradict or bee defectiue in the Lawes of Knighthood, and it might ſo be, that in this time of ſequeſtring, he might forget all his vanities, or they might finde out ſome conuenient remedy for his madneſſe. *Carraſco* accepted of it, and *Thomas Cecial* offered himſelfe to be his Squire, *Sancho Panſa's* neighbour and Goſſip, a merry knaue and a wittie. *Samſon* armed himſelfe (as you haue heard) and *Thomas Cecial* fitted the falſe noſe to his owne, and clapt on his vizard, that he might not be known by his Goſſip, vvhen they ſhould meete. So they held on the ſame voyage with *Don Quixote*, and they came euen iuſt as hee vvas in the aduenture of Deaths Wagon. And at laſt they lighted on them in the Wood, vvhere what befell them, the diſcreet Reader hath ſeene, and if it had not beene for the ſtrange opinion that *Don Quixote* had, that the Bachelor vvas not the ſelfe-ſame man, he had beene ſpoyled for euer for taking another Degree, ſince he miſt his marke.

Thomas Cecial that ſaw vvhat ill vſe hee had made of his hopes, and the bad effect that his iourney tooke, ſayd to the Bachelor, Truely, Mr *Samſon*, we haue our deſerts: things are

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easily conceiued, and enterprizes easily vndertaken; but very hardly performed. *Don Quixote* mad, we wise, but hee is gone away sound and merry, you are heere bruised and sorrowfull. Let vs know then vvho is the greatest mad-man, hee that is so and cannot doe vvithall, or hee that is so for his pleasure? To which (quoth *Samson*) The difference betweene these madde men is, that hee that of necessity is so, will alwaies remaine so, and he that accidentally is so, may leaue it vvhen he will. Since it is so (said *Thomas Cecial*) I that for my pleasure was madde, when I vvould needes be your Squire; for the same reason I will leaue the office, and returne home to my owne house. Tis fit you should (said *Samson*) yet to thinke that I will doe so, till I haue soundly banged *Don Quixote*, is vaine, and now I goe not about to restore him to his wits, but to reuenge my selfe on him: for the intolerable paine I feele in my ribbes, will not permit mee a more charitable discourse. Thus they two vvent on parlying till they came to a Towne, where by chance they lighted vpon a Bone-setter, who cured the vnfortunate *Samson*. *Thomas Cecial* went home and left him, and hee stayed musing vpon his reuenge: and the History heereafter will returne to him, which at present must make merry with *Don Quixote*.

CHAP. XVI.

What befell Don Quixote *with a discreet Gentleman of* Mancha.

Don Quixote went on his iourney with the ioy, content, and gladnesse, as hath beene mentioned, imagining that for the late victory, he was the most valiant Knight that that age had in the world, he made account that all aduentures that should from thence forward befall him, were brought to a happy and prosperous end: he cared not now for any enchantments, or enchanters: he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his Chiualrie had been giuen him, and the stones cast, that strooke out halfe his teeth, and the vnthankefulnesse of

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the Galli-slaues, and the boldnesse and showres of stakes of the *Tangueses*.

In conclusion, he said to himselfe, that if hee could finde any Art, manner, or meanes how to dis-enchant his Mistresse *Dulcinea*, hee would not enuy the greatest happinesse or prosperity that euer any Knight Errant of former times had obtained.

Hee was altogether busied in these imaginations, when *Sancho* told him: How say you Sir, that I haue still before mine eyes that ill-fauoured, more then ordinary nose of my Gossip *Thomas Cecial*? And doe you happily, *Sancho*, thinke that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, and his Squire *Thomas Cecial* your Gossip? I know not what to say to it (quoth *Sancho*) onely I know, that the tokens he gaue me, of my house, wife, and children, no other could giue vm mee but he, and his face, (his nose being off) was the same that *Thomas Cecial*, as I haue seene him many times in our Towne, and next house to mine, and his voyce was the same. Let vs bee reasonable, *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*:) Come hither; How can any man imagine that the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, should come like a Knight Errant, arm'd with Armes offensiue and defensiue, to fight with me? Haue I euer giuen him occasion, that he should dogge mee? Am I his *Rival*, or is hee a Professor of Armes, to enuy the glory that I haue gotten by them? Why what should I say (answered *Sancho*) when I saw that Knight (be he who he will) looke so like the Bachelor *Carrasco*, and his Squire to *Thomas Cecial* my gossip? and if it were an Enchantment (as you say) vvere there no other two in the vvorld, they might look like. All is iuggling & cunning (quoth *Don Quixote*) of the wicked Magicians that persecute me, who fore-seeing that I should remaine Victor in this combat, had prouided that the vanquisht Knight should put on the shape of my friend *Carrasco*, that the friendship I beare him might mediate betwixt the edge of my sword, and the rigor of my arme, and temper my hearts iust indignation; and so, that he might escape with his life, that with trickes and deuices sought to take away mine. For proofe of which, oh *Sancho*, thou knowest by experience, that vvill not let thee lye or be deceiued, how easie it

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it is for Enchanters to change one face into another, making the beautifull deformed, and the deformed beautifull: and it is not two dayes, since with thine owne eyes thou sawest the beauty and liuelinesse of the peerelesse *Dulcinea* in it's perfection, and naturall conformity, and I saw her in the foulenesse and meanenesse of a course milke-maide, with bleare eyes, and stinking breath, so that the peruerse Enchanter, that durst cause so wicked a Metamorphosis, 'tis not much that hee hath done the like in the shapes of *Samson Carrasco* and *Thomas Cecial*, to rob me of the glory of my conquest. Notwithstanding I am of good comfort; for in what shape soeuer it were, I haue vanquished mine enemy. God knowes all (said *Sancho*) and whereas hee knew the transformation of *Dulcinea* had beene a tricke of his, his Masters *Chimera's* gaue him no satisfaction: but hee durst not reply a word, for feare of discouering his cozenage.

Whilest they were thus reasoning, one ouertooke them that came their way, vpon a faire flea-bitten Mare, vpon his backe a riding coate of fine greene cloth, vvelted with tawny Veluet, with a Hunters cap of the same; his Mares furniture was for the field, and after the Genet fashion, of the said tawny and greene, he wore a Moorish Semiter, hanging at a broad Belt of greene and gold, his buskins were wrought with the same that his belt was, his spurs were not gilt, but layd on with a greene varnish, so smooth and burnisht, that they were more suteable to the rest of his clothes, then if they had beene of beaten gold. Comming neere, he saluted them courteously, and spurring his Mare, rode on: But *Don Quixote* said to him, Gallant, if you goe our way, and your haste be not great, I should take it for a fauour that wee might ride together. Truly Sir, said he with the Mare, I should not ride from you, but that I feare your horse will bee vnruly with the company of my Mare. You may wel, Sir (said *Sancho*) you may well reyne in your Mare: for our horse is the honestest and manerliest horse in the world; he is neuer vnruly vpon these occasions; and once when hee flew out, my Master and I payd for it with a witnesse. I say againe, you may stay if you please, for although your Mare were giuen him betweene two dishes, he would not looke at her.

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The Passenger held in his reines, wondring at *Don Quixotes* countenance and posture, who was now without his helmet, for *Sancho* carried it in a Cloke-bag at the pummell of Dapples pack-saddle: and if hee in the Greene did much looke at *Don Quixote*, *Don Quixote* did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth; his age shewed him to bee about fifty, hauing few gray haires, his face was somewhat sharp, his countenance of an equall temper: Lastly, in his fashion and posture, hee seemed to be a man of good quality. His opinion of *Don Quixote* was, that hee had neuer seene such a kinde of man before; the lanknesse of his horse, the talnesse of his owne body, the sparenesse and palenesse of his face made him admire; his armes, his gesture and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not beene seene (many ages before) in that Countrey.

Don Quixote noted well with what attention the Traueller beheld him, and in his suspence read his desire, and being so courteous and so great a friend, to giue all men content, before he demanded him any thing, to preuent him, he sayd: This outside of mine that you haue seene, Sir, because it is so rare and different frō others now in vse, may (no doubt) haue bred some wonder in you: which you will cease, when I shall tell you, as now I doe, that I am a Knight, one of those (as you would say) that seeke their fortunes. I went out of my Countrey, engaged mine estate, left my pleasure, committed my selfe to the Armes of Fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. My desire was to raise againe the dead Knight Errantry, and long agoe stumbling heere, and falling there, casting my selfe headlong in one place, and rising vp in another, I haue accomplished a great part of my desire, succouring Widdowes, defending Damozels, fauouring married women, Orphans, and distressed children (the proper & naturall office of Knights Errant) so that by my many valiant and Christian exployts, I haue merited to be in the Presse, in all or most nations of the world: thirty thousand volumes of my History haue beene printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if Heauen permit. Lastly, to shut vp all in a word, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called, *The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance*: And though one should not

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praiſe himſelfe, yet I muſt needs doe it, that is, there being none preſent that may doe it for me: ſo that, kinde Gentle-man, neither this horſe, this lance, nor this ſhield, nor this Squire, nor all theſe armes together, nor the paleneſſe of my face, nor my ſlender macilency, ought henceforward to admire you, you knowing now who I am, and the profeſſion I maintaine.

This ſayd, *Don Quixote* was ſilent, and hee with the greene Coat was a great while ere he could anſwer, as if hee could not hit vpon't: but after ſome pauſe, hee ſayd: You were in the right, Sir Knight, in knowing, by my ſuſpenſion, my deſire: but yet you haue not quite remooued my admiration, which was cauſed with ſeeing you, for although that, as you ſay, Sir, that to know who you are, might make me leaue wondring, it is otherwiſe, rather ſince now I know it, I am in more ſuſpence and wonderment. And is it poſſible, that at this day there bee Knights Errant in the world? And that there bee true Hiſtories of Knight-hood printed? I cannot perſwade my ſelfe, that there are any now that fauour widowes, defend Damozels, honour married women, or ſuccor Orphans, & I ſhould neuer haue beleeued it, if I had not in you beheld it with mine eyes: Bleſſed be Heauens; for with this Hiſtory you ſpeake of, which is printed of your true and lofty Chiualry, thoſe innumerable falſities of fained Knights Errant will be forgotten, which the world was full of; ſo hurtfull to good education, and preiudiciall to true Stories.

There is much to be ſpoken (quoth *Don Quixote*) whether the Hiſtories of Knights Errant were fained or true. Why, is there any that doubts (ſayd he in the Greene) that they bee not falſe? I doe (ſayd *Don Quixote*) and let it ſuffice, for if our iourney laſt, I hope in God to let you ſee, that you haue done ill, to bee led with the ſtreame of them that hold they are not true. At this laſt ſpeech of *Don Quixote*, the Traueller ſuſpected hee was ſome Ideot, and expected when ſome others of his might confirme it: but before they ſhould be diuerted with any other diſcourſe, *Don Quixote* deſired to know who he was, ſince hee had imparted to him his condition and life: Hee in the Greene made anſwer; I, Sir *Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance*, am a

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Gentle-man

Gentle-man borne in a towne, where (God willing) wee ſhall dine to day: I am well to liue, my name is *Don Diego de Miranda*, I ſpend my life with my wife, and children, and friends: my ſports are hunting and fiſhing: but I haue neither Hawke nor Grey-hounds, onely a tame Cock-Partridge, or a murdering Ferret, ſome ſix doozen of bookes, ſome Spaniſh, ſome Latine, ſome Hiſtory, others Deuotion: your books of Knighthood haue not yet entred the threſhold of my doore, I do more turne ouer your prophane bookes then religious, if they be for honeſt recreation, ſuch as may delight for their language, & admire, & ſuſpend for their inuention, although in *Spaine* there be few of theſe. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, & otherwhiles inuite them: my meales are neat & handſome, & nothing ſcarce: I neither loue to back-bite my ſelfe, nor to heare others doe it: I ſearch not into other mens liues, or am a *Lynce* to other mens actions, I heare euery day a Maſſe, part my goods with the poore, without making a muſter of my good deeds, that I may not giue way to hypocriſie and vaine-glory to enter into my heart, enemies that eaſily ceaſe vpon the warieſt breſt: I ſtriue to make peace betweene ſuch as are at ods. I am deuoted to our bleſſed Lady, and alwayes truſt in Gods infinite mercy.

Sancho was moſt attentiue to this relation of the life and entertainements of this Gentle-man, which ſeeming to him to bee good and holy, and that he that led it, worked miracles, he flung himſelfe from Dapple, and in great haſte layd hold of his right ſtirrup, and with the teares in his eyes often kiſſed his feet: which being ſeene by the Gentle-man, hee asked him; What doe ye, Brother? Wherefore be theſe kiſſes?

Let me kiſſe (quoth *Sancho*:) for (me thinkes) your Worſhip is the firſt Saint, that in all the dayes of my life, I euer ſaw a horſe-backe. I am no Saint (ſayd he) but a great ſinner, you indeed, Brother, are, and a good ſoule, as your ſimplicity ſhewes you to be. *Sancho* went againe to recouer his pack-ſaddle, hauing (as it were) brought into the market-place his Maſters laughter out of a profound melancholy, and cauſed a new admiration in *Don Diego*.

Don Quixote asked him how many ſonnes hee had: who

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told him, that one of the things in which the Philosophers *Summum Bonum* did consist (who wanted the true knowledge of God) was in the goods of Nature, in those of Fortune, in having many friends, and many and vertuous children. I, Sir *Don Quixote* (answered the Gentle-man) haue a sonne, whom if I had not, perhaps you would iudge mee more happy then I am, not that he is so bad, but because not so good as I would haue him: he is about eighteen yeers of age, six of which he hath spent in *Salamanca*, learning the tongues Greeke & Latin, and when I had a purpose that he should fall to other Sciences, I found him so besotted with Poesie, and that Science (if so it may bee called) that it is not possible to make him looke vpon the Law (which I would haue him study) nor Diuinity the Queene of all Sciences. I would he were the crowne of all his linage, since wee liue in an age, wherein our King doth highly reward good learning: for learning without goodnesse, is like a pearle cast in a Swines snowt: all the day long hee spends in his Criticisines, whether *Homer* sayd well or ill in such a verse of his Iliads, whether *Martial* were bawdy or no in such an Epigram, whether such or such a verse in *Virgil* ought to be vnderstood this way or that way. Indeed, all his delight is in these aforesayd Poets, & in *Horace*, *Persius*, *Iuuenal*, and *Tibullus*; but of your moderne writers he makes small account: yet for all the grudge he beares to moderne Poesie, hee is mad vpon your catches, and your glossing vpon foure verses, which were sent him from *Salamanca*, and that I thinke is his true study.

To all which, *Don Quixote* answered; Children, Sir, are pieces of the very entrailes of their Parents, so let them bee good or bad, they must loue them, as wee must loue our spirits that giue vs life: It concernes their Parents to direct them from their infancie in the paths of vertue, of good manners, and good and Christian exercises, that when they come to yeeres, they may be the staffe of their age, and the glory of their posterity: and I hold it not so proper, to force them to study this or that Science, though to perswade them were not amisse, and though it be not to study to get his bread (the Student being so happy, that God hath giuen him Parents able to leaue him well) mine opinion

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should.

should bee, that they let him follow that kinde of study hee is most inclined to, and though that of Poetry be lesse profitable then delightfull, yet it is none of those, that will dishonour the Professour.

Poetry, Signior, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, young & most beautifull, whom many other virgins, to wit, all the other Sciences, are to enrich, polish, and adorne, she is to be serued by them all, and all are to bee authorized by her: but this Virgin will not bee handled and hurried vp and downe the streets, nor published in euery market-nooke, nor Court-corners. Shee is made of a kind of Alchymie, that he that knowes how to handle her, will quickly turne her into the purest gold of inestimable value, he that enioyeth her, must hold her at distance, not letting her lash out in vncleane Satyrs, nor in dull Sonnets, she must not by any meanes bee vendible, except in Heroyke Poems, in lamentable Tragedies, or pleasant and artificiall Comedies: Shee must not be meddled with by Iesters, nor by the Ignorant vulgar, vncapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures that are locked vp in her; & think not, Sir, that I call here only the common people vulgar, for whosoeuer is ignorant, be he Potentate or Prince, he may and must enter into the number of the vulgar: so that hee who shall handle and esteeme of Poetry with these Requisites I haue declared, he shall be famous, and his name shall be extolled in all the Politique nations of the world.

And wheras, Sir, you say your sonne neglects moderne Poesie, I perswade my selfe he doth not well in it, and the reason is this: Great *Homer* neuer wrote in Latine, because he was a Grecian; nor *Virgil* in Greeke, because he was a Latine: Indeed all your ancient Poets wrote in the tongue which they learnt from their cradle, and sought not after strange languages to declare their lofty conceits. Which being so, it were reason this custom should extend it selfe thorow all nations, and that your *German* Poet should not be vnder-valued, because hee writes in his language, nor the *Castilian*, or *Biscayner*, because they write in theirs. But your sonne (as I suppose) doth not mislike moderne Poesie, but Poets that are meerely moderne, without knowledge of other tongues, or Sciences, that may adorne, rowze vp,

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and ſtrengthen their natural impulſe, & yet in this there may be an errour. For it is a true opinion, that a Poet is borne ſo, the meaning is, a Poet is naturally borne a Poet from his mothers wombe, and with that inclination that Heauen hath giuen him, without further ſtudy or Art, he compoſeth things, that verifie his ſaying that ſayd, *Eſt Deus in nobis, &c.*

Let mee alſo ſay, that the naturall Poet, that helps himſelfe with Art, ſhall bee much better, and haue the aduantage of that Poet, that onely out of his Art ſtriues to be ſo: the reaſon is, becauſe Art goes not beyond Nature, but onely perfects it, ſo that Nature and Art mixt together, and Art with Nature, make an excellent Poet. Let this then be the ſcope of my diſcourſe, Sir, let your ſonne proceede whither his Starre cals him: for if he be ſo good a Student, as he ought to be, and haue happily mounted the firſt ſtep of the Sciences, which is the languages, with them (by himſelfe) hee will aſcend to the top of humane learning, which appeares as well in a Gentle-man, and doth as much adorne, honour, and en-noble him, as a Miter doth a Biſhop, or a looſe Caſſocke a Ciuilian. Chide your ſonne, if he write Satyrs that may preiudice honeſt men, puniſh him, and teare them: but if he make *Sermones*, like thoſe of *Horace*, to the reprehenſion of vice in generall, as he ſo elegantly did, then cheriſh him, for it is lawfull for a Poet to write againſt enuy, and to inueigh againſt enuious perſons in his verſe, and ſo againſt other vices, if ſo be he aime at no particular perſon: But you haue Poets, that in ſtead of vttering a ierke of wit, they will venter a being baniſhed to the Ilands of *Ponius*. If a Poet liue honeſtly, he will bee ſo in his verſes, the pen is the mindes tongue; as the conceits are, which be ingendred in it, ſuch will the writings be, & when Kings and Princes ſee the miraculous Science of Poeſie, in wiſe, vertuous, and graue Subiects, they honour, eſteeme, and enrich them, & euen crowne them with the leaues of that Tree, which the thunder-bolt offends not, in token that none ſhall offend them, that haue their temples honoured and adorned with ſuch crownes. The Gentle-man admired *Don Quixotes* diſcourſe, and ſo much, that now he forſooke his opinion he had of him, that he was a Coxcombe. But in the midſt of this diſcourſe,

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Sancho,

Sancho (that was vveary of it) went out of the way to beg a little milke of ſome ſhepheards not farre off, curing of their ſheepe: ſo the Gentleman ſtill maintained talke with *Don Quixote*, beeing vvonderfully taken and ſatisfied vvith his vviſe diſcourſe. But *Don Quixote* lifting vp ſodainly his eyes, ſaw that in the vvay toward them, there came a Cart full of the Kings Colours, and taking it to be ſome rare aduenture, hee called to *Sancho* for his Helmet. *Sancho* hearing himſelfe called on, left the ſhepheards, and ſpur'd Dapple apace, and came to his Maſter, to whom a raſh and ſtupendious aduenture happened.

CHAP. XVII.

Where is ſhewed the laſt and extremeſt hazard, to which the vnheard of courage of Don Quixote *did or could arriue, with the proſperous accompliſhment of the aduenture of the Lyons.*

THE Hiſtorie ſayes, that vvhen *Don Quixote* called to *Sancho*, to bring him his Helmet, he vvas buying curds vvhich the Shepheards ſold him; and being haſtily layd at by his Maſter, he knew not vvhat to doe vvith them, or how to beſtow them vvithout loſing them, for hee had payed for them; ſo hee bethought himſelfe, and clapt them into his Maſters Helmet, and this good order taken, hee vvent to ſee vvhat he vvould haue: who, vvhen he came, layd, Giue mee, friend, that ſame Helmet, for eyther I know not vvhat belongs to aduentures, or that I ſee yonder is one that vvill force mee to take Armes. Hee of the greene coat that heard this, turned his eyes euery vvay, and ſaw nothing but a Cart that came toward them, vvith two or three ſmall flags, vvhich made him thinke that the ſaid Cart carried the Kings money, and ſo he told *Don Quixote*: but he beleeued him not, alwaies thinking that euery thing hee ſaw, vvas aduenture vpon aduenture: ſo hee anſwered the Gentleman, He that is vvarn'd, is halfe arm'd: there is nothing loſt in being prouided; for I know by experience, that I haue ene-

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mies visible and inuisible, and I know not vvhen, nor vvhere, nor at vvhat time, or in vvhat shape they vvill set vpon me: and turning to *Sancho*, hee demanded his Helmet, vvho vvanting leysure to take the Curds out, was forced to giue it him as it vvas. *Don Quixote* tooke it, and not perceiuing vvhat vvas in it, clapt it sodainly vpon his head; and as the Curds were squeezed and thrust together, the whay began to runne downe *Don Quixotes* face and beard; at vvhich he vvas in such a fright, that he cryed out to *Sancho*, What ailes me, *Sancho*? for me-thinkes my skull is softned, or my braines melt, or that I sweat from top to toe; and if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for feare, I beleeue certainely that I am like to haue a terrible aduenture of this; giue mee something (if thou hast it) to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blindes me. *Sancho* was silent and gaue him a cloth, and with it thankes to God, that his Master felt not into the businesse. *Don Quixote* wiped himselfe, and tooke off his Helmet to see what it was, that (as hee thought) did benumme his head, and seeing those white splatches in his helmet, hee put vm to his nose, and smelling to them, said, By my Mistresse *Dulcinea del Toboso's* life, they are Curds that thou hast brought me heere, thou base traitor, and vnmannerly Squire. To which *Sancho* very cunningly, and vvith a great deale of pawse, answered. If they be curds, giue them me, pray, and Ile eate vm: but let the Deuill eat vm, for he put vm there. Should I be so bold as to foule your worships Helmet? and there you haue found (as I told you) who did it. In faith Sir, as sure as God liues, I haue my Enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant haue put that filth there, to stirre you vp to choller, and to make you bang my sides (as you vse to doe.) Well, I hope this time they haue lost their labour, for I trust in my Masters discretion, that he will consider, that I haue neyther Curds, nor milke, nor any such thing; for if I had, I had rather put it in my stomacke, then in the Helmet: All this may be (said *Don Quixote*.)

The Gentleman obserued all, and wondred, especially when *Don Quixote*, after hee had wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapt it on againe, fetling himselfe well in his stirrops, searching

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ching for his ſword, & graſping his Launce, he cried out: Now come on't what will, for here I am, with a courage to meet Satan himſelfe in perſon.

By this, the Cart with the flags drew neere, in which there came no man but the Carter with his Mules, and another vpon the formoſt of them. *Don Quixote* put himſelfe forward, and asked; Whither goe ye, my maſters? what Cart is this? what doe you carry in it? and what colours be theſe? To vvhich the Carter anſwered, The Cart is mine, the Carriage is two fierce Lyons caged vp, which the Generall of *Oran* ſends to the King at Court for a Preſent: theſe Colours be his Maieſties, in ſigne that what goes here is his. And are the Lyons bigge, ſayd *Don Quixote*? So bigge (ſaid he that went toward the Cart doore) that there neuer came bigger out of *Africa* into *Spaine*, and I am their keeper, and haue carried others, but neuer any ſo big: they are Male and Female, the Male is in this firſt grate, the Female in the hindermoſt, and now they are hungry, for they haue not eat to day, and therefore I pray Sir giue vs way; for we had needs come quickly where wee may meate them. To which (quoth *Don Quixote* ſmiling a little) Your Lyon whelps to me? to me your Lyon whelps? and at this time of day? Well, I vow to God, your Generall that ſends vm this way ſhall know, whether I be one that am afraid of Lyons. Alight, honeſt fellow, and if you be the Keeper, open their Cages, and let me your beaſts forth; for I'le make vm know in the middeſt of this Champian, who *Don Quixote* is, in ſpight of thoſe Enchanters that ſent vm. Fye, fye, (ſaid the Gentleman at this inſtant to himſelfe) our Knight ſhewes very well what he is, the Curds haue ſoftned his skull, and ripened his braines. By this *Sancho* came to him and ſayd; for Gods loue handle the matter ſo, Sir, that my Maſter meddle not with theſe Lyons; for if he doe, they'l worry vs all. Why, is your Maſter ſo madde (quoth the Gentleman) that you feare, or beleeue hee vvill fight vvith vvilde beaſts? Hee is not mad, ſayd *Sancho*, but hardy. Ile make him otherwiſe, ſaid the Gentleman; and comming to *Don Quixote*, that was haſtening the Keeper to open the Cages, ſayd, Sir Knight, Knights Errant ought to vndertake aduentures, that may giue a likeli-

hood of ending them well, and not such as are altogether desperate: for valour grounded vpon rashnesse, hath more madnesse then fortitude. How much more, these Lyons come not to assayle you, they are carried to bee presented to his Maiesty, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their iourney. Pray get you gone, gentle Sir (quoth *Don Quixote*) & deale with your tame Partridge, and your murdring Ferret, and leaue euery man to his function: this is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these Lyons come against me or no: so turning to the Keeper, he cried: [a] By this — goodman slaue, if you doe not forthwith open the Cage, Ile nayle you with my Launce to your Cart. The Carter that perceiued the resolution of that armed Vision, told him, Seignior mine, will you be pleased in charity to let me vnyoke my Mules, and to put my selfe and them in safety, before I vnsheath my Lyons? for if they should kill them, I am vndone all dayes of my life, for I haue no other liuing but this Cart & my Mules. Oh thou wretch of little Faith (quoth *Don Quixote*) light, and vnyoke, and doe what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou mightest haue saued a labour. The Carter alighted, and vnyoaked hastily, and the keeper cryed out aloud, Beare witnesse, my Masters all, that I am forced against my will to open the Cages, and to let loose the Lyons, and that I protest to this Gentleman, that all the harme and mischiefe that these Beasts shall doe, light vpon him, besides that he pay mee my wages and due. Shift you sirs for your selues, before I open, for I am sure they'l doe mee no hurt. The Gentleman perswaded him the second time, that he should not attempt such a piece of madnesse; for such a folly was to tempt God.

a *Voto al.* When hee would seeme to sweare, but sweares by nothing.

To which *Don Quixote* answered, that he knew what he did. The Gentleman replyde, That he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceiued. Well, Sir, (sayd *Don Quixote*) if you will not be a spectator of this (which you thinke Tragedy) pray spurre your Flea-bitten, and put your selfe in safety. Which when *Sancho* heard, with teares in his eyes, he beseeched him to desist from that enterprize, in comparison of which, that of the Winde-Mils was Cakebread, and that fearefull one also of the Fulling-Mill, or all the exployts that euer he had done in his life.

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Looke

Looke ye, Sir (ſaid *Sancho*) heere's no Enchantment, nor any ſuch thing; for I haue looked thorow the grates and chinkes of the Cages, and haue ſeene a clawe of a true Lyon, by vvhich clawe I gheſſe the Lyon is as big as a mountaine.

Thy feare at leaſt (ſayd *Don Quixote*) will make him as bigge as halfe the world. Get thee out of the way, *Sancho*, and leaue me, and if I die in the place, thou knoweſt our agreement, repayre to *Dulcinea*, and that's enough.

To theſe hee added other reaſons, by which hee cut off all hope of his leauing the proſecution of that fooliſh enterprize.

Hee of the Greene coate would haue hindered him, but hee found himſelfe vnequally matched in weapons, and thought it no wiſedome to deale with a mad-man; for now *Don Quixote* appeared no otherwiſe to him, who haſtning the Keeper afreſh, and reiterating his threats, made the Gentleman ſet ſpurs to his Mare, & *Sancho* to his Dapple, and the Carter to his Mules, each of them ſtriuing to get as farre from the Cart as they could, before the Lyons ſhould be vnhampered.

Sancho bewailed his Maſters loſſe; for he beleeued certainely that the Lyon would catch him in his pawes, he curſed his fortune, and the time that euer hee came againe to his Maſters ſeruice. But for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple, to make him get farre enough from the Cart.

The Keeper, when he ſaw thoſe that fledde farre enough off, began anew to require and intimate to *Don Quixote*, what hee had formerly done: who anſwered, That hee heard him, and that hee ſhould leaue his intimations; for all was needleſſe, and that he ſhould make haſte.

Whileſt the Keeper was opening the firſt Cage, *Don Quixote* began to conſider, whether it were beſt to fight on foot, or on horſebacke: And at laſt he determined it ſhould be on foot, fearing that *Rozinante* would bee afraid to looke vpon the Lyons: and thereupon hee leap'd from his horſe, caſt by his Launce, buckled his Shield to him, and vnſheathed his ſword faire and ſoftly; with a maruellous courage and valiant heart, he marched toward the Cart, recommending himſelfe firſt to God, and then to his Lady *Dulcinea*.

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And

And heere is to be noted, that when the Author of the true Hiſtory came to this paſſage, hee exclaimes and cries, O ſtrong (and beyond all compariſon) couragious *Don Quixote*! thou Looking-glaſſe, in which all the valiant Knights of the World may behold themſelues: thou new and ſecond *Don Manuel de Leon*, who was the honor and glory of the Spaniſh Knights: with what words ſhall I recount this fearefull exployt? or with what arguments ſhall I make it credible to enſuing times? or what praiſes will not fit and ſquare with thee? though they may ſeeme *Hyperboles* aboue all *Hyperboles*? Thou on foot, alone, vndanted and magnanimous, with thy ſword onely, and that none of your cutting Foxe-blades, with a Shield, not of bright and ſhining ſteele, expecteſt and attendeſt two of the fierceſt Lyons that euer were bred in African woods. Let thine owne deeds extoll thee, braue *Manchegan*: for I muſt leaue vm here abruptly, ſince I want words to endeere them.

Heere the Authors exclamation ceaſed, and the thred of the ſtory went knitting it ſelfe on, ſaying:

The Keeper ſeeing *Don Quixote* in his poſture, and that hee muſt needs let looſe the Male Lyon, on paine of the bold Knight his indignation, he ſet the firſt Cage wide open, where the Lyon (as is ſaide) was, of an extraordinary bigneſſe, fearefull and vgly to ſee to. The firſt thing he did, was to tumble vp and downe the cage, ſtretch one pawe, and rowſe himſelfe, forthwith he yawned, & gently ſneezed, then with his tongue ſome two handfuls long, he licked the duſt out of his eyes, and waſhed his face, which done, he thruſt his head out of the Cage, and looked round about him, with his eyes like fire coales: a ſight and geſture able to make Temerity it ſelfe afraid. Onely *Don Quixote* beheld him earneſtly, and wiſhed he would leape out of the Cart, that they might grapple, for hee thought to ſlice him in pieces. Hitherto came the extreme of his not-heard-of madneſſe: but the generous Lyon, more courteous then arrogant, neglecting ſuch childiſhneſſe, and *Brauados*, after hee had looked round about him (as is ſaid) turned his backe, and ſhewed his tayle to *Don Quixote*, and very quietly lay downe againe in the Cage. Which *Don Quixote* ſeeing, he commanded the Keeper

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per to giue him two or three blowes, to make him come forth. No, not I (quoth the Keeper) for if I vrge him, I shall bee the first he will teare in pieces. I pray you, Sir Knight, be contented with your daies worke, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The Lyons doore was open, hee might haue come out if he would; but since hee hath not hitherto, he will not come forth all this day. You haue well shewed the stoutnesse of your courage: no braue Combatant (in my opinion) is tyed to more, then to defie his Enemy, and to expect him in field; and if his contrary come not, the disgrace is his, and he that expected, remaines with the prize.

True it is (answered *Don Quixote*) friend, shut the doore, and giue me a certificate in the best forme that you can, of what you haue seene me doe here: to wit, That you opened to the Lyon, that I expected him, and hee came not out; that I expected him againe, yet all would not doe, but hee lay downe. I could doe no more. Enchantments, auant, God maintaine right and truth, and true Chiualrie: shut (as I bad you) whilest I make signes to them that are fledde, that they may know this exployt from thy relation. The Keeper obeyed, and *Don Quixote* putting his handkerchiefe on the poynt of his Launce, with which hee had wiped the Curd-showre from off his face, he began to call those that fledde, and neuer so much as looked behinde them, all in a troope, and the Gentleman the foreman: but *Sancho* seeing the white cloth, said, Hang mee, if my Master haue not vanquished the wilde beasts, since he calls vs. All of them made a stand, and knew it was *Don Quixote* that made the signe. So lessening their feare, by little and little they drew neere him, till they could plainely heare that he called them. At length they returned to the Cart, & *Don Quixote* said to the Carter; Yoake your Mules againe, Brother, and get you on your way: and *Sancho*, giue him two pistolets in gold, for him and the Lyon-keeper, in recompence for their stay. With a very good will, (said *Sancho*) but what's become of the Lyons? are they aliue or dead? Then the Keeper faire and softly began to tell them of the bickering, extolling, as well as he could, *Don Quixotes* valour, at whose sight the Lyon trembling, would not, or durst not sallie from the

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Cage, although the dore were open a pretty while, and that because hee had told the Knight, that to prouoke the Lyon, was to tempt God, by making him come out by force (as he would that hee should be prouoked in spight of his teeth, and against his will) he suffered the doore to be shut. What thinke you of this, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*?) Can Enchantment now preuaile against true Valour? Well may Enchanters make mee vnfortunate, but 'tis impossible they should bereaue mee of my valour.

Sancho bestowed the Pistolets, and the Carter yoaked, the Keeper tooke leaue of *Don Quixote*, and thanked him for his kindnesse, and promised him to relate his valerous exploit to the King himselfe, when hee came to Court. Well, if his Maiesty chance to aske who it was that did it, tell him, *The Knight of the Lyons*: for henceforward, I will that my name be trucked, exchanged, turned and changed now, from that I had of *The Knight of the sorrowfull Countenance*; and in this I follow the ancient vse of Knights Errant, that would change their names when they pleased, or thought it conuenient.

The Cart went on it's way, and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and he in the greene, held on theirs. In all this while, *Don Diego de Miranda* spoke not a word, being busied in noting *Don Quixotes* speeches and actions, taking him to bee a wise mad-man, or a mad-man that came somewhat neere a wise-man. Hee knew nothing as yet of the first part of his History, for if hee had read that, he would haue left admiring his words and deeds, since he might haue knowne the nature of his madnesse: but for hee knew it not, he held him to be wise and mad by fits; for what hee spoke, was consonant, elegant, and well deliuered: but his actions were foolish, rash, and vnaduised: and (thought hee to himselfe) What greater madnesse could there be, then to clap on a helmet full of Curds, and to make vs beleeue that Enchanters had softned his skull? or what greater rashnesse or foppery, then venture forcibly to venter vpon Lyons? *Don Quixote* drew him from these imaginations, saying, Who doubts, *Seignior Don Diego de Miranda*, but that you will hold me in your opinion for an idle fellow, or a mad man: and no maruell that I be held so; for my actions

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actions testifie no lesse: for all that, I would haue you know, that I am not so mad, or so shallow as I seeme. It is a braue sight to see a goodly Knight in the midst of the Market-place before his Prince, to giue a thrust with his Launce to a fierce Bull. And it is a braue sight to see a Knight armed in shining armour passe about the Tilt-yard at the cheerefull Iusts before the Ladies; and all those Knights are a braue sight that in Military exercises (or such as may seeme so) doe entertaine, reuiue, and honour their Princes Courts: but aboue all these, a Knight Errant is a better sight, that by Desarts and Wildernesses, by crosse-waies and Woods, & Mountaines, searcheth after dangerous Aduentures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, only to obtaine glorious and lasting Fame. A Knight Errant (I say) is a better sight, succouring a widdow in some Desart, then a Court Knight courting some Damozell in the City. All Knights haue their particular exercises: Let the Courtier serue Ladies, authorize his Princes Court with liueries, sustaine poore Gentlemen at his Table, appoint Iusts, maintaine Tourneyes, shew himselfe noble, liberall, and magnificent, and aboue all, Religious, and in these he shal accomplish with his obligation. But for the Knight Errant, let him search the corners of the world, enter the most intricate Labyrinths, euery foote vndertake Impossibles, and in the Desarts and Wildernesse: let him resist the Sunne-beames in the midst of Summer, and the sharpe rigor of the windes and frosts in Winter: Let not Lyons fright him, nor spirits terrifie him, nor Hobgoblins make him quake: for to seeke these, to set vpon them, and to ouercome all, are his prime exercises. And since it fell to my lot to bee one of the number of these Knights Errant, I cannot but vndergoe all that I think comes vnder the iurisdiction of my profession. So that the encountring those Lyons did directly belong to me, though I knew it to be an exorbitant rashnesse; for well I know, that valour is a vertue betwixt two vicious extremes, as cowardise and rashnesse: but it is lesse dangerous for him that is valiant, to rise to a point of rashnesse, then to fall or touch vpon the Coward. For as it is more easie for a prodigall man to be liberall, then a couetous, so it is easier for a rash man to be truely valiant, then a Coward to come

to

(c) In Spaine they vse with horse-men & foot-men to course their Bulls to death in the Market places.

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to true valour. And touching the on-set in Aduentures, beleeue mee *Signior Don Diego*, it is better playing a good trumpe then a small, for it sounds better in the hearers eares. Such a Knight is rash and hardy, then, such a Knight is fearefull and cowardly.

I say, *Signior* (answered *Don Diego*) that all that you haue said and done is leuelled out by the line of Reason, and I thinke if the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry were lost, they might be found again in your breast, as in their own Store-house and Register, and so let vs haste, for the day growes on vs, let vs get to my village and house, where you shall ease your selfe of your former labour; which, though it haue not beene bodily, yet it is mentall, which doth often redound to the bodies weariesse. I thanke you for your kinde offer, *Signior* (quoth *Don Quixote*) and spurring on faster, about two of the clocke they came to the Village, and *Don Diego's* house, whom *Don Quixote* stiled, *The Knight of the greene Cassocke*.

CHAP. XVIII.

What happened to Don Quixote *in the Castle, or Knight of the Greene Cassocke his house, with other extrauagant matters.*

Don Quixote perceiued that *Don Diego de Miranda's* house was spacious, after the Country manner, and his Armes (though of course stone) vpon the dore towards the streete, his wine-celler in the Court, his other sellar or vault in the entry, with many great stone vessels round about, that were of *Toboso*, which renued the remembrance of his enchanted and transformed Mistresse *Dulcinea*, so sighing, & not minding who was by, he said,

b *O happy pledges, found out to my losse,*
Sweet, and reuiuing, when the time was once.

b *O dulces prendas.* A beginning of a Sonnet in *Diana de Monte Mayor*, which *D. Q.* heere raps out vpon sodaine.

Oh you *Tobosian Tunnes*, that bring to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitternesse. The Scholler Poet, son to *Don Diego*, that came out with his Mother to welcome him, heard

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heard him pronounce this, and the mother and sonne were in some suspence at the strange shape of *Don Quixote*, who alighting from *Rozinante*, very courteously desired to kisse her hands: And *Don Diego* sayd; I pray, wife, give your wonted welcome to this Gentle-man, *Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha*, a Knight Errant, and the valiantest and wisest in the world.

The Gentle-woman called *Donna Christina*, welcommed him very affectionately, and with much courtesie, which *Don Quixote* retorted with many wise and mannerly complements, and did (as it were) vse the same ouer againe to the Scholler, who hearing *Don Quixote* speake, tooke him to bee wondrous wise and witty. Heere the Author paints out vnto vs all the circumstances of *Don Diego* his house, deciphering to vs all that a Gentle-man and a rich Farmers house may haue: but it seemed good to the Translator, to passe ouer these and such like trifles, because they suited not with the principall scope of this History, the which is more grounded vpon truth, then vpon bare digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a Hall, *Sancho* vn-armed him, so that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a Chamois doubler, all smudged with the filth of his Armour, about his necke he wore a little Scholasticall band vnstarcht, and without lace, his buskins were Date-coloured, & his shooes close on each side, his good sword he girt to him, that hung at a belt of Sea-wolues skins, for it was thought he had the running of the reines many yeeres, hee wore also a long cloke of good russet-cloth: but first of all, in fiue or six kettles of water (for touching the quantity there is some difference) hee washed his head and his face, and for all that, the water was turned whey-colour, God a mercy on *Sancho's* gluttony, and the buying those dismall black curds, that made his Master so white with the aforesayd brauery, and with a spritely aire and gallantry, *Don Quixote* marched into another roome, where the Scholler stayed for him, to entertaine him till the cloth was layd, for the Mistris of the house, *Dona Christina*, meant to shew to her honourable guest, that shee knew how to make much of them that came to her house.

Whilest *Don Quixote* was dis-arming himselfe, *Don Lorenzo* had

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had leasure (for that was *Don Diego's* sonnes name) to aske his father; What doe you call this Gentle-man, Sir, that you haue brought with you? for his name, his shape, and your calling him Knight Errant, makes my mother and me wonder. Faith, sonne (quoth *Don Diego*) I know not what I should say to thee of him, onely I may tell thee, I haue seene him play the maddest prankes of any mad-man in the world, and speake againe speeches so wise, as blot out and vndoe his deeds; doe thou speake to him, and feele the pulse of his vnderstanding, and since thou art discreet, iudge of his discretion or folly as thou seest best, though to deale plainely with thee, I rather hold him to be mad then wise.

Hereupon *Don Lorenzo* (as is sayd) went to entertaine *Don Quixote*, and amongst other discourse that passed betwixt them, *Don Quixote* sayd to *Don Lorenzo*; *Signior Don Diego de Miranda*, your father, hath told me of your rare abilities and subtill wit, and chiefly that you are an excellent Poet. A Poet perhaps (replide *Don Lorenzo*) but excellent, by no meanes: true it is, that I am somewhat affectionated to Poesie, and to read good Poets: but not so, that I may deserue the name of excellent, that my father stiles me with. I doe not dislike your modesty (quoth *Don Quixote*) for you haue seldome times any Poet that is not arrogant, and thinkes himselfe to be the best Poet in the world. There is no rule (quoth *Don Lorenzo*) without an exception, and some one there is, that is so, and yet thinkes not so. Few (sayd *Don Quixote*:) but tell mee, Sir, what verses bee those that you haue now in hand, that your father sayes doe trouble and puzzle you? and if it be some kinde of glosse, I know what belongs to glossing, and should be glad to heare them: and if they bee of your verses for the Prize, content your selfe with the second reward: For the first goes alwayes by fauour, or according to the quality of the person, and the second is iustly distributed, so that the third comes (according to this account) to be the second, and the first the third, according to degrees that are giuen in Vniuersities: but for all that, the word first is a great matter.

De insta literaria: A custome in Vniuersities in Spaine, of rewards proposed to them that make the best verses.

Hitherto (thought *Don Lorenzo* to himselfe) I cannot thinke

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thee

thee mad: proceed wee: and hee ſayd; It ſeemes, Sir, you haue frequented the Schooles, what Sciences haue you heard? That of Knight Errantry (quoth *Don Quixote*) which is as good as your Poetry, and ſomewhat better. I know not what Science that is (quoth *Don Lorenzo*) neither hath it, as yet comne to my notice. Tis a Science (quoth *Don Quixote*) that containes in it all, or moſt of the Sciences of the world, by reaſon that he who profeſſes it, muſt be skilfull in the Lawes, to know Iuſtice Diſtributiue and Commutatiue, to giue euery man his owne, and what belongs to him: he muſt be a Diuine, to know how to giue a reaſon cleerly and diſtinctly of his Chriſtian profeſſion, wherſoeuer it ſhall be demanded him: hee muſt bee a Phyſician, and chiefly an Herbaliſt, to know in a wilderneſſe or Deſart, what hearbs haue vertue to cure wounds: for your Knight Errant muſt not bee looking euery piſſing-while who ſhall heale him: He muſt be an Aſtronomer, to know in the night by the ſtarres what a clock tis, and in what part & Climate of the world he is: He muſt be skilfull in the Mathematikes, becauſe euery foot he ſhal haue need of them: And to let paſſe, that he muſt be adorned with all diuine and morall vertues; deſcending to other trifles, I ſay, he muſt learne to ſwimme (as they ſay) fiſh *Nicholas*, or *Nicolao* did: Hee muſt know how to ſhoo a horſe, to mend a ſaddle or bridle: And comming againe to what went before, hee muſt ſerue God and his Miſtris inuiolably, he muſt be chaſte in his thoughts, honeſt in his words, liberall in his deedes, valiant in his actions, patient in afflictions, charitable towards the poore, and laſtly, a Defender of truth, although it coſt him his life for it. Of all theſe great and leſſer parts a good Knight Errant is compoſed, that you may ſee, *Signior Don Lorenzo*, whether it be a ſniueling Science that the Knight that learnes it profeſſeth, and whether it may not be equalled to the proudeſt of them all taught in the Schooles.

If it be ſo (ſayd *Don Lorenzo*) I ſay this Science goes beyond them all. If it be ſo (quoth *Don Quixote?*) Why, let mee tell you (ſayd *Don Lorenzo*) I doubt whether there be any Knights Errant now adorned with ſo many vertues. Oft haue I ſpoken (replide *Don Quixote*) that which I muſt now ſpeake agen, that

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the greateſt part of men in the world are of opinion, that there be no Knights Errant, and I thinke, if Heauen doe not miraculouſly let vm vnderſtand the truth, that there haue beene ſuch, and that at this day there be, all labour will be in vaine (as I haue often found by experience.) I will not now ſtand vpon ſhewing you your errour: all I will doe, is to pray to God to deliuer you out of it, and to make you vnderſtand, how profitable and neceſſary Knights Errant haue beene to the world in former ages, & alſo would be at preſent, if they were in requeſt: but now, for our ſinnes, ſloth, idleneſſe, gluttony, and wantonneſſe doe raigne. I'faith (thought *Don Lorenzo*) for this once our gheſt hath ſcaped me: but for all that, he is a liuely Aſſe, and I were a dull foole, if I did not beleeue it.

Heere they ended their diſcourſe, for they were called to dinner: *Don Diego* asked his ſonne, what triall he had made of their gheſts vnderſtanding: To which he made anſwer; All the Phyſicians and Scriueners in the world will not wipe out his madneſſe. He is a curious mad-man, and hath neat Dilemma's. To dinner they went, and their meat was ſuch as *Don Diego* vpon the way deſcribed it, ſuch as hee gaue to his gheſts, well dreſt, ſauory and plentifull: But that which beſt pleaſed *Don Quixote*, was the maruellous ſilence thorowout the whole houſe, as if it had beene a Couent of *Carthuſians*: So (that lifting vp his eyes, and grace being ſayd, and that they had waſhed hands) hee earneſtly entreated *Don Lorenzo* to ſpeake his Prize-verſes.

To which (quoth he) becauſe I will not be like your Poets, that when they are ouer-intreated, they vſe to make ſcruple of their workes, and when they are not intreated, they vomit vm out, I will ſpeake my gloſſe, for which I expect no reward, as hauing written them only to exerciſe my Muſe. A wiſe friend of mine (ſayd *Don Quixote*) was of opinion, that to gloſſe was no hard taske for any man, the reaſon being, that the Gloſſe could ne're come neere the Text, and moſt commonly the Gloſſe was quite from the Theame giuen; beſides that, the Lawes of gloſſing were too ſtrict, not admitting interrogations, of, *Sayd he?* or, *Shall I ſay?* Or changing Nounes into Verbes, without other ligaments and ſtrictneſſes to which the Gloſſor is tied,

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tyed, as you know. Certainely, Signior *Don Quixote* (ſaid *Don Lorenzo*) I deſire to catch you in an abſurdity, but cannot, for ſtill you ſlip from mee like an Eele. I know not (ſayd *Don Quixote*) what you meane by your ſlipping. You ſhall know my meaning (ſayd *Don Lorenzo*:) but for the preſent I pray you harken with attention to my gloſſed verſes, and to the Gloſſe, as for example.

If that my Was, *might turne to* Is,
If look't for't, then it comes compleat,
Oh might I ſay, Now, now time tis,
Our after-griefes may be too great.

The Gloſſe.

AS euery thing doth paſſe away,
So Fortunes good, that erſt ſhe gaue
Did paſſe, and would not with me ſtay,
Though ſhe gaue once all I could crane:
Fortune, 'tis long ſince thou haſt ſeene
Me proſtrate at thy feet (I wis)
I ſhall be glad (as I haue beene)
If that my Was, *returne to* Is.

The firſt verſe of the gloſſe.

Vnto no honour am I bent,
No Prize, Conqueſt, or Victorie,
But to returne to my content,
Whoſe thought doth grieue my memorie;
If thou to me doe it reſtore,
Fortune; the rigor of my heat
Allayd is, let it come, before
I looke for't, then it comes compleat.

The ſecond verſe.

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The third verse.

Impoſsibles doe I deſire
To make time paſt returne (in vaine)
No Pow'r on earth can once aſpire
(Paſt) to recall him backe againe,
Time doth goe, time runs and flies
Swiftly, his courſe doth neuer miſſe,
Hee's in an errour then that cries,
Oh might I ſay, Now, now time 'tis.

The fourth verſe.

I liue in great perplexitie,
Sometimes in hope, ſometimes in feare,
Farre better were it for to die,
That of my griefes I might get cleare;
For me to die 'twere better farre,
Let me not that againe repeat,
Feare ſayes, 'Tis better liue long: for
Our after griefes may be too great.

When *Don Lorenzo* had ended, *Don Quixote* ſtood vp and cried aloud, as if hee had ſcreecht, taking *Don Lorenzo* by the hand, and ſayd; Aſſuredly, generous youth, I thinke you are the beſt Poet in the world, and you deſerue the Lawrell, not of *Cyprus* or *Gaeta*, as a Poet ſayd (God forgiue him) but of *Athens*, if it were extant, *Paris*, *Bolonia*, and *Salamanca*: I would to God thoſe Iudges that would deny you the Prize, might bee ſhot to death with arrowes by *Phœbus*, and that the Muſes neuer come within their threſholds. Speake, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſome of your loftier verſes, that I may altogether feele the pulſe of your admirable wit.

How ſay you by this, that *Don Lorenzo* was pleaſed, when he heard himſelfe thus praiſed by *Don Quixote*, although he held him to be a mad-man? Oh power of flattery, how farre thou canſt extend, and how large are the bounds of thy pleaſing iuriſdiction! This truth was verified in *Don Lorenzo*, ſince hee

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condeſcended

condiſcended to *Don Quixotes* requeſt, ſpeaking this following Sonnet to him, of the Fable or Story of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

The wall was broken by the Virgin faire,
That op't the gallant breſt of Pyramus,
Loue parts from Cyprus, that he may declare
(Once ſeene) the narrow breach prodigious.
There nought but Silence ſpeakes, no voyce doth dare,
Thorow ſo ſtrait a ſtraight, be venturous;
Yet their mindes ſpeake, Loue workes this wonder rare,
Facilitating things moſt wonderous.

Deſire in her grew violent, and haſte
In the fond Mayd, in ſtead of hearts delight
Solicites death: See! now the Storie's paſt,
Both of them, in a moment (oh ſtrange ſight!)

One Sword, one Sepulcher, one Memorie,
Doth kill, doth couer, makes them neuer die.

Now thanked bee God (quoth *Don Quixote*, hauing heard this Sonnet) that amongſt ſo many conſumed Poets as be, I haue found one conſummate, as you are, Sir, which I perceiue by your well-framed Sonnet. *Don Quixote* remained foure dayes (being well entertained) in *Don Diego's* houſe, at the end of which he deſired to take his leaue, & thanked him for the kindneſſe and good welcome he had receiued: but becauſe it was not fit that Knights Errant ſhould bee too long idle, hee purpoſed to exerciſe his Function, and to ſeeke after Aduentures he knew of; for the place whither hee meant to goe to, would giue him plenty enough to paſſe his time with, till it were fit for him to goe to the Iuſts at *Saragoſa*, which was his more direct courſe: but that firſt of all he meant to goe to *Monteſino's* vault, of which there were ſo many admirable tales in euery mans mouth: ſo to ſearch and enquire the Spring and Origine of thoſe ſeuen Lakes,

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commonly called of *Ruydera*. *Don Diego* and his sonne commended his noble determination, and bid him furnish himselfe with what hee pleased of their house and wealth, for that hee should receiue it with all loue and good will; for the worth of his person, and his honourable profession obliged them to it.

To conclude, the day for his parting came, as pleasing to him, as bitter and sorrowfull to *Sancho*, who liked wondrous well of *Don Diego's* plentifull prouision, and was loth to returne to the hunger of the forrests and wildernesse, and to the hardnesse of his ill-furnisht wallets, notwithstanding hee filled and stuffed them with the best prouision he could. And *Don Quixote*, as he tooke his leane of *Don Lorenzo*, sayd; I know not, Sir, whether I haue told you heretofore, but though I haue, I tell you againe, that when you would saue a great deale of labor & paines, to arriue at the inaccessible top of *Fames* Temple, you haue no more to doe, but to leaue on one hand the straight and narrow path of Poesie, and to take the most narrow of Knight Errantry, sufficient to make you an Emperour, ere you would say, *What's this?*

With this Epilogue *Don Quixote* shut vp the Comedy of his madnesse, onely this he added: God knowes, I would willingly carry Signior *Don Lorenzo* with me, to teach him, what belongs to pardoning the humble, to curbing and restraining the proud; vertues annexed to my profession; but since his slender age is not capable, and his laudible enterprises will not permit him, I am onely willing to aduize you, that being a Poet, you may be famous, if you gouerne your selfe by other mens iudgements, more then by your owne; for you haue no parents that dislike their owne children, faire or foule, and this errour is more frequent in mens vnderstandings.

The Father and the Son afresh admired at *Don Quixotes* oft interposed reasons, some wise, some foolish, and at his obstinately being bent altogether vpon his vnlucky Aduentures, which hee aimed at, as the marke and end of his desire, they renewed againe their kinde offers and complements with him; but *Don Quixote* taking his leaue of the Lady of the Castle, mounted his *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* his Dapple; so they parted.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIX.

Of the Aduenture of the enamoured Shepheard, with other, indeed, pleasant Accidents.

Don Quixote vvas not gone far from *Don Diego's* towne, vvhen hee ouertooke two men that seemed to be Parsons, or Schollers, vvith two Husbandmen that vvere mounted vpon foure Asses. One of the Schollers had (as it were in a Portmantue) a piece of vvhite cloth for Scarlet, wrapped vp in a piece of greene Buckeram, and two payre of Cotton Stockings: the other had nothing but two Foiles, and a paire of Pumpes. The Husbandmen had other things, vvhich shewed they came from some Market Towne, vvhere they had bought them to carry home to their village: so as vvell the Schollers as the Husbandmen fell into the same admiration, that all they had done vvho first saw *Don Quixote*, and they longed to know vvhat manner of fellow he vvas, so different from all other men. *Don Quixote* saluted them, and after hee asked them vvhither they vvent, & that they had said they vvent his vvay, he offered them his company, and desired them to goe softlyer, for that their young Asses trauelled faster then his horse: and to oblige them the more, he told them vvho he vvas, and of his profession, that he was a Knight Errant, that he vvent to seeke Aduentures round about the vvorld. Hee told them his proper name vvas *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but his ordinary name, *The Knight of the Lyons*.

All this to the Husbandmen was Heathen Greek, or Pedlers French: but not to the Schollers, vvho straight perceiued the weakenesse of *Don Quixotes* braine: Notwithstanding they beheld him vvith great admiration and respect, and one of them said, Sir Knight, if you goe no set iourney, as they which seeke Aduentures seldome doe, I pray goe vvith vs, and you shall see one of the braueſt and most sumptuous mariages that euer vvas kept in the *Mancha*, or in many leagues round about. *Don Quixote* asked them if it were of any Prince (for so hee imagined.)

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ned.) No, Sir, (said hee) but betwixt a Farmer, and a Farmers daughter: he is the richest in all the Countrey, and she the fairest aliue. Their prouision for this marriage is new and rare, and it is to be kept in a medow neere the Brides towne. Shee is called, the more to set her out, *Quiteria* the faire, and he *Camacho* the rich: she is about eighteene yeeres of age, and he two & twenty, both vvell-mette, but that some nice people, that busie themselues in all mens linages, vvill say that the faire *Quiteria* is of better parentage then he: but that's nothing, riches are able to soulder all clefts. To say true, this *Chamacho* is liberall, and he hath longed to make an Arbor, and couer all the Medow on the Top, so that the Sunne vvill be troubled to enter to visit the greene hearbs vnderneath. He hath also certaine warlike Morrices, as vvell of swords, as little iyngling bels; for vvee haue those in the towne that will iangle them. For your foot-clappers I say nothing, you would wonder to see vm bestirre themselues: but none of these, nor others I haue told you of, are like to make this marriage so remarkeable, as the despised *Basilius*. This *Basilius* is a neighbouring swaine of *Quiteria's* Towne, vvhose house was next dore to her Fathers. From hence Loue tooke occasion to renew vnto the world, the long forgotten loues of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*; for *Basilius* loued *Quiteria* from a childe, and she answered his desires with a thousand louing fauors. So that it grew a common talke in the towne, of the loue betweene the two little ones. *Quiteria* began to grow to some yeeres, and her Father began to deny *Basilius* his ordinary accesse to the house; and to auoyd all suspition, purposed to marry her to the rich *Camacho*, not thinking it fit to marry her to *Basilius*, vvho vvas not so rich in Fortunes goods, as in those of the minde, (for to say truth without enuy) he is the actiuest youth we haue, a famous Barre-pitcher, an excellent Wrastler, a great Tennis-player, he runnes like a Deere, out-leapes a shee-goat, and playes at tenne pinnes miraculously, sings like a Larke, playes vpon a Gitterne as if he made it speake, and aboue all, fenceth as well as the best.

For that slight only (quoth *Don Quixote*) the youth deserues not onely to match with the faire *Quiteria*, but with Queene

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Ginebra

Ginebra her selfe, if she were now aliue, in spight of *Lanſarote*, and all that would gain-say it. There's for my wife now (quoth *Sancho* that had beene all this while silent) that would haue euery one marry vvith their equals, holding her selfe to the Prouerbe, that sayes; *Like to like* (*quoth the Deuill to the Collier.*) All that I desire, is, that honest *Basilius* (for me thinkes I loue him) were married to *Quiteria*, and God giue vm ioy (I was saying) those that go about to hinder the mariage of two that loue well. If all that loue well (quoth *Don Quixote*) should marry, Parents would lose the priuiledge of marying their children, when and with whom they ought; and if daughters might chuse their husbands, you should haue some would choose their fathers seruants, and others, any passenger in the street, whom they thought to be a lusty swaggerer, although hee were a cowardly Ruffian; for loue and affection doe easily blinde the eyes of the vnderstanding, which is onely fit to choose, and the state of Matrimony is a tickliſh thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and a particular fauour to be giuen from aboue to make it light happily.

Any man that would but vndertake some voyage, if hee be wise, before he is on his way, he will seeke him some good companion. And why should not he doe so, that must trauell all his life-time till he come to his resting-place, Death? and the rather if his company must be at bed, and at boord, and in all places, as the wines company must be with the Husband? Your wife is not a commodity like others, that is bought and sold, or exchang'd, but an inseparable accident, that lasts for terme of life. It is a nooze, that beeing fastned about the necke, turnes to a Gordian knot, which cannot be vndone but by Deaths sickle.

I could tell yee much more in this businesse, vvere it not for the desire I haue to be satisfied by Master Parson, if there be any more to come of *Basilius* his story. To vvhich hee answered, This is all, that from the instant that *Basilius* knew the fair *Quiteria* vvas to be maried to the rich *Camacho*, he vvas neuer seene to smile, or talke sensibly; and hee is alwaies sad and pensatiue, talkes to himselfe: an euident token that hee is distracted: eates little, sleepes much: all he eates, is fruites, and all his sleepe is in

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the fields, vpon the hard ground like a beast; now and then hee lookes vp to heauen, and sometimes casts his eyes downeward, so senselesse, as if hee were onely a statue clothed, and the very ayre strikes off his garments. In fine, he hath all the signes of a passionate heart, and we are all of opinion, that by that time *Quiteria* to morrow giues the, I, it vvill be the sentence of his death. God forbid (sayd *Sancho*) for God giues the vvound, and God giues the salue: no body knowes what may happen, 'tis a good many houres betweene this and to morrow, and in one houre, nay one minute, a house falls, and I haue seene the Sunne shine, and foule weather in an instant; one goes to bed sound at night, and stirres not the next morning: and pray tell me, is there any one here that can say he hath stayd the course of Fortunes great wheele? No truly, and betweene a womans I, and no, I would be loth to put a pins poynt; for it would hardly enter. Let mee haue Mistresse *Quiteria* loue *Basilius* with all her heart, and I'le giue him a bagge full of good lucke, for your loue (as I haue heard tell) lookes wantonly with eyes that make copper seeme gold, and pouerty riches, and filth in the eyes, pearles. Whither a plague run'st thou, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*?) vvhen thou goest threading on thy Prouerbs and thy flim-flams, *Iudas* him selfe take thee, cannot hold thee: Tell me, Beast, what knoweest thou of Fortune, or her wheele, or any thing else? Oh if you vnderstand me not, no maruell though my sentences be held for fopperies: well, I know vvhat I say, and know I haue not spoken much from the purpose: but you, Sir, are alwaies the Tourney to my words and actions. Attourney thou wouldest say, God confound thee, thou Preuaricator of language. Doe not you deale with me (said *Sancho*) since you know I haue not bin brought vp in Court, nor studied in *Salamanca*, to know whether I adde or diminish any of my syllables. Lord God, you must not thinke your [a] *Galizian* can speak like your *Toledonian*, & they neyther are not all so nimble. For matter of your Court-language (quoth the Parson) 'tis true; for they that are bred in the Tanner-rowes, and the [b] *Zocodoner*, cannot discourse like them that walke all day in the high Church-Cloysters; yet all are *Toledonians*, the language is pure, proper, and elegant, (indeed)

[a] One of that Prouince that speake a bastard language to the Spanish

[b] The market place so called in Toledo.

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deed) only in your discreet Courtiers, let them be borne where they will: Discreet I say, because many are otherwise, and discretion is the Grammar of good language, which is accompanied with practice: I Sir, I thanke God haue studied the Canons in Salamanca, and presume sometimes to yeeld a reason in plaine and significant termes. If you did not presume (said the other Scholler) more on your vling the foyles you carry, then your tongue, you might haue beene Senior in your degree, whereas now you are lagge. Looke you Bachelor (quoth the Parson) you are in the most erroneous opinion of the world, touching the skill of the weapon, since you hold it friuolous. Tis no opinion of mine (said *Corchuelo*) but a manifest truth, and if you will haue me shew it by experience, there you haue foyles commodious: I haue an arme, and strength, which together vvith my courage, which is not small, shall make you confesse I am not deceiued; alight and keepe your distance, your circles, your corners, and all your Science, I hope to make you see the starres at noone day with my skill, which is but moderne and meane, which though it be small, I hope to God the man is yet vnborn, that shall make mee turne my backe, and there is no man in the world, but I'le make him giue ground. For turning your backe said (said the Skilfull) I meddle not, though perhaps where you first set your foot, there your graue might be digged, I meane you might be killed for despising skill. That you shall try (said *Corchuelo*) and lighting hastily from his Asse, he snatched one of the swords that the Parson carried. Not so (sayd *Don Quixote* instantly) Ile be the Master of this Fence, and the Iudge of this vndecided controuersie, and lighting from *Rozinante*, and taking his Launce, he stepped betweene them till such time as the Parson had put himselfe into his Posture and distance against *Corchuelo*, who ranne (as you would say) darting fire out of his eyes. The two Husbandmen that were by, without lighting from their Asses, serued for spectators of the mortall Tragedy, the blowes, the stockados, your false thrusts, your back-blowes, your doubling-blowes, that came from *Corchuelo* were numberlesse, as thicke as hoppes, or haile, he layd on like an angry Lyon: but still the Parson gaue him a stopple for his mouth, with

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the

the button of his foyle, which ſtopped him in the midſt of his fury, and he made him kiſſe it, as if it had been a Relike, though not with ſo much deuotion as is due to them. In a word, the Parſon with pure Stocados told all the buttons of his Caſſocke which he had on, his skirts flying about him like a fiſhes tayle. Twice he ſtrooke off his hat, and ſo wearied him, that what for deſpight, vvhat for choller and rage, he tooke the ſword by the hilt, and flung it into the ayre ſo forcibly, that one of the huſbandmen that was by, who was a notary, and went for it, gaue teſtimony after, that he flung it almoſt three quarters of a mile; which teſtimony ſerues, and hath ſerued, that it may be knowne and really ſeene, that force is ouercome by Art.

Corchuelo ſate down being very weary, and *Sancho* comming to him, ſaid; Truely Sir Bachelor, if you take my aduice, hereafter challenge no man to fence, but to wraſtle, or throw the bar, ſince you haue youth and force enough for it; for I haue heard thoſe (that you call your Skilfull men) ſay, that they will thruſt the poynt of a ſword through the eye of a needle. I am gladde (quoth *Corchuelo*) that I came from my Aſſe, and that experience hath ſhewed me what I would not haue beleeued. So riſing vp, he embraced the Parſon, and they were as good friends as before. So, not ſtaying for the Notary that went for the ſword, becauſe they thought hee would tarry long, they reſolued to follow, and come betimes to *Quiteria's* Village, of whence they all were. By the way, the Parſon diſcourſes to vm, of the excellency of the Art of Fencing, with ſo many demonſtratiue reaſons, with ſo many figures and Mathematicall demonſtrations, that all were ſatisfied with the rareneſſe of the Science, and *Corchuelo* reduced from his obſtinacy.

It began to grow darke: but before they drew neere, they all ſaw a kinde of heauen of innumerable ſtarres before the Towne. They heard likewiſe, harmonious and confuſed ſounds of diuers Inſtruments, as Flutes, Tabers, Pſalteries, Recorders, hand-Drummes and Bells: and when they drew neere, they ſaw that the trees of an Arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the towne, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the winde, that then blew not, but was ſo gentle, that it ſcarce

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moued

moued the leaues of the trees. The Musicians were they that made the marriage more sprightly, who went two and two in companies, some dancing and singing, others playing vpon diuers of the aforesaid instruments: nothing but mirth ranne vp and downe the Medow, others were busied in raising skaffolds, that they might the next day see the representations and dances commodiously, dedicated to the marriage of the rich *Camacho*, and the Obsequies of *Basilius*.

Don Quixote would not enter the Towne, although the Husbandmen and the Bachelor entreated him: for he gaue a sufficient excuse for himselfe (as hee thought) that it was the custome of Knights Errant to sleepe in fields and forrests, rather then in habitations, though it were vnder golden roofes: so hee vvent a little out of the way, much against *Sancho's* will, who remembred the good lodging hee had in the Castle, or house of *Don Diego*.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Marriage of rich Camacho, *and the successe of poore* Basilius.

SCarse had the siluer morne giuen bright Phœbus leaue, with the ardour of his burning rayes, to dry the liquid pearles on his golden lockes, when *Don Quixote* shaking off sloth from his drowsie members, rose vp, and called *Sancho* his Squire, that still lay snorting: which *Don Quixote* seeing, before he could wake, he said, Oh happy thou aboue all that liue vpon the face of the earth, that without enuy, or being enuied, sleepest with a quiet brest, neyther persecuted by Enchanters, nor frighted by Enchantments. Sleepe, I say, once againe, nay an hundred times, sleepe: let not thy Masters iealousie keepe thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchfull, or how another day thou and thy small, but streightned family may liue, whom neither ambition troubles, nor the worlds vaine pompe doth weary, since the bounds

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of

of thy desires extend no further then to thinking of thine Asse; for, for thine owne person, that thou hast committed to my charge, a counterpoise and burden that Nature and Custome hath layd vpon the Masters. The seruant sleepes, and the Master wakes, thinking how he may maintaine, good him, and doe him kindnesses: the griefe that is, to see heauen obdurate in reiecuing the earth with seasonable moysture, troubles not the seruant, but it doth the Master, that must keepe in sterility and hunger, him that serued him in abundance and plenty.

Sancho answered not a word to all this, for hee was asleepe, neyther would hee haue awaked so soone, if *Don Quixote* had not made him come to himselfe with the little end of his Lance. At length he awaked, sleepy and drowsie, and turning his face round about, hee said, From this Arbor (if I bee not deceiued) there comes a steame and smell rather of good broyled rashers, then Time & Rushes: A marriage that begins with such smells, (by my Holidam) I thinke twill be braue and plentifull.

Away, Glutton (quoth *Don Quixote*) come and let vs go see it, and what becomes of the disdained *Basilius*. Let him doe what he will (said *Sancho*) were it not better that he were poore still, and married to *Quiteria*? There is no more in it, but let the Moone loose one quarter, and shee'l fall from the clouds; Faith, Sir, I am of opinion, that the poore fellow bee contented with his fortunes, & not seek after things impossible. Ile hold one of mine arms, that *Camacho* wil couer *Basilius* all ouer with sixpences: and if it be so, as tis like, *Quiteria* were a very foole to leaue her brauery and Iewells that *Camacho* hath, and can giue her, and chuse *Basilius* for his barre-pitching and fencing: In a Tauerne they will not giue you a pint of wine for a good throw with the barre, or a tricke at fence, such abilities that are worth nothing, haue vm who se will for me: but when they light vpon one that hath crownes withall, let mee be like that man that hath them: vpon a good foundation, a good building may be raised, and mony is the best bottome and foundation that is in the world. For Gods loue, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) conclude thy tedious discourse: with which (I beleeue) if thou wert let alone, thou wouldest neyther eat nor sleepe for talking. If you had a

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good

good memory (ſayd *Sancho*) you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we made our laſt ſally from home, one of which was, that you would let me ſpeake as much as I liſt, on condition that it were not againſt my neighbor, or againſt your authority, and hitherto I am ſure I haue not broken that article.

I remember no ſuch article, *Sancho* (ſayd he) and though it were ſo, I would haue you now be ſilent, and come with mee; for now the Inſtruments we heard ouer-night, begin to cheere the valleyes, and doubtleſſe, the marriage is kept in the coole of the morning, and not deferred till the after-noones heat. *Sancho* did what his maſter willed him, and ſaddling *Rozinante*, with his pack-ſaddle clapped likewiſe on Dapple, the two mounted, and faire and ſoftly entred the Arbor. The firſt thing that *Sancho* ſaw, was a whole Steere ſpitted vpon a whole Elme, and for the fire where it was to bee roſted, there was a pretty mountaine of wood; and ſix pots that were round-about this Bon-fire, which were neuer caſt in the ordinary mold that other pots were, for they were ſix halfe Oliue-butts, and euery one was a very Shambles of meat, they had ſo many whole ſheepe ſoking in vm which were not ſeene, as if they had beene Pigeons, the flayed Hares, and pulled Hens, that were hung vpon the trees, to bee buried in the pots, were numberleſſe, birds and fowle of diuers ſorts infinite, that hung on the trees, that the aire might coole them. *Sancho* counted aboue threeſcore skinnes of wine, each of them of abouetwo *Arroba's*, and as it afterward ſeemed, of ſpritely liquor: there were alſo whole heapes of pureſt bread, heaped vp like corne in the threſhing-floores, your cheeſes like bricks piled one vpon another, made a goodly wall, and two kettles of oyle bigger then a Diers, ſerued to frie their paſte-worke, which they tooke out with two ſtrong peeles, when they were fried, and they ducked them in another kettle of honey that ſtood by for the ſame purpoſe: There were Cookes aboue fifty, men and women, all cleanely, carefull, and cheerfull: In the ſpacious belly of the Steere, there were twelue ſucking Pigs, which being ſowed there, ſerued to make him more ſauoury: the ſpices of diuers ſorts, it ſeemes were not brought by Pounds, but by *Arrones*, and all lay open in a great cheſt. To conclude,

Arroba, a meaſure of 25. pound wayt, which may be ſome ſix gallons of wine.

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conclude, this preparation for the marriage was ruſticall ; but ſo plentifull, that it might furniſh an Army.

Sancho Panſa beheld all, and was much affected with it : and firſt of all, the goodly pots did captiuate his deſires, from whence with all his heart hee would haue beene glad to haue receiued a good pipkin full ; by and by he was enamoured on the skins, and laſt of all vpon the fried meats, if ſo be thoſe vaſt kettles might bee called frying-pans : ſo without longer patience, as not being able to abſtaine, he came to one of the buſie Cookes, and with courteous and hungry reaſons, deſired him, that he might ſop a caſt of bread in one of the pots. To which the Cooke replide ; Brother, this is no day on which hunger may haue any iuriſdiction (thanks be to the rich *Camacho*) alight, and ſee if you can finde euer a ladle there, and skimme out a Hen or two, and much good may they doe you.

I ſee none (ſayd *Sancho*.) Stay (ſayd the Cooke) God forgiue me, What a Ninny tis ? and ſaying this, he layed hold of a kettle, and ſowſing into it one of the halfe-butts, he drew out of it three Hens and two Geeſe, and ſayd to *Sancho* ; Eat, Friend, and breake your faſt with this froth, till dinner-time. I haue nothing to put it in (ſayd *Sancho*.) Why, take ſpoone and all (ſayd the Cooke) for *Camacho's* riches and content will very well beare it.

Whileſt *Sancho* thus paſſed his time, *Don Quixote* ſaw, that by one ſide of the Arbour, there came a doozen Husband-men vpon twelue goodly Mares, with rich and ſightly furniture fit for the Countrey, with many little bels vpon their Petrels, all clad in brauery for that dayes ſolemnity, and all in a ioynt-troop ran many Careeres vp and downe the medow, with a great deale of mirth and iollity, crying ; Long liue *Camacho* and *Quiteria*, he as rich, as ſhee faire, and ſhee the faireſt of the world. Which when *Don Quixote* heard, thought hee to himſelfe, It well appeares that theſe men haue not ſeene my *Dulcinea del Toboſo* : for if they had, they would not bee ſo forward in praiſing this their *Quiteria*.

A while after, there began to enter at diuers places of the Arbour, certaine different dances, amongſt which there was one

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Sword-

Sword-dance, by foure and twenty Swaines, handſome luſty Youths, all in white linnen, with their hand-kerchiefs wrought in ſeuerall colours of fine ſilke, and one of the twelue vpon the Mares asked him that was the fore-man of theſe, a nimble Lad, if any of the Dancers had hurt themſelues.

Hitherto (ſayd he) no body is hurt, wee are all well, God bee thanked: and ſtraight he ſhuffled in amongſt the reſt of his companions, with ſo many tricks, and ſo much ſlight; that *Don Quixote*, though he were vſed to ſuch kinde of dances, yet hee neuer liked any ſo well as this. He alſo liked another very well, which was of faire young Mayds, ſo young, that neuer a one was vnder foureteene, nor none aboue eighteene, all clad in courſe greene, their haire partly filletted and partly looſe: but all were yellow, and might compare with the Sunne, vpon which they had garlands of [a] *Iaſmines*, Roſes, Wood-bine and Hony-ſuckles, they had for their guides a reuerend olde man, and a matronly woman, but more light and nimble then could bee expected from their yeeres.

They danc'd to the ſound of a [b] *Zamora* bag-pipe, ſo that with their honeſt lookes, and their nimble feet, they ſeemed to be the beſt Dancers in the world. After this there came in another artificiall dance, of thoſe called Brawles, it conſiſted of eight Nymphs, diuided into two rankes, God *Cupid* guided one ranke, and *Money* the other, the one with his wings, his Bow, his Quiuer and Arrowes, the other was clad in diuers rich colours of gold and ſilke: The Nymphs that followed *Loue*, carried a white parchment ſcrowle at their backes, in which their names were written in great letters: the firſt was *Poeſie*, the ſecond *Diſcretion*, the third *Nobility*, the fourth *Valour*. In the ſame manner came thoſe whom god *Money* led, the firſt was *Liberality*, the ſecond *Reward*, the third *Treaſure*, the fourth *Quiet Poſſeſſion*; before them came a woodden Caſtle, which was ſhot at by two Sauages cladin Iuie and Canuas, died in greene, ſo to the life, that they had well-nigh frighted *Sancho*. Vpon the Frontiſpice, and of each ſide of the Caſtle, was written; *The Caſtle of good heede*: Foure skilfull Muſicians played to them on a Taber and Pipe; *Cupid* began the Dance, and after two chan-

[a] *Iaſmines*, a little ſweet white flower that growes in Spaine in hedges, like our Sweet Marioram.

[b] *Zamora*, a towne in Caſtile, famous for that kinde of muſicke, like our Lanca-ſhire horn-pipe.

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ges, hee lifted vp his eyes, and bent his Bow against a Virgin that stood vpon the battlements of the Castle, and sayd to her in this manner:

I am the pow'rfull Deitie,
In Heauen aboue and Earth beneath,
In Seas and Hels profunditie,
O're all that therein liue or breathe.

What 'tis to feare, I neuer knew,
I can performe all that I will,
Nothing to me is strange, or new;
I bid, forbid, at pleasure still.

The Verse being ended, he shot a flight ouer the Castle, and retired to his standing; By and by came out *Money*, and performed his two changes; the Taber ceased, and he spoke:

Loe I, that can doe more then Loue,
Yet loue is he that doth me guide,
My of-spring great'st on earth, to Ioue
Aboue I neerest am allide.

I Money *am, with whom but few*
Performe the honest workes they ought;
Yet heere a miracle to shew,
That without me they could doe ought.

Money retired, and *Poetry* aduanced, who after she had done her changes aswell as the rest, her eyes fixt vpon the Damozell of the Castle, she sayd:

Lady, to thee, sweet Poesie
Her soule in deepe conceits doth send,
Wrapt vp in writs of Sonnetrie,
Whose pleasing straines doe them commend.

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If

If with my earneſtneſſe, I thee
Importune not, faire Damozell, ſoone
Thy enuied fortune ſhall, by mee,
Mount the circle of the Moone.

Poetry gaue way, and from *Monies* ſide came *Liberality*, and after her changes, ſpoke:

To giue is Liberalitie,
In him that ſhunnes two contraries,
The one of Prodigalitie,
Tother of hateſull Anarice.

Ile be profuſe in praiſing thee,
Profuſeneſſe hath accounted beene
A vice, yet ſure it commeth nie
Affection, which in gifts is ſeene.

In this ſort both the ſhewes of the two Squadrons, came in and out, and each of them performed their changes, and ſpoke their verſes, ſome elegant, ſome ridiculous, *Don Quixote* onely remembred (for he had a great memory) the rehearſed ones, and now the whole troope mingled together, winding in and out with great ſpritelineſſe and dexterity, and ſtill as *Loue* went before the Caſtle, he ſhot a flight aloft, but *Money* broke gilded bals, and threw into it.

At laſt, after *Money* had danc'd a good while, he drew out a great purſe made of a Romane Cats skinne, which ſeemed to be full of money, and caſting it into the Caſtle, with the blow, the boords were diſ-ioyned, and fell downe, leauing the Damozell diſcouered, without any defence. *Money* came with his aſſiſtants, and caſting a great chaine of golde about her necke, they made a ſhew of leading her captiue: Which when *Loue* and his Party ſaw, they made ſhew as if they would haue reſcued her, and all theſe motions were to the ſound of the Taber, with skil-

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full dancing, the Sauages parted them, who very speedily went to set vp and ioyne the boords of the Castle, and the Damozell was enclosed there anew: and with this the dance ended, to the great content of the Spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the Nymphs, Who had so dresst and ordered her? Shee answered, A Parson of the towne, who had an excellent capacity for such inuentions. Ile lay a wager (sayd *Don Quixote*) he was more *Basilius* his friend then *Camacho's*, and that he knowes better what belongs to a Satyr then to Euen-song; he hath well fitted *Basilius* his abilities to the dance, and *Camacho's* riches.

Sancho Pansa that heard all, sayd; The King is my Cocke, I hold with *Camacho*. Well, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou art a very Peasant, and like them that cry, Long liue the Conquerour. I know not who I am like (said *Sancho*:) but I know I shall neuer get such delicate froth out of *Basilius* his Pottage-pots, as I haue out of *Camacho's*; and with that shewed him the kettle full of Geese and Hens, and laying hold on one, he fell to it merrily and hungerly, and for *Basilius* abilities this he sayd to their teeth: So much thou art worth as thou hast, and so much as thou hast, thou art worth. An olde Grandam of mine was wont to say, there were but two lineages in the world, *Haue-much*, and *Haue-little*; and she was mightily enclined to the former: and at this day, Master, your Physician had rather feele a hauing pulse, then a knowing pulse, and an Asse couered with golde makes a better shew then a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say againe, I am of *Camacho's* side, the scumme of whose pots are Geese, Hens, Hares, and Conies, and *Basilius* his, bee they neere or farre off, but poore thin water.

Hast thou ended with thy tediousnesse, *Sancho* (sayd *Don Quixote?*) I must end (sayd hee) because I see it offends you, for if it were not for that, I had worke cut out for three dayes. Pray God, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) that I may see thee dumbe before I die. According to our life (sayd *Sancho*) before you die, I shall be mumbling clay, and then perhaps I shall bee so dumbe, that I shall not speake a word till the end of the world, or at least till Domes. day.

Although

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Although it should bee so, *Sancho* (sayd hee) thy silence will neuer be equall to thy talking past, and thy talke to come; besides, tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall neuer see thee dumbe, no not when thou drinkest or sleepest, to paint thee out thorowly. In good faith, Master (quoth *Sancho*) there is no trusting in the raw bones, I meane Death, that deuoures lambes as well as sheepe, and I haue heard our Vicar say, she tramples as wel on the high Towres of Kings, as the humble cottages of poore men: this Lady hath more power then squeamishnesse, she is nothing dainty, shee deuoures all, playes at all, and fils her wallets with all kinde of people, ages, and preeminences: Shee is no Mower that sleepes in the hot weather, but mowes at all howers, and cuts aswell the greene grasse as the hay: she doth not chew, but swallowes at once, and crams downe all that comes before her; shee hath a Canine appetite, that is neuer satisfied, and though shee haue no belly, yet shee may make vs thinke shee is *Hydropsicall*, with the thirst shee hath to drinke all mens liues, as if it were a iugge of colde water.

No more, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) at this instant, hold while thou art well, and take heed of falling, for certainely thou hast spoken of Death in thy rusticall termes, as much as a good Preacher might haue spoken. I tell thee, *Sancho*, that for thy naturall discretion, thou mightst get thee a Pulpit, and preach thy fine knacks vp and downe the world. Hee preaches well that liues well (sayd *Sancho*) and I know no other preaching. Thou needest not (quoth he:) But I wonder at one thing, that wisdome beginning from the feare of God, that thou, who feareſt a Lizard more then him, shouldst be so wise? Iudge you of your Knight Errantry (sayd *Sancho*) and meddle not with other mens feares or valors, for I am as pretty a Fearer of God as any of my neighbours, and so let mee snuffe away this scum, for all the rest are but idle words, for which we must giue account in another life. And in so saying, hee began to giue another assault to the kettle, with such a courage, that he wakened *Don Quixote*, that vndoubtedly would haue taken his part, if he had not beene hindered by that, that of necessity must be set downe.

Meaning to eat his Hen & the Goose.

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CHAP. XXI.

Of the proſecution of Camacho's *marriage, with other delightfull accidents.*

AS *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were in their diſcourſe mentioned in the former chapter, they heard a great noyſe and out-cry, which was cauſed by them that rode on the Mares, who with a large Carreere and ſhouts, went to meet the married couple; who, hemmed in with a thouſand trickes and deuices, came in company of the Vicar, and both their kindreds, and all the better ſort of the neighbouring townes, all clad in their beſt apparell. And as *Sancho* ſaw the Bride, he ſaid, In good faith ſhe is not dreſt like a country wench, but like one of your nice Court Dames: by th'Maſſe me thinkes her glaſſe necke-laces ſhe ſhould weare, are rich Corrall; and her courſe greene of *Cuenca*, is a [a] thirty piled veluet; and her lacing that ſhould be white linnen, (I vow by me) is Satten: well looke on her hands that ſhould haue their Iette rings, let me not thriue if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and ſet with pearles as white as a ſillabub, each of them as precious as an eye. Ah whooreſon, and what lockes ſhe hath? for if they be not falſe, I neuer ſaw longer, nor fairer in my life. Well, well, finde not fault with her liuelineſſe and ſtature, and compare her me to a Date tree, that bends vp and downe when it is loaden with bunches of Dates; for ſo doth ſhe with her trinkets hanging at her hayre and about her necke: I ſweare by my ſoule, ſhe is a wench of mettall, and may very well paſſe the pikes in Flanders.

[a] In ſtead of three-piled.

Don Quixote laughed at *Sancho's* ruſticke praiſes, and hee thought, that ſetting his Miſtreſſe *Dulcinea* aſide, he neuer ſaw fairer woman: the beauteous *Quiteria* was ſomewhat pale, belike, with the ill night that Brides alwaies haue when they dreſſe themſelues for next daies marriage. They drew neere to a Theater on one ſide of the Medow, that was dreſſed with Carpets and boughes, where the marriage was to bee ſolemnized, and where they ſhould behold the dances and inuentions. And

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iust as they should come to the place, they heard a great out-cry behind them, and a voyce, saying; Stay a while, rash people as well as hasty: At whose voyce and words they all turned about, and saw that he that spoke, was one cladde (to see to) in a blacke iacket all welted with Crimson in flames, crowned (as they straight perceiued) with a crowne of mournefull Cypresse, in his hand he had a great Truncheon: and comming neerer, hee was knowne by all to be the Gallant *Basilius*, who were in suspence, expecting what should be the issue of those cryes and words, fearing some ill successe from this so vnlooked-for arriuall. Hee drew neere, weary, and out of breath, and comming before the married couple, and clapping his Truncheon vpon the ground, which had a steele pike at the end of it: his colour changed, and his eyes fixed vpon *Quiteria*, with a fearefull and hollow voyce, thus spoke:

Well knowest thou, forgetfull *Quiteria*, that according to the Law of God that wee professe, that whilest I liue thou canst not be married to any other: neyther are you ignorant, that because I would stay till time and my industry might better my fortunes, I would not breake that *decorum* that was fitting to the preseruing of thy honesty: but you forgetting all ductie, due to my vertuous desires, will make another Master of what is mine, whose riches serue not onely to make him happy in them, but euery way fortunate, and that he may be so to the full, (not as I thinke he deserues it, but as the Fates ordaine it for him) I will with these hands remoone the impossibility or inconuenience that may disturbe him, remouing my selfe out of the way. Liue, rich *Camacho*, liue with the vngratefull *Quiteria* many & prosperous yeeres, and let your poore *Basilius* die, whose pouerty clipped the wings of his happinesse, and laid him in his graue: and saying this, he layd hold of his Truncheon that he had stuck in the ground, and the one halfe of it remaining still there, shewed that it serued for a scabberd to a short Tucke that was concealed in it, and putting that which might be called the hilt on the ground, with a nimble spring, and a resolute purpose, hee cast himselfe vpon it, and in an instant the bloudy poynt appeared out of his backe, with halfe the steele blade, the poore soule wel-

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tring in his bloud, all along on the ground, runne thorow with his owne vweapon. His friends ranne presently to helpe him, greeued with his misery and miserable happe, and *Don Quixote* forsaking his *Rozinante*, vvent also to helpe him; tooke him in his armes, but found that as yet there vvas life in him. They vvould haue pulled out the Tucke, but the Vicar there present, vvas of opinion that it vvere not best before hee had confessed himselfe; for that the drawing it out, and his death, vvould be both at one instant. But *Basilius* comming a little to himselfe, vvith a faint and dolefull voyce, said, If thou vvouldest, O *Quiteria*, yet in this last and forcible trance, giue me thy hand to be my spouse, I should thinke my rashnesse might something excuse me, since vvith this I obtained to be thine.

The Vicar hearing this, bad him he should haue a care of his soules health, rather then of the pleasures of his body, and that he should heartily aske God forgiuenesse for his sinnes, and for his desperate action. To vvhich *Basilius* reply'd, That he would by no meanes confesse himselfe, if *Quiteria* did not first giue him her hand to be his spouse, for that content would make him cheerefully confesse himselfe. When *Don Quixote* heard the vvounded mans petition, he cried aloud, that *Basilius* desired a thing very iust and reasonable, and that *Signior Camacho* would be as much honoured in receiuing *Quiteria*, the worthy *Basilius* his vviddow, as if hee had receiued her from her Fathers side: heere is no more to doe but giue one I, no more then to pronoūce it, since the nuptial bed of this mariage must be the graue.

Camacho gaue eare to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing vvhat to doe or say: but *Basilius* his friends were so earnest, requesting him to consent that *Quiteria* might giue him her hand to bee his Spouse, that hee might not endanger his soule, by departing desperately, that they mooued him and enforced him, to say that if *Quiteria* would, he vvas contented, seeing it vvas but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to *Quiteria*, some vvith intreaties, others with teares, most with forcible reasons, and perswaded her she should giue her hand to poore *Basilius*; and shee more hard then marble, more lumpish then a statue, vvould not answer a word,

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neyther

neyther would she at all, had not the Vicar bid her resolue what she vvould doe, for *Basilius* was euen now ready to depart, and could not expect her irresolute determination. Then the faire *Quiteria*, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where *Basilius* was, vvith his eyes euen sette, his breath failing him, making shew as if he would die like a Gentile, and not like a Christian. *Quiteria* came at length, and vpon her knees made signes to haue his hand. *Basilius* vnioyn'd his eyes, and looking stedfastly vpon her, said, Oh *Quiteria*, thou art now come to be pittifull, when thy pitty must be the sword that shall end my life, since now I want force to receiue the glory that thou giuest in chusing mee for thine, or to suspend the dolor that so hastily closeth vp mine eyes, with the fearefull shade of death. All I desire thee is (oh fatall starre of mine) that the hand thou requirest, and that that thou wilt giue me, that it be not for fashion-sake, nor once more to deceiue mee, but that thou confesse and say without being forced to it, that thou giuest me thy hand freely, as to thy lawfull Spouse, since it were vnmercifull in this trance to deceiue mee, or to deale falsely with him that hath beene so true to thee. In the middest of this discourse he fainted, so that all the standers by thought now he had beene gone. *Quiteria* all honest and shamefast, laying hold vvith her right hand on *Basilius* his, said to him; No force can vvorke vpon my will, and so I giue thee the freest hand I haue to be thy lawfull Spouse, and receiue thine, if thou giue it me as freely, and that the anguish of thy sodaine accident doe not too much trouble thee. I giue it (said *Basilius*) liuely and couragiously, with the best vnderstanding that heauen hath endued mee withall, and therefore take me, and I deliuer my selfe as thy espousall; and I (said *Quiteria*) as thy Spouse, whether thou liue long, or vvhether from my armes they carry thee to thy graue.

This young man (said *Sancho*) being so wounded, talks much me thinks, let him leaue his wooing, and attend his souls health, vvhich me thinks appeares more in his tongue, then in his teeth. *Basilius* and *Quiteria* hauing their hands thus fastned, the Vicar, tender-harted and compassionate, powred his blessing vpon them, and prayed God to giue good rest to the new-married

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mans soule, vvho as soone as he receiued this benediction, sodainely starts vp, and with an vnlook't for agility, drew out the Tucke which was shearhed in his body. All the spectators were in a maze, and some of them, more out of simplicity then curiosity, began to cry out, A Miracle, a Miracle: but *Basilius* reply'd, No Miracle, no Miracle; but a Tricke, a Tricke. But the Vicar, heed-lesse and astonisht, came with both his hands to feele the wound, & found that the blade had neyther passed thorow flesh or ribbes, but thorow a hollow pipe of yron, that he filled with bloud well fitted in that place, and (as after it was knowne) prepared so, that it could not congeale. At last the Vicar and *Camacho*, and all the standers by, thought that they were mocked and made a laughing-stocke. The Bride made no great shew of sorrow: rather when she heard say that the marriage could not stand currant, because it was deceitfull, she said, that shee anew confirmed it; by which they all collected, that the businesse had beene plotted by the knowledge & consentment of them both. At which, *Camacho* and his friends were so abashed, that they remitted their reuenge to their hands, and vnsheathing many swords, they set vpon *Basilius*, in whose fauor in an instant there were as many more drawne: and *Don Quixote* taking the Vantguard on horseback, with his Launce at his rest, and well couered with his shield, made way thorow vm all. *Sancho* (whom such feates did neuer please or solace) ranne to the pottage-pot, from whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a sanctuary, and so to be respected. *Don Quixote* cryed aloud, Hold, hold, Sirs; for there is no reason that you should take reuenge for the wrongs that Loue doth vs: and obserue, that loue and warre are all one: and as in warre it is lawfull to vse sleights and stratagems to ouercome the enemy: So in amorous strifes and competencies, Impostures and iuggling tricks are held for good, to attaine to the wished end, so it bee not in preiudice and dishonour of the thing affected. *Quiteria* was due to *Basilius*, and *Basilius* to *Quiteria*, by the iust and fauourable inclination of heauen. *Camacho* is rich, and may purchase his delight, and whom God hath ioyned, let no man separate. *Basilius* hath but this one sheepe, let none offer to take it from him, be he ne-

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uer

uer ſo powerfull: he that firſt attempts it, muſt firſt paſſe thorow the point of this Launce; at which hee ſhaked his Launce ſo ſtrong and cunningly, that hee frighted all that knew him not: But *Quiteria's* diſdaine was ſo inwardly fixt in *Camacho's* heart, that he forgot her in an inſtant; ſo that the Vicars perſwaſions preuailed with him, (who was a good diſcreet and honeſt-minded man) by which *Camacho* and his complices were pacified & quieted, in ſigne of which, they put vp their ſwords, rather blaming *Quiteria's* facility, then *Baſilius* his induſtry. *Camacho* fram'd this diſcourſe to himſelfe, That if *Quiteria* loued *Baſilius* when ſhe was a maide, ſhee would alſo haue continued her loue to him though ſhe had beene his wife, and ſo that hee ought to giue God thankes rather for hauing ridden him of her, then to haue giuen her to him. *Camacho* then, & thoſe of his crue being comforted and pacified, all *Baſilius* his likewiſe were ſo, and *Camacho* to ſhew that he ſtomacked not the ieſt, nor car'd for it, was willing the feaſt ſhould goe forward, as if he had beene really married. But neyther *Baſilius*, nor his Spouſe, nor their followers would ſtay, but went to *Baſilius* his towne: for your poore that are vertuous and diſcreet, haue as well thoſe that will follow, honour and vphold them, as the rich theirs, and ſuch as will flatter them. *Don Quixote* went with them too, for they eſteemed him to be a man of worth & valor. But *Sancho's* mind was in a miſt, to ſee that it was impoſſible for him to ſtay for *Camacho's* ſumptuous feaſt & ſports that laſted till the euening: ſo that ſtraighted and ſorrowfull, he followed on with his Maſter that went in *Baſilius* his ſquadron, and thus left behind him thoſe fleſh-pots of Ægypt, though hee bore them with him in his minde, whoſe skumme which he carried in the kettle being conſumed now and ended, repreſented vnto him the glorious and abundant happineſſe hee loſt, ſo that all ſad and ſorrowfull, though hungerleſſe, without alighting from Dapple, he followed *Rozinantes* tracke.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXII.

Of the famous Aduenture of Montesinos *Caue, which is in the heart of* Mancha, *which the valerous* Don Quixote *happily accomplished.*

THE married couple made wonderfull much of *Don Quixote*, obliged thereunto for the willingnesse he shewed to defend their cause, and with his valor they paraleld his discretion, accounting him a *Cid* in Armes, and a *Cicero* in eloquence. The good *Sancho* recreated himselfe three daies at the Bridegroomes charge, & now knew that *Quiteria* knew nothing of the fayned wounding, but that it was a tricke of *Basilius*, who hoped for the successe that hath been shewed: true it was, that he had made some of his louing frends acquainted with his purpose, that they might helpe him at need, and make good his deceit. They cannot be called deceits (quoth *Don Quixote*) that are done to a vertuous end, and that the marriage of a louing couple was an end most excellent: but by the way, you must know that the greatest opposite that Loue hath, is want & continuall necessity; for Loue is all mirth, content & gladsomenes, and the more, when hee that loues, enioyes the thing loued; against which, necessity and pouerty are open and declared enemies. All this he spoke with a purpose to aduise *Basilius*, that he should leaue exercising his youthfull abilities, that although they got him a name, yet they brought no wealth, & that he should looke to lay vp somthing now by lawfull & industrious means, which are neuer wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselues: the honest poore man (if so be the poore man may be called honest) hath a iewell of a faire woman, which if any man bereaue him of, dis-honors him and kills her. Shee that is faire & honest, when her husband is poore, deserues to be crowned with Lawrell and triumphant Bayes. Beauty alone attracts the eyes of all that behold it, and the princely Eagles & high flying birds doe stoop to it as to the pleasing Lure: but if extreme necessity be added to that beauty, then Kites and Crowes will

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grapple

grapple with it, and other rauenous birds; but shee that is constant against all these assaults, doth well deserue to bee her husbands crowne. Marke, wife *Basilius* (proceeds *Don Quixote*) it was an opinion of I know not what sage man, that there was but one good woman in the world, and his aduice was, That euery man should thinke that was married, that his wife was she, and so he should be sure to liue contented. I neuer yet was married, neyther haue I any thought hitherto that way; notwithstanding, I could be able to giue any man counsell heerein that should aske it, and how he should choose his wife.

First of all I would haue him rather respect fame then wealth, for the honest woman gets not a good name onely with being good, but in appearing so; for your publike loosenesse and liberty doth more preiudice a womans honesty, then her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your house, tis easie keeping her so, and to better her in that goodnesse; but if you bring her dis-honest, tis hard mending her; for it is not very pliable to passe from one extreme into another, I say not impossible: but I hold it to be very difficult.

Sancho heard all this, & said to himselfe, This Master of mine, when I speake matters of marrow and substance, is wont to tell me, that I may take a Pulpit in hand, and preach my fine knacks vp and downe the world: but I may say of him, that when hee once begins to thred his sentences, he may not onely take a Pulpit in hand, but in each finger too, and goe vp and downe the market places, and cry, Who buyes my ware? The Deuill take thee, for a Knight Errant, how wise he is! On my soule I thoght hee had knowne onely what belonged to his Knight Errantry; but he snaps at all, and there is no boat that hee hath not an oare in. *Sancho* spoke this somewhat aloud, and his Master ouerheard him, and asked, What is that thou art grumbling, *Sancho*? I say nothing, neyther doe I grumble, (quoth hee) I was onely saying to my selfe, that I would I had heard you before I vvas married, and perhaps I might now haue said, The sound man needs no Physician. Is *Teresa* so bad, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? Not very bad, said *Sancho*, and yet not very good, at least, not so good as I would haue her. Thou dost ill, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*)

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Quixote) to ſpeake ill of thy wife, who is indeede mother of thy children.

There's no loue loſt (quoth *Sancho:*) for ſhe ſpeakes ill of me too, when ſhee liſt, eſpecially when ſhee is iealous, for then the Deuill himſelfe will not cope with her. Well, three dayes they ſtayed with the married Couple, where they were welcommed like Princes. *Don Quixote* deſired the skilfull Parſon to prouide him a Guide that might ſhew him the way to *Monteſino's* Caue, for he had a great deſire to enter into it, and to ſee with his owne eies, if thoſe wonders that were told of it vp & down the Countrey were true. The Parſon tolde him, that a Couſin-German of his, a famous Student, and much addicted to bookes of Knight-hood ſhould goe with him, who ſhould willingly carry him to the mouth of the Caue, and ſhould ſhew the famous Lake of *Ruydera*, telling him hee would bee very good company for him, by reaſon he was one that knew how to publiſh books, and direct them to great men.

By and by the young Student comes me vpon an Aſſe with Foale, with a courſe packing-cloth, or doubled carpet vpon his pack-ſaddle. *Sancho* ſaddled *Rozinante*, and made ready his Dapple, furniſhed his wallets, and carried the Students too, aſwell prouided; and ſo taking leaue, and bidding all, God bee with you, they went on, holding their courſe to *Monteſino's* Caue. By the way *Don Quixote* asked the Scholler, of what kinde or quality the exerciſes of his profeſſion and ſtudy were. To which he anſwered, that his Profeſſion was Humanity, his Exerciſes and Study to make bookes for the Preſſe, which were very beneficiall to himſelfe, and no leſſe gratefull to the Commonwealth, that one of his bookes was intituled, *The Booke of the Liueries*, where are ſet downe ſeuen hundred and three ſorts of Liueries, with their colours, motto's, and cyphers; from whence any may bee taken at feſtiuall times and ſhewes, by Courtiers without begging them from any body, or diſtilling (as you would ſay) from their owne braines, to ſute them to their deſires and intentions; for I giue to the iealous, to the forſaken, to the forgotten, to the abſent, the moſt agreeable, that will fit them as well as their Puncks. Another booke I haue, which I meane

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to

to call the *Metamorphosis*, or *Spanish Ouid*, of a new and rare inuention: for imitating *Ouid* in it, by way of mocking: I shew who the *Giralda* of *Seuil* was, the Angell of the *Magdalena*, who was the Pipe of *Vecinguerra* of *Cordoua*, who the Buls of *Guisando*, *Sierra Morena*, the springs of *Leganitos* and *Lauapies* in *Madrid*; not forgetting that of *Pozio*, that of the gilded pipe, and of the Abbesse, and all this with the Allegories, Metaphors, and Translations, that they delight, suspend, and instruct all in a moment. Another booke I haue, which I call a supply to *Polydore Virgil*, concerning the inuention of things which is of great reading and study, by reason that I doe verifie many matters of waight that *Polydore* omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing stile; *Virgil* forgot to tell vs who was the first that had a Catarre in the world, and the first that was anoynted for the French disease, and I set it downe presently after I propose it, and authorize it with at least foure and twenty Writers, that you may see whether I haue taken good paines, and whether the sayd booke may not be profitable to the world. All these seuerall rarities of Spaine.

Sancho, that was very attentiue to the Schollers narration, asked him: Tell me, Sir, so God direct your right hand in the Impression of your bookes: Can you tell mee? (For I know you can, since you know all) who was the first man that scratcht his head, for I beleeue it was our first father *Adam*? Yes marry was it (sayd he) for *Adam*, no doubt, had both head & haire, & being the first man in the world, would sometimes scratch himselfe. I beleeue it (quoth *Sancho*:) but tell me now, Who was the first Vaulter in the world? Truely, Brother (sayd he) I cannot at present resolue you, I will study it when I come to my bookes, and then Ile satisfie you, when wee see one another againe, for I hope this will not be the last time. Well, Sir (sayd *Sancho*) neuer trouble your selfe with this, for now I can resolue the doubt: Know, that the first Tumbler in the world was *Lucifer*, when he was cast out of Heauen, and came tumbling down to Hell.

You say true (quoth the Scholler.) And *Don Quixote* sayd; This answer, *Sancho*, is none of thine, thou hast heard some body say so. Peace, Sir (quoth *Sancho*) for if I fall to questions and

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and answers, I shall not make an end between this and morning: And to aske foolish questions, and answer vnlikeli-hoods, I want no help of my neighbours. Thou hast spoken more, *Sancho*, then thou thinkest for (quoth *Don Quixote*) for you haue some that are most busied in knowing and auerring things, whose knowledge and remembrance is not worth a button. All that day they passed in these and other delightful discourses, and at night they lodged in a little village, from whence the Scholler told them they had but two little leagues to *Montesino's* Caue, and that if he meant to enter it, he must be prouided of ropes, to tie and let himselfe downe into the depth. *Don Quixote* sayd, that though it were as deep as Hell, he would see whither it reached: so they bought a hundred fathome of cordage, & the next day at two of the clocke, they came to the Caue, whose mouth is wide and spacious; but full of briers, & brambles, & wilde fig-trees, & weeds so intricate & thick, that they altogether blinde and dam it vp. When they came to it, *Sancho* and the Scholler alighted, and *Don Quixote*, whom they tied strongly with the cordage: and whilest they were swathing and binding of him, *Sancho* sayd to him; Take heede, Sir, what you doe, doe not bury your selfe aliue, and doe not hang your selfe like a bottle to be cooled in some Well; for it neither concernes nor belongs to you, to search this place worse then a Dungeon.

Binde me and peace (quoth *Don Quixote*) for such an enterprize as this, *Sancho*, was reserued for me. Then said the Guide, I beseech you, Signior *Don Quixote*, that you take heede, and looke about you with an hundred eyes, to see what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for mee to put in my booke of Transformations. He hath his Instrument in his hand (quoth *Sancho*) that knowes how to vse it.

This sayd, and *Don Quixotes* binding ended (which was not vpon his harnesse, but vpon his arming doublet) he said. We did vnaduisedly, in not prouiding our selues of some small bell, that might haue beene tied with mee to the same cord, by whose sound, you might know that I were still toward the bottome and aliue: but since there is now no remedy, God bee our good speede, and straight he kneeled vpon his knees, and made a soft

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prayer

prayer to God Almighty, desiring his ayde, and to giue him good successe in that (to see to) dangerous and strange Aduenture, and then straight-wayes hee cried aloud; Oh thou Mistris of my actions and motions, most excellent, peerelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso*, if it be possible, that the prayers and requests of this thy happy Louer come to thine eares, harken, I beseech thee, by thy vnheard of beauty, deny not now vnto me thy fauour and protection, which I so much neede: I goe to cast my selfe headlong to a plunge, and sinke my selfe into the *Abissus*, that presents it selfe to me, that the world may know, that if thou fauour me, there shall be nothing impossible for mee to vndergoe and end.

And in saying this, hee came to the mouth, but saw he could not come neere to bee let downe, except it were by making way with maine force, or with cutting thorow, and so laying hand on his sword, hee began to cut and slash the weedes that were at the mouth of the caue; at whose rushing and noyse, there came out an infinite Company of Crowes and Dawes, so thicke and so hastily, that they tumbled *Don Quixote* on the ground, and if hee had beene as superstitious, as good Christian, hee would haue taken it for an ill signe, and not haue proceeded.

Well, he rose, and seeing the Crowes were all gone, and that there were no other night-birds, as Bats, that came out amongst the Crowes, *Sancho* and the Scholler let him downe, to search the bottome of that fearefull Caue; but *Sancho* first bestowed his benediction on him, and making a thousand crosses ouer him, sayd; God and the *Rocke* of *France*, together with the Trinity of *Gaeta*, guide thee, thou Flower, Creame, and Scumme of Knights Errant: There thou goest, Hackster of the world, Heart of steele, and Armes of brasse, God againe be thy Guide, and deliuer thee sound and without skarre, to the light of this world which thou leauest, to bury thy selfe in the obscurity which thou seekest.

Seuerall plaices of deuotion.

The Scholler did (as it were) make the same kinde of wishes and deprecations. *Don Quixote* cried out, that they should yet giue him more rope, which they gaue by little and little: and when his voyce (that was stopt in the gutters of the Caue) could

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be no longer heard, and that they had let downe their hundred fathome of rope, they were of opinion to hoyst him vp againe, since they could giue him no more cord; for all that, they stayed some halfe an houre, and then began easily to draw vp the rope, & without any waight, which made them think *Don Quixote* was within, and *Sancho* beleeuing it, wept bitterly, and drew vp apace, that he might bee satisfied: but comming somewhat neere foure-score fathome, they felt a waight, which made them very much reioyce.

At length when they came to ten, they plainely saw *Don Quixote*: to whom *Sancho* cryed out, saying; You are well returned, Sir, for we thought you had stayed there for breed. But *Don Quixote* did not answer a word: but drawing him altogether out, they saw that his eyes were shut, as if hee were asleepe; they stretcht him on the ground, and vnbound him, and for all this he awaked not. But they so turned, tossed & shaked him, that a pretty while after he came to himselfe, lazing himselfe, as if he had wakened out of a great and profound sleep, and looking wildely round-about him, sayd; God forgiue you, Friends, for you haue raised mee from one of the delicatest and pleasingest liues and sights that euer was seene by humane eye: Now at length I perceiue, that all the delights of this world doe passe like a shadow or dreame, or wither like a flower of the field: Oh vnhappy *Montesino's*, oh ill wounded *Durandarte*, oh luckles *Balerma*, oh mournfull *Guadiana*, & you vnfortunate daughters of *Ruydera*, that shew by your waters, those your faire eyes wept.

The Scholler and *Sancho* gaue eare to these words which *Don Quixote* spake, as if with great paine they came from his very entrailes: They desired him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seene in that hellish place. Hellish, call ye it, sayd *Don Quixote*? well, call it not so, for it deserues not the name, as straight you shall heare: Hee desired them to giue him somewhat to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They layd the Schollers course wrapper vpon the greene grasse, and went to the *Spence* of their wallets, and all three of them being set like good fellowes, eat their Beauar, and supped all together. The

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cloth

cloth taken vp (*Don Quixote* sayd) Sit still Ho, let none of you rise, and marke me attentiuely.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the admirable things, that the vnparaleld Don Quixote *recounted, which he had seene in* Montesino's *profound Caue, whose strangenesse and impossibility makes this Chapter be held for* Apocrypha.

IT was well toward foure of the clocke, when the Sunne, couered betweene two clouds, shewed but a dimme light, and with his temperate beames, gaue *Don Quixote* leaue, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous Auditors, what he had seene in *Montesino's* Caue; and he began, as followeth; About a twelue or foureteene mens heights in the profundity of this Dungeon, on the right hand, there is a Concauity and Space able to containe a Cart, Mules and all; some light there comes into it by certaine chinks and loope-holes, which answer to it a farre off in the *Superficies* of the earth; this Space and Concauity saw I, when I was weary and angry to see mee my selfe, hanging by the rope, to goe downe that obscure region, without being carried a sure or knowne way: so I determined to enter into it, and to rest a little; I cryed out vnto you, that you should let downe no more rope, till I bad you; but it seemed you heard me not: I went gathering vp the rope you let downe to me, and rolling of it vp into a heape, sate me downe vpon it, very pensatiue, thinking with my selfe what I might doe to get to the bottome; and being in this thought and confusion, vpon a sudden (without any former inclination in mee) a most profound sleep came vpon me, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which way, I awaked out of it, and found my selfe in the middest of the fairest, most pleasant, and delightfull medow, that euer Nature created, or the wisest humane discretion can imagine; I snuffed mine eyes, wiped them, and saw that I was not asleepe, but really awake; notwithstanding

ding I felt vpon my head and my breſt, to be aſſured, if I were there my ſelfe or no in perſon, or that it were ſome illuſion, or counterfet; but my touching, feeling, and my reaſonable diſcourſe that I made to my ſelfe, certified me, that I was then preſent, the ſame that I am now.

By and by I ſaw a Princely and ſumptuous Palace or Caſtle, whoſe wals and battlements ſeemed to bee made of tranſparent Criſtall, from whence (vpon the opening of two great gates) I ſaw that there came towards me a reuerend olde man, clad in a tawny bayes frocke, that he dragged vpon the ground; ouer his ſhoulders and breſt, he wore a tippet of greene ſattin, like your fellowes of Colledges, and vpon his cap a blacke *Milan* bonet, and his hoary beard reached down to his girdle, he had no kind of weapon in his hand, but onely a *Roſary* of Beads, ſomewhat bigger then reaſonable wal-nuts, and the *Credo*-Beads, about the bigneſſe of Oſtrich egges, his countenance, pace, grauity, and his ſpreading preſence, each thing by it ſelfe, and all together, ſuſpended and admired.

He came to me, and the firſt thing he did, was to imbrace me ſtraightly, and forthwith ſayd; It is long ſince (renowned Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*) that we, who liue in theſe enchanted Deſarts, haue hoped to ſee thee, that thou mightſt let the world know what is contained heere, and incloſed in this profound Caue, which thou haſt entred, called *Monteſino's* Caue: an exployt reſerued onely to be attempted by thy inuincible Heart, and ſtupendious Courage. Come with mee, thou moſt Illuſtrious Knight, for I will ſhew thee the wonders that this tranſparent Caſtle doth conceale, of which I am the Gouernour, and perpetuall chiefe Warder, as being the ſame *Monteſinos*, from whom the Caue takes name.

Scarce had he told me that he was *Monteſinos*, when I asked him, Whether it were true that was bruited heere in the world aboue, that he had taken his great friend *Durandartes* heart out of the midſt of his boſome with a little dagger, and carried it to the Lady *Belerma* (as he willed) at the inſtant of his death? Hee anſwered me, that all was true, but onely that of the dagger, for it was no dagger, but a little Stilletto, as ſharp as a Nawle

Bel.ke

Belike (quoth *Sancho*) it was of *Ramon de Hozes* the Seuillians making. I know not (sayd *Don Quixote*) but twas not of that Stilletto-maker, for he liued but the other day, and that battell of *Roncesualles*, where this accident happened, was many yeeres since: but this auerring is of no importance or let, neither alters the truth, or Stories text.

You say right (quoth the Scholler) for I harken with the greatest delight in the world. With no lesse doe I tell it you (sayd *Don Quixote*) and proceede; The venerable *Montesinos* brought me into the Crystalline Palace, where in a low Hall, exceeding fresh and coole, all of Alabaster, was a great Sepulcher of Marble, made with singular Art, vpon which I saw a Knight layd at length, not of Brasse, Marble, or Iaspar, as you vse to haue in other tombes, but of pure flesh and bone, hee held his right hand (which was somewhat hairy and sinowy, a signe that the owner was very strong) vpon his heart-side, and before I asked *Montesinos* ought, that saw mee in suspence, beholding the tombe, he sayd:

This is my friend *Durandarte*, the flower and mirror of Chiualrie, of the enamoured and valiant Knights of his time: He is kept heere enchanted, as my selfe and many more Knights and Ladies are, by *Merlin* that French Enchanter; who, they say, was sonne to the the Deuill, but as I beleeue he was not so, only he knew more then the Deuill. Why, or how he enchanted vs, no body knowes, which the times will bring to light, that I hope are not farre off: all that I admire is, (since I know for certaine, as it is now day, that *Durandarte* dyed in my armes, and that after he was dead, I tooke out his heart, and surely it weighed about two pounds; for according to naturall Philosophy, he that hath the biggest heart, is more valiant then he that hath but a lesse: which beeing so, and that this Knight died really) how he complaines and sighes sometimes as if he were aliue? Which said, the wretched *Durandarte*, crying out aloud, said; Oh my Cousin *Montesinos*, the last thing that I requested you when I was dying, and my soule departing, was, That you would carry my heart to *Belerma*, taking it out of my bosome, either with ponyard or dagger: which when the venerable *Montesinos*

For so I translate it, to shew the Authours mistake.

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heard, he kneeled before the greeued Knight, and with teares in his eyes, ſaid; Long ſince, Oh *Durandarte*, long ſince my deareſt Couſin, I did what you en-ioyn'd me in that bitter day of our loſſe; I tooke your heart, as well as I could, without leauing the leaſt part of it in your breſt: I wiped it with a laced handkerchiefe, and poſted with it towards France, hauing firſt layd you in the boſome of the earth, with ſo many teares as was ſufficient to waſh my hands, or to wipe off the bloud from them, which I had gotten by ſtirring them in your entrailes: and for more aſſurance that I did it, my deareſt Couſin, at the firſt place I came to from *Roncesualle*, I caſt ſalt vpon your heart, that it might not ſtinke, and might be freſh, and embalmed when it ſhould come to the preſence of the Lady *Belerma*, who with you and me, *Guadiana* your Squire, the waiting-woman *Ruydera*, and her ſeuen Daughters, and her two Neeces, and many other of your acquaintances and friends, haue beene enchanted heere by *Merlin* that Wizard long ſince, and though it be aboue fiue hundred yeeres agoe, yet none of vs is dead; onely *Ruydera*, her Daughters and Neeces are wanting, whom by reaſon of their lamentation, *Merlin* that had compaſſion on them, turned them into ſo many Lakes now liuing in the world: and in the Prouince of Mancha they are called the Lakes of *Ruydera*; ſeuen belong to the Kings of Spaine, and the two Neeces to the Knights of the moſt holy Order of Saint *Iohn*. *Guadiana* your Squire, wailing in like manner this miſ-hap, was turned into a Riuer that bore his owne name, who when hee came to the ſuperficies of the earth, and ſaw the Sun in another heauen, ſuch was his griefe to haue left you, that he ſtraight plunged himſelfe into the entrailes of the earth: but, as it is not poſſible for him to leaue his naturall Current, ſometimes he appeares and ſhewes himſelfe, where the Sunne and men may ſee him. The aforeſaid Lakes do miniſter their waters to him, with which, and many others, hee enters Portugall in pompe: but which way ſo-ere he goes, hee ſhewes his ſorrow and melancholy, and contemnes the breeding of dainty fiſh in his waters, and ſuch as are eſteemed, but only muddie and vnſauorie, farre differing from thoſe of golden *Tagus*; and what I now tell you, Couſin mine, I haue told you often,

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and

and since you answere mee nothing, I imagine you eyther beleeue me not, or not heare me; for which (God knowes) I am heartily sorry. One newes I will let you know, which, though perhaps it may not any way lighten your griefe, yet it will no way increase it: Know, that you haue heere in your presence, (open your eyes and you shall see him) that famous Knight, of whom *Merlin* propheſied such great matters, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, that now newly and more happily then former Ages, hath raised the long-forgotten Knight Errantry, by whose meanes and fauour, it may be, that we also may be dis-inchanted; for great exploits are reserued for great Personages. And if it be otherwise (answered the grieued *Durandarte*) with a faint and low voyce, if it be otherwise, oh Cousin, I say, [b] Patience and shuffle: and turning on one side, hee returned to his accustomed silence, without speaking one word.

[b] *Patiencia y barajar.* A Metaphor taken frō Cardplayers, who when they lose, cry to the dealer, Patience, and shuffle the Cards.

By this wee heard great howling and moane, accompanied with deepe sighes, and short-breath'd accents: I turned mee about, and saw that in another roome there came passing by the Christall waters, a procession of a company of most beautifull Damozels, in two rankes, all clad in mourning, with Turbants vpon their heads, after the Turkish fashion; at last, and in the end of the rankes, there came a Lady, who by her maiesty appear'd so, clothed in like manner in blacke, with a white dressing on her head, so large, that it kissed the very ground. Her Turbant was twice as bigge as the biggest of the rest, shee was somewhat beetle-brow'd, flatte-nosed, wide-mouth'd, but redde-lipped: her teeth, for sometimes she discouered them, seemed to be thin, and not very-well placed, though they were as white as blancht Almonds; in her hand shee carried a fine cloth, and within it (as might be perceiued) a Mommied heart, by reason of the dry embalming of it: *Montesinos* told me, that all those in that procession, were seruants to *Durandarte* and *Belerma*, that were there enchanted with their Masters, & that shee that came last with the linnen cloth and the heart in her hand, was the Lady *Belerma*, who, together with hir Damozels, four daies in the weeke did make that procesion, singing, or to say truer, howling their Dirges ouer the body & greeued heart of his Cousin,

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and that if now she appeared somewhat foule to mee, or not so faire as Fame hath giuen out, the cause was; her bad nights, but worse daies that she indured in that enchantment, as I might see by her deepe-sunke eyes, and her broken complexion; and her monthly disease, is not the cause of these, (an ordinary thing in women) for it is many moneths since, and many yeeres, that she hath not had it, nor knowne what it is; but the griefe that shee hath in her owne heart, for that she carries in her hand continually, which renewes and brings to her remembrance, the vnfortunateness of her luckless Louer; for if it were not for this, scarce would the famous *Dulcinea del Toboso* equall her in beauty, wit, or liuelinesse, that is so famous in the *Mancha*, and all the world ouer. Not too fast (then said I) *Signior Don Montesinos*, on with your story as befits; for you know, all compairsons are odious, and so leaue your comparing, the peerelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso* is what she is, and the Lady *Belerma* is what she is and hath beene; and let this suffice.

To which he answered, Pardon me Signior *Don Quixote*, for I confesse I did ill, and not wel to say, the Lady *Dulcinea* would scarce equall the Lady *Belerma*, since it had beene sufficient, that I vnderstood (I know not by what aime) that you are her Knight, enough to haue made me bite my tongue, before I had compared her with any thing but heauen it selfe. With this satisfaction that *Montesinos* gaue me, my heart was free from that sodaine passion I had, to heare my Mistresse compared to *Belerma*.

And I maruell (said *Sancho*) that you got not to the olde Carle and bang'd his bones, and pulled his beard, without leauing him a haire in it.

No, friend *Sancho*, said he, it was not fit for me to doe so; for wee are all bound to reuerence our Elders, although they be no Knights, and most of all when they are so, and are enchanted. I know well enough, I was not behinde-hand with him in other questions and answeres that passed betweene vs. Then said the Scholler, I know not, Signior *Don Quixote*, how you in so little time (as it is since you went downe) haue seene so many things, and spoken & answered so much. How long is it (quoth he),

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he) since I went downe? A little more then an houre (said *Sancho.*) That cannot be (replyed *Don Quixote*) because it vvas morning and euening, and euening and morning three times; so that by my account, I haue beene three daies in those parts so remote and hidden from our sight. Surely, my Master (quoth *Sancho*) is in the right; for as all things that befall him are by way of enchantment; so perhaps, that which appeares to vs but an houre, is to him there, three nights and three dayes. He hath hit it (said *Don Quixote*) And haue you eat, Sir, in all this time (quoth the Scholler?) Not a bit (quoth *Don Quixote*) neyther haue I beene hungry, or so much as thought of eating. And the enchanted, eat they, said the Scholler? No, said he, neyther are they troubled with your greater excrements, although it be probable that their nailes, their beards, and their haires grow. Sleep they haply, said *Sancho*? No indeed, said *Don Quixote*, at least these three daies that I haue beene with them, not one of them hath closed his eyes, nor I neyther. That fits the Prouerb, quoth *Sancho*, which sayes, You shall know the person by his company: you haue beene amongst the enchanted, and those that watch & fast: no maruell therefore though you neyther slept nor eat whilest you vvere amongst them; but pray, Sir, pardon me, if I say, God (or the Deuill I was about to say) take me, if I beleeue a word of all this you haue spoken. Why not, said the Scholler? doe you thinke Signior *Don Quixote* would lye to vs, for though he would, hee hath not had time to compose or inuent such a million of lies? I doe not beleeue (quoth *Sancho*) that my Master lies. But vvhat doe you beleeue then (quoth *Don Quixote*?) Mary I beleeue (said *Sancho*) that that *Merlin*, or those Enchanters that enchanted all that rabble, that you say you haue seene and conuersed with there below, clapt into your apprehension or memory all this Machine that you haue told vs, and all that remaines yet to be told. All this may be, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, but 'tis otherwise; for vvhat I haue told, I saw vvith these eyes, and felt vvith these hands: but vvhat vvilt thou say when I shall tell thee, that, amongst infinite other matters and vvonders, that *Montesinos* shewed me, which at more leisure, and at fitting time in processe of our iourney I shall tell thee:

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thee: He ſhewed me three Country wenches, that went leaping and frisking vp and downe thoſe pleaſant fields like Goats, and I ſcarce ſaw them, vvhen I perceiued the one was the peerleſſe *Dulcinea*, and the other two the ſelfe-ſame that wee ſpoke to when vvee left *Toboſo*. I asked *Monteſinos* vvhether hee knew them: vvho anſwered me, Not: but that ſure they vvere ſome Ladies of quality there enchanted, that but lately appeared in thoſe fields, and that it vvas no vvonder; for that there vvere many others of former times & theſe preſent, that were enchanted in ſtrange and different ſhapes, amongſt whom hee knew Queene *Gainiuer*, and her vvoman *Quintaniana* filling *Lanſarotes* cups vvhen he came from Britaine.

When *Sancho* heard his Maſter thus farre, it made him ſtarke madde, and ready to burſt vvith laughter; for by reaſon that he knew the truth of *Dulcinea's* enchantment, as hauing been himſelfe the Enchanter, and the raiſer of that tale, hee did vndoubtedly ratifie his beliefe, that his Maſter was madde and out of his vvittes; and ſo told him: In an ill time, and diſmall day (Patron mine) vvent you downe into the other vvorld, and at an ill ſeaſon met you with Signior *Monteſinos*, that hath returned you in this pickle: you vvere vvell enough heere aboue, in your right ſences as God hath giuen them you, vttering ſentences, & giuing good counſaile euery foote, and not as now telling the greateſt vnlikelihoods that can be imagined.

Becauſe I know thee, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) I make no account of thy words. Nor I of yours, ſaid hee: you may ſtrike or kill me if you will, eyther for thoſe I haue ſpoken, or thoſe I meane to ſpeake, if you doe not correct and amend your ſelfe. But pray tell me, Sir, whileſt we are quiet, how knew you it was our Miſtris? ſpoke you to her? what ſaid ſhee, and what anſwered you? I knew her, ſaid *Don Quixote*, by the ſame clothes ſhe had on at ſuch time as thou ſhewd'ſt her me: I ſpoke to her, but ſhe gaue me not a word, but turned her backe, and ſcudded away ſo faſt, that a flight would not haue ouertaken her: I meant to haue followed her, and had done it, but that *Monteſinos* told mee it was in vaine, and the rather, becauſe it was now high time for me to returne out of the Caue. He told me likewiſe,

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wife, that in processe of time, he would let me know the meanes of disenchanting *Durandarte*, and *Belerma* & himselfe; together with all the rest that were there: But that which most greeued me, was; that whilest I was thus talking with *Montesinos*, one of the vnfortunate *Dulcinea's* companions came on one side of me (I not perceiuing it) and with teares in her eyes, and hollow voyce said to me; My Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* commends her to you, and desires to know how you doe: and withall, because she is in great necessity, she desires you with all earnestnesse, that you would be pleased to lend her three shillings vpon this new Cotton Petticote that I bring you, or what you can spare; for she will pay you againe very shortly. This message held me in suspence and admiration: so that turning to Signior *Montesinos*, I asked him, Is it possible, Signior, that those of your better sort that be enchanted are in want? To vvhich he answered, Beleeue me, Signior *Don Quixote*, this necessity rangeth and extends it selfe euery where, and ouertakes all men, neither spares shee the Enchanted; and therefore since the Lady *Dulcinea* demaunds these three shillings of you, and that the pawne seemes to bee good, lend them her, for sure shee is much straightned. I will take no pawne (quoth I) neither can I lend what shee requires, for I haue but two shillings: these I gaue, which were the same, *Sancho*, that thou gauest me tother day, to giue for almes to the poore that we met: and I told the Mayd, Friend, tell your Mistris that I am sorry vvith al my heart for her vvants, & I would I vvere a *Fucar* to releeue them; and let her knovv, that I neither can, nor may haue health, vvanting her pleasing company, and discreet conuersation, and that I desire her, as earnestly as may be, that this her Captiue Seruant and Way-beaten Knight may see and treat vvith her.

Fucares, were a rich family, & name in Germany that maintained a banke of monies in Spain, & still vsed to furnish *Philip* the 2. with monies in his warres.

You shall also say, that vvhen she least thinkes of it, shee shall heare say, that I haue made an oath and vovv, such as vvas the Marquis his of *Mantua*, to reuenge his Nephue *Baldwine*, vvhen he found him ready to giue vp the ghost in the midst of the mountaine; vvhich vvas, not to eat his meat vvith napkins, and other Flim-flams added therunto, till he had reuenged his death: And so vvear I, not to be quiet, till I haue trauelled all the seuen

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partitions

partitions of the world, more punctually then Prince *Don Manuel* of Portugall, till I haue dis-enchanted her. All this and more you owe to my Mistresse, said the Damozell; and taking the two shillings, in stead of making me a courtesie, she fetcht a caper two yards high in the ayre.

Blessed God! (*Sancho* cryed out) & is it possible that Enchanters and Enchantments should so much preuaile vpon him, as to turn his right vnderstanding into such a wilde madnes? Sir, Sir, for Gods loue haue a care of your selfe, & looke to your credit: beleeue not in these bubbles that haue lessened and crazed your wits. Out of thy loue, *Sancho*, thou speakest this (said *Don Quixote*) and for want of experience in the world, all things that haue neuer so little difficulty seeme to thee to be impossible: but time will come (as I haue told thee already) that I shall relate some things that I haue seene before, which may make thee beleeue what I haue said, vvhich admits no reply, or controuersie.

CHAP. XXIIII.

Where are recounted a thousand slim-flams, as impertinent, as necessary to the vnderstanding of this famous History.

THe Translator of this famous History out of his Originall, written by *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, sayes; That when hee came to the last chapter going before, these words were written in the Margin by the same *Hamete*. I cannot beleeue or be perswaded, that all that is written in the antecedent Chapter hapned so punctually to the valerous *Don Quixote*: the reason is, because all Aduentures hitherto haue beene accidental and probable; but this of the Caue, I see no likelihood of the truth of it, as being so vn-reasonable: Yet to thinke *Don Quixote* would lye, being the worthiest Gentleman, and noblest Knight of his time, is not possible; for he would not lye, though he were shot to death vvith arrowes. On the other side I consider, that he

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he related it, with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that in so short a time, hee could not frame such a Machina of fopperies, and if this Aduenture seeme to be Apocrypha, the fault is not mine: so that leauing it indifferent, I here set it downe. Thou, Oh Reader, as thou art wise, iudge as thou thinkest good; for I can doe no more, though one thing be certaine, that vvhen hee was vpon his death-bed, he disclaimed this Aduenture, and said, That he had onely inuented it, because it suted with such as hee had read of in his Histories: so he proceeds, saying:

The Scholler wondred, as well at *Sancho's* boldnesse, as his Masters patience, but he thought, that by reason of the ioy that he receiued in hauing seene his Mistresse *Dulcinea* (though enchanted) that softnesse of condition grew vpon him; for had it beene otherwise, *Sancho* spoke words that might haue grinded him to powder: for in his opinion he was somwhat sawcy with his Master, to whom he said:

Signior *Don Quixote*, I thinke the iourney that I haue made with you, very wel employd, because in it I haue stored vp foure things. The first is, the hauing knowne your selfe, vvhich I esteeme as a great happinesse. The second, to haue knowne the secrets of this *Montesinos* Caue, with the transformations of *Guadiana* and *Ruydera's* Lakes, which may helpe me in my Spanish *Ouid* I haue in hand: The third is, to know the Antiquity of Card-playing, which was vsed at least in time of the Emperor *Charles* the Great, as may be collected out of the words you say *Durandarte* vsed, when after a long speech betweene him and *Montesinos*, hee awakened saying; Patience, and shuffle: and this kind of speaking, he could not learne when he was enchanted, but when hee liued in France, in time of the aforesaid Emperor: and this obseruation comes in pudding time for the other booke that I am making, which is, My supply to *Polydore Vergil*, in the inuention of Antiquities, and I beleeue, in his hee left out Cards, which I will put in, as a matter of great importance, especially hauing so authentike an author as Signior *Durandarte*. The fourth is, to haue knowne for a certaine the true spring of the Riuer *Guadiana*, which hath hitherto beene concealed.

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You

You haue reaſon (ſayd *Don Quixote*:) but I would faine know of you, now that it pleaſed God to giue you abilities to print your bookes, To whom will you direct them? You haue Lords and [a] *Grandes* in *Spaine* (ſayd the Scholler) to whom I may direct them. Few of them (ſayd *Don Quixote*) not becauſe they doe not deſerue the dedications, but becauſe they will not admit of them, not to oblige themſelues to the ſatisfaction, that is due to the Authors paines and courteſie. One Prince I know, that may ſupply the deſerts of the reſt, with ſuch aduantage, that ſhould I ſpeake of it, it might ſtirre vp enuy in ſome noble breſts: but let this reſt till ſome fit time, and let vs looke out where we may lodge too night.

[a] A name giuen to men of title, as Dukes, Marquiſſes, or Earles in Spaine, whoſe onely priuiledge is to ſtand couered before the King.

Not farre from hence (ſayd the Scholler) there is a Hermitage, where dwels a Hermit, that they ſay hath been a Souldior, and is thought to bee a good Chriſtian, and very diſcreet, and charitable. Beſides the Hermitage, he hath a little houſe, which he hath built at his owne charge, yet though it be little, it is fit to receiue gheſts. Hath hee any Hens, trow (ſayd *Sancho*?) Few Hermits are without vn (quoth *Don Quixote*:) for your Hermits now adayes, are not like thoſe that liued in the Deſarts of *Ægypt*, that were clad in Palme-leaues, and liued vpon the roots of the earth: but miſtake me not, that becauſe I ſpeake well of them, I ſhould ſpeake ill of theſe, onely the penitency of theſe times comes not neere thoſe: yet for ought I know, all are good, at leaſt I think ſo, and if the worſt come to the worſt, your Hypocrite that faines himſelfe good, doth leſſe hurt then he that ſinnes in publike.

As they were thus talking, they might eſpy a Foot-man comming towards them, going apace, and beating with his wand a Hee-Mule laden with Lances and Halberds; when hee came neere them, hee ſaluted them, and paſſed on: but *Don Quixote* ſayd to him; Honeſt fellow, ſtay, for me thinkes you make your Mule goe faſter then needes. I cannot ſtay, Sir (ſayd he) becauſe theſe weapons that you ſee I carry, muſt bee vſed to morrow morning: ſo I muſt needs goe on my way, Farewell: But if you will know why I carry them, I ſhall lodge to night in the [b] *Vente* aboue the Hermitage, and if you goe that way, there you ſhall

[b] *Ventes*, Places in Spaine, in barren vnpeopled parts for lodging, like our beggerly Alehouſes vpon the High-wayes.

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haue

haue me, and I will tell you wonders: and so once more, Farewell. So the Mule pricked on so fast, that *Don Quixote* had no leisure to aske him, what wonders they were; and as hee was curious, and alwayes desirous of nouelties, hee tooke order that they should presently go and passe that night in the *Vente*, without touching at the Hermitage, where the Scholler would haue stayed that night.

So all three of them mounted, went toward the *Vente*, whither they reached somewhat before it grew darke, and the Scholler inuited *Don Quixote* to drinke a sup by the way at the Hermitage: which as soon as *Sancho* heard, he made haste with Dapple, as did *Don Quixote* and the Scholler likewise: but as *Sancho's* ill lucke would haue it, the Hermit was not at home, as was told them by the Vnder-Hermit: they asked him whether he had any of the dearer sort of wine? who answered, His Master had none: but if they would haue any cheape water, hee would giue it them with a good will. If my thirst would bee quencht with water, wee might haue had Wels to drinke at by the way. Ah *Camacho's* marriage, and *Don Diego's* plenty, how oft shall I misse you? Now they left the Hermitage, and spurred toward the *Vente*, and a little before them, they ouertooke a Youth, that went not very fast before them; so they ouertooke him: he had a sword vpon his shoulder, and vpon it, as it seemed, a bundle of clothes, as breeches, and cloke, and a shirt; for he wore a veluet ierkin, that had some kinde of remainder of sattin, and his shirt hung out, his stockings were of silke, and his shooes square at toe, after the Court-fashion, he was about eighteene yeeres of age, and actiue of body to see to: to passe the tediousnesse of the way, he went singing short pieces of songs, and as they came neere him, he made an end of one, which the Scholler (they say learnt by heart) and it was this:

To the warres I goe for necessity,
At home would I tarry, if I had money.

Don Quixote was the first that spoke to him, saying; You go very naked, Sir Gallant. And whither, a Gods name? Let's know, if it be your pleasure to tell vs? To which the Youth answered, Heat and pouerty are the causes that I walke so light,

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and my iourney is to the wars. Why for pouerty (quoth *Don Quixote?*) for heat it may well be. Sir (sayd the Youth) I carry in this bundle a paire of slops, fellowes to this kerken, if I weare vm by the way, I shall doe my selfe no credit with them when I come to any towne, and I haue no money to buy others with, so as well for this, as to aire my selfe, I goe till I can ouer-take certaine companies of Foot, which are not aboue twelue leagues from hence, where I shall get me a place, and shall not want carriages to trauell in, till I come to our imbarking place, which (they say) must be in *Cartagena*, and I had rather haue the King to my Master, and serue him, then a beggerly Courtier. And haue you any extraordinary pay, sayd the Scholler?

Had I serued any *Grande*, or man of quality (sayd the Youth) no doubt I should; for that comes by your seruing good Masters, that out of the Scullery men come to bee Lieutenants or Captaines, or to haue some good pay: but I alwayes had the ill lucke to serue your Shag-rags and Vp-starts, whose allowance was so bare and short, that one halfe of it still was spent in starching me a ruffe, and it is a miracle, that one ventring Page amongst an hundred, should euer get any reasonable fortune. But tell me, Friend (quoth *Don Quixote*) Is it possible, that in all the time you serued, you neuer got a Liuery? Two (sayd the Page:) But as he that goes out of a Monastery, before he professeth, hath his habit taken from him, and his clothes giuen him backe: so my Masters returned me mine, when they had ended their businesses, for which they came to the Court for, and returned to their owne homes, & with-held their Liueries, which they had onely shewed for ostentation.

[a] Cullionry.

A notable [a] *Esfilocherio*, as saith your *Italian* (quoth *Don Quixote*) for all that, thinke your selfe happy that you are come from the Court, with so good an intention, for there is nothing in the world better, nor more profitable, then to serue God first, and next, your Prince and naturall Master, especially in the practice of Armes, by which, if not more wealth, yet at least, more honour is obtained, then by Learning, as I haue sayd many times, that though Learning hath raised more houses then Armes, yet your Sword-men haue a kind of (I know not what) aduantage

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aduantage aboue Schollers, with a kinde of ſplendor, that doth aduantage them ouer all.

And beare in your minde what I ſhall now tell you, which ſhall be much for your good, and much lighten you in your trauels, that is, not to thinke vpon aduerſity; for the worſt that can come is death, which if it be a good death, the beſt fortune of all is to die. *Iulius Caſar*, that braue Romane Emperour, being aſked, Which was the beſt death? anſwered, A ſudden one & vnthought of; and though he anſwered like a Gentile, and voyd of the knowledge of the true God, yet he ſayd well, to ſaue humane feeling a labour; for ſay you ſhould bee ſlaine in the firſt skirmiſh, either with a Canon-ſhot, or blowne vp with a Mine, What matter is it? All is but dying, and there's an end: And as *Terence* ſayes, A Souldier ſlaine in the field, ſhewes better, then aliue and ſafe in flight; and ſo much the more famous is a good Souldiour, by how much hee obeyes his Captaines, and thoſe that may command him; and marke, childe, it is better for a Souldiour to ſmell of his gun-powder, then of cluet; and when olde age comes vpon you in this honourable exercife, though you be full of ſcarres, maimed, or lame, at leaſt, you ſhall not be without honour, which pouerty cannot diminiſh; and beſides, there is order taken now, that olde and maimed Souldiers may be releeued; neither are they dealt withall [a] like thoſe mens Negars, that when they are olde and can doe their Maſters no ſeruice, they (vnder colour of making them free) turne them out of doores, and make them ſlaues to hunger, from which nothing can free them but death, and for this time I will ſay no more to you, but onely get vp behinde me till you come to the *Vente*, and there you ſhall ſup with me, and to morrow take your iourney, which God ſpeede, as your deſires deſerue.

[a] He deſcribes the right ſubtill and cruell nature of his damned Country-men.

The Page accepted not of his inuitement, to ride behinde him; but for the ſupper hee did: And at this ſeaſon (they ſay) *Sancho* ſayd to himſelfe; Lord defend thee, Maſter; And is it poſſible, that a man that knowes to ſpeake ſuch, ſo many, and ſo good things (as hee hath ſayd heere) ſhould ſay hee hath ſeene ſuch impoſſible fooleries, as he hath told vs of *Monteſino's* Caue. Well, wee ſhall ſee what will become of it. And by this they

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came to the *Venta* iuſt as it was night, for which *Sancho* was glad, becauſe too his Maſter tooke it to be a true *Venta*, and not a Caſtle, as hee was wont. They were no ſooner entred, when *Don Quixote* asked the [b] *Venter* for the man with the Lances and Halberds, who anſwered him, hee was in the ſtable looking to his Moyle: *Sancho* and the Scholler did the ſame to their Aſſes, giuing *Don Quixotes Rozinante* the beſt manger and roome in the ſtable.

[b] *Ventero*, the Maſter of the *Venta*.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Aduenture of the Braying, and the merry one of the Puppet-man, with the memorable ſoothſaying of the prophesying Ape.

DON *Quixote* ſtood vpon thornes, till hee might heare and know the promiſed wonders, of the man that carried the Armes, and went where the *Venter* had tolde him, to ſeeke him; where finding him, hee ſayd; That by all meanes he muſt tell him preſently, what hee had promiſed him vpon the way. The man anſwered him, The ſtory of the wonders requires more leiſure, and muſt not bee told thus ſtanding: good Sir let mee make an end of prouandring my Beaſt, and I will tell you things that ſhall admire you.

Let not that hinder you (quoth *Don Quixote*) for Ile helpe you: and ſo he did, fifting his barley, and cleanſing the manger (a humility that obliged the fellow to tell him his tale heartily:) thus ſitting downe vpon a bench, *Don Quixote* by him, with the Scholler, Page, and *Sancho*, and the *Venter*, for his complete Senate and Auditory, he began:

You ſhall vnderſtand, that in a towne, ſome foure leagues and an halfe from this *Venta*, it fell out, that an Alderman there, by a trick and wile of a wench, his mayd-ſeruant (which were long to tell how) loſt his Aſſe, and though the ſayd Alderman vſed all manner of diligence to finde him, it was impoſſible. His Aſſe was wanting (as the publike voyce and fame goeth) fifteene

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dayes:

dayes: when the Alderman that loſt him, being in the market-place, another Alderman of the ſame towne told him; Pay mee for my newes, Goſſip, for your Aſſe is forth-comming. I will willingly, Goſſip (ſayd the other) but let me know where he is? This morning (ſayd the Second) I ſaw him vpon the mountaines without his pack-ſaddle, or any other furniture, ſo leane, that it was pitty to ſee him, I would haue gotten him before me, and haue driuen him to you, but hee is ſo mountainous and wilde, that when I made towards him, hee flew from mee, and got into the thickeſt of the wood: If you pleaſe, wee will both returne and ſeeke him, let me firſt put vp this Aſſe at home, and Ile come by and by. You ſhall doe me a great kindneſſe (quoth he) and I will repay you (if neede be) in the like kinde.

With all theſe circumſtances, iuſt as I tell you, all that know the truth, relate it: In fine, the two Aldermen, afoot and hand to hand, went to the Hils, and comming to the place where they thought to finde the Aſſe, they miſſed of him, neither could they finde him, for all their ſeeking round-about. Seeing then there was no appearance of him, the Alderman that had ſeene him, ſayd to the other; Harke you, Goſſip, I haue a tricke in my head, with which we ſhall finde out this Beaſt, though hee bee hidden vnder ground, much more if in the mountaine: Thus it is, I can bray excellent well, and ſo can you a little: well, tis a match. A little, Goſſip (quoth the other) Verily, Ile take no ods of any body, nor of an Aſſe himſelfe. We ſhall ſee then (ſaid the ſecond Alderman) for my plot is, that you goe on one ſide of the hill, and I on the other, ſo that wee may compaſſe it round, now and then you ſhall bray, and ſo will I, and it cannot bee, but that your Aſſe will anſwer one of vs, if hee bee in the mountaine.

To this the owner of the Aſſe anſwered; I tell you, Goſſip, the deuice is rare, and worthy your great wit: ſo diuiding themſelues (according to the agreement) it fell out, that iuſt at one inſtant both brayed, and each of them coozened with the others braying, came to looke another, thinking now there had beene newes of the Aſſe: And as they met, the Looſer ſayd; Is it poſſible, Goſſip, that it was not mine Aſſe that brayed? No, twas I,

ſayd the other. Then (replide the Owner) Goſſip, betweene you and an Aſſe there is no difference, touching your braying; for in my life I neuer heard a thing more naturall.

Theſe praiſes and extollings (ſayd the other) doe more properly belong to you then mee, for truely you may giue two to one, to the beſt and skilfulleſt Brayer in the world; for your ſound is lofty, you keepe very good time, and your cadences thicke and ſudden: To conclude, I yeeld my ſelfe vanquiſhed, and giue you the prize and glory of this rare ability. Well (ſayd the Owner) I ſhall like my ſelfe the better for this hereafter, and ſhall thinke I know ſomething, ſince I haue gotten a quality, for though I euer thought I brayed well, yet I neuer thought I was ſo excellent at it, as you ſay.

Let me tell you (ſayd the other) there bee rare abilities in the world, that are loſt and ill-imployed, in thoſe that will not good them-ſelues with them. Ours (quoth the Owner) can do vs no good, but in ſuch buſineſſes as wee haue now in hand, and pray God in this they may.

This ſayd, they diuided themſelues againe, and returned to their braying, and euery foot they were deceiued, and met; till they agreed vpon a counter-ſigne, that to know twas themſelues, and not the Aſſe; they ſhould bray twice together: ſo that with this doubling their brayes, euery ſtitch-while they compaſſed the hill, the loſt Aſſe not anſwering ſo much, as by the leaſt ſigne; but how could the poore and ill-thriuing Beaſt anſwer, when they found him in the Thicket eaten with Wolues? And his Owner ſeeing him, ſayd; I maruelled he did not anſwer; for if he had not been dead, he would haue brayed, if he had heard vs, or elſe he had beene no Aſſe: but i'faith, Goſſip, ſince I haue heard your delicate braying, I thinke my paines well beſtowed in looking this Aſſe, though I haue found him dead.

[a] *En buenna mano eſta.* Alluding to two, that ſtriue to make one another drinke firſt.

[a] Tis in a very good hand, Goſſip (ſayd the other:) And if the Abbot ſing well, [b] the little Monke comes not behinde him. With this, all comfortleſſe and hoarce, home they went, where they told their Friends, Neighbours, and Acquaintances, what had happened in the ſearch for the Aſſe, the one exaggerating

[b] The one as very an Aſſe as the other.

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the

the others cunning in braying; all which was knowne and spred abroad in the neighboring townes: And the Deuill, that alwaies watcheth how he may sow & scatter quarrels and discord euery where, raising brabbles in the aire, and making great Chimæra's of nothing, made the people of other townes, that when they saw any of ours, they should bray, as hitting vs in the teeth with our Aldermens braying.

The Boyes at length fell to it, which was, as if it had falne into the iawes of all the Deuils in Hell, so this braying spred it selfe from one towne to the other, that they which are borne in our towne, are as well knowne as the begger knowes his dish; and this vnfortunate scoffe hath proceeded so farre, that many times those that were scoffed at, haue gone out armed in a whole Squadron, to giue battell to the Scoffers, without feare or wit, neither King nor Keisar being able to preuent them: I beleeue, that to morrow or next day, those of my towne will be in field (to wit, the Brayers) against the next towne, which is two leagues off, one of them that doth most persecute vs; and because we might be well prouided, I haue bought those Halberds and Lances, that you saw. And these be the wonders, that I said I would tell you of: and if these bee not so, I know not what may.

And heere the poore fellow ended his discourse: and now there entred at the doore of the *Vente*, one clad all in Chamois, in hose and doublet, and called aloud; Mine Oast, haue you any lodging? for here comes the prophesying Ape, and the Motion of *Melisendra*. Body of me (quoth the *Venter*) heere is Master *Peter*, we shall haue a braue night of it (I had forgot to tell how this Master *Peter* had his left eye, and halfe his cheeke, couered with a patch of green Taffata, a signe that all that side was sore:) so the *Venter* proceeded, saying; You are welcome, Master *Peter*, Where's the Ape and the Motion, that I see vm not? They are not farre off (quoth the Chamois-man) onely I am come before, to know if you haue any lodging?

I would make bold with the Duke of *Alua* himselfe (sayd the *Venter*) rather then Master *Peter* should bee disappoynted: let your Ape and your Motion come; for wee haue ghests heere

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to night, that will pay for seeing that, and the Apes abilities. In good time (sayd hee of the Patch) for I will moderate the price, so my charges this night be payd for; and therefore I will cause the Cart where they are, to drive on: with this hee went out of the *Venta* againe. *Don Quixote* straight asked the *Venter*, What Master *Peter* that was, and what Motion or Ape those he brought?

To which the Venter answered; He is a famous Puppet-Master, that this long time hath gone vp & down these parts of Aragon, shewing this motion of *Melisendra*, & *Don Gayferos*, one of the best histories that hath bin represented these many yeeres in this kingdom. Besides, he hath an Ape, the strangest that ever was; for if you aske him any thing, he marketh what you aske, and gets vp vpon his Masters shoulder, and tells him in his eare by way of answer, what he was asked: which Master *Peter* declares: he tells things to come, as well as things past; and though he doe not alwaies hit vpon the right, yet he seldome erres, and makes vs beleeue the Deuill is in him. Twelue pence for euery answer we giue, if the Ape doe answer, I meane, if his Master answer for him, after hee hath whispered in his eare; so it is thought that Master *Peter* is very rich, he is a notable fellow, & (as your Italian saith) a boon companion; hath the best life in the world, talkes his share for sixe men, and drinks for a doozen, all at his Tongues charge, his Motion, and his Apes.

By this, Master *Peter* was return'd, and his Motion and Ape came in a smal carriage; his Ape was of a good bignesse, without a tayle, & his bumme as bare as a Felt, but not very ill-fauoured. *Don Quixote* scarce beheld him, when hee demanded, Master Prophesier, What fish doe we catch? Tell vs what will become of vs, and heere is twelue-pence, which he commanded *Sancho* to giue Master *Peter*; who answered for the Ape and said: Sir, this beast answeres not, nor giues any notice of things to come, of things past hee knowes something, and likewise a little of things present. Zwookers (quoth *Sancho*) Ile not giue a farthing to know what is past: for who can tell that better then my selfe? and to pay for what I know, is most foolish: but since you say hee knowes things present, heere's my twelue-pence, and let

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let good-man Ape tell me what my wife *Tereſa Panſa* doth, and in what ſhee buſies her ſelfe. Maſter *Peter* would not take his mony, ſaying; I will not take your reward before-hand, till the Ape hath firſt done his duty: ſo giuing a clap or two with his right hand on his left ſhoulder, at one friske the Ape got vp, and laying his mouth to his eare, grated his teeth apace, and hauing ſhewed this feat the ſpace of a Creeds ſaying, at another frisk he leap'd to the ground, and inſtantly Maſter *Peter* very haſtily ran and kneeled downe before *Don Quixote*, & embracing his legs, ſaid: Theſe legges I embrace, as if they were *Hercules* Pillars. O famous reuiuer of the long-forgotten Knight Errantry! Oh neuer ſufficiently extolled Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! raiſer of the faint-hearted, propper of thoſe that fall, the ſtaffe & comfort of all the vnfortunate! *Don Quixote* was amazed, *Sancho* confuſed, the Scholler in ſuſpence, the Page aſtoniſht, the Bray townes-man all in a gaze, the Venter at his wittes end, and all admiring that heard the Puppet-mans ſpeech, who went on, ſaying:

And thou honeſt *Sancho Panſa*, the beſt Squire to the beſt Knight of the world, reioyce, for thy wife *Tereſa* is a good houſ-wife, and at this time ſhe is dreſſing a pound of flaxe; by the ſame token ſhee hath a good broken-mouth'd pot at her left ſide, that holds a pretty ſcantling of wine, with which ſhe eaſeth her labour.

I beleeue that very well (ſayd *Sancho*) for ſhe is a good ſoule; and if ſhe were not iealous, I would not change her for the Gyanteſſe *Andandona*, that, as my Maſter ſayes, was a vvoman for the nonce: and my *Tereſa* is one of thoſe that will not pine her ſelfe, though her heyres ſmart for it.

Well, I ſay now (quoth *Don Quixote*) he that reades much, and trauels much, ſees much, and knowes much. This I ſay, for who in the world could haue perſwaded mee that Apes could propheſie? which now I haue ſeene with mine owne eyes; for I am the ſame *Don Quixote* that this beaſt ſpeakes of, although he haue bin ſomewhat too liberall in my praiſe: but howſoeuer I am, I giue God thanks that he hath made me ſo relenting and compaſſionate; alwaies enclined to do good to all, & hurt to no man.

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If I had money (ſaid the Page) I would aske Mr. Ape vvhat ſhould befall me in the peregrination I haue in hand. To which Maſter *Peter* anſwered, that was now riſen from *Don Quixotes* foot, I haue told you once that this little beaſt foretels not things to come; for if he could, twere no matter for your mony: for heere is Signior *Don Quixote* preſent, for whoſe ſake I vvould forgoe all the Intereſt in the world: and to ſhew my duety to him, and to giue him delight, I vvill ſet vp my Motion, and freely ſhew all the company in the Vent ſome paſtime *gratis*. Which the Venter hearing, vnmeaſurably glad, pointed him to a place where he might ſet it vp; which was done in an inſtant.

Don Quixote liked not the Apes prophefying very well, holding it to be friuolous, that an Ape ſhould onely tell things preſent, & not paſt, or to come. So whileſt Maſter *Peter* was fitting his Motion, *Don Quixote* tooke *Sancho* with him to a corner of the ſtable, and in priuate ſaid:

Looke-thee, *Sancho*, I haue very well conſidered of this Apes ſtrange quality, and finde that this Maſter *Peter* hath made a ſecret expreſſe compact with the Deuill, to infuſe this ability into the Ape, that he may get his liuing by it, and when he is rich, he will giue him his ſoule; which is that, that this vniuerſall enemy of mankinde pretends: and that which induceth me to this beliefe, is, that the Ape anſwers not to things paſt, but onely preſent; and the Deuils knowledge attaines to no more; for things to come he knowes not, only by coniecture: for God alone can diſtinguiſh the times and moments, and to him nothing is paſt or to come, but all is preſent: Which being ſo, it is moſt certaine that this Ape ſpeakes by inſtinct from the Deuill, and I wonder he hath not beene accuſed to the Inquiſition, and examined, and that it hath not beene preſſed out of him, to know by what vertue this Ape propheſieth; for certainely, neyther he nor his Ape are Aſtrologers, nor know how to caſt figures, which they call iudiciary, ſo much vſed in Spaine: for you haue no paltry Woman, nor Page, nor Cobler, that preſumes not to caſt a figure, as if it were one of the knaues at Cards vpon a table, falſifying that wondrous Science with their ignorant lying.

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I knew

I knew a Gentlewoman that asked one of these Figure-flingers, if a little foysting-hound of hers should haue any puppies, and if it had, how many, and of what colour the whelps should be. To which my cunning man (after hee had cast his figure) answered: That the bitch should haue young, and bring forth three little whelps, the one Greene, the other Carnation, and the third of a mixt colour, with this prouiso, that she should take the dogge betweene eleuen and twelue of the clocke at noone, or at night, which should be on the Munday, or the Saturday; and the successe was, that some two dayes after the bitch died of a surfet, and Master figure-raiser vvas reputed in the towne a most perfect Iudiciary, as all, or the greatest part of such men are. For all that (said *Sancho*) I vvould you vvould bid Master *Peter* aske his Ape, vvhether all vvere true that befell you in *Montesino's* Caue; for I thinke (vnder correction) all vvas cogging and lying, or at least but a dreame. All might be (said *Don Quixote*) yet I will doe as thou dost aduize me, though I haue one scruple remaining.

Whilest they were thus communing, Master *Peter* came to call *Don Quixote*, and to tell him that the Motion was now vp, if he would please to see it, vvhich vvould giue him content.

Don Quixote told him his desire, and vvished that his Ape might tell him, if certaine things that befell him in *Montesino's* Caue vvere true, or but dreames; for himselfe was vncertaine whether. Master *Peter*, vvithout answering a vvord, fetcht his Ape, and putting him before *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, saide, Looke you, Master Ape, Signior *Don Quixote* vvould haue you tell him, whether certaine things that hapned to him in *Montesino's* Caue vvere true or false? and making the accustomed signe, the Ape whipt vpon his left shoulder, and seeming to speake to him in his eare, Master *Peter* straight interpreted. The Ape, Signior, saies that part of those things are false, and part of them true, and this is all he knowes touching this demand; and now his vertue is gone from him, and if you vvill know any more, you must expect till Friday next, and then he will answer you all you will aske, for his vertue vvill not returne till then.

Law ye there (quoth *Sancho*) did not I tell you that I could not

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not beleeue that all you said of *Montesinos* Caue could hold currant? The successe hereafter will determine that (quoth *Don Quixote*) for time, the discouerer of al things, brings euery thing to the Sunnes light, though it be hidden in the bosome of the earth: and now let this suffice, and let vs goe see the Motion; for I beleeue we shall haue some strange nouelry. Some strange one, quoth Master *Peter*? this Motion of mine hath a thousand strange ones: I tell you Signior, it is one of the rarest things to be seene in the vvorld; *operibus credite & non verbis*: and now to worke, for it is late, and we haue much to doe, say, and shew.

Don Quixote and *Sancho* obeyed, and went where the Motion was set and opened, all full of little waxe lights, that made it most sightly and glorious. Master *Peter* straight clapped himselfe within it, who was hee that was to manage the artificiall Puppets, and without stood his boy to interpret and declare the mysteries of the Motion; in his hand hee had a vvhite vvand, vvith which he pointed out the seuerall shapes that came in and out. Thus all that were in the *Venta* being placed, & some standing ouer-against the Motion, *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, the Scholler and the Page, placed in the best seates, [a] the Trudge-man began to speak what shall be heard or seene, by him that shall heare or read the next Chapter.

[a] *El Truxaman.* An Interpreter amongst the Turks, but here taken for any in generall.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of the delightfull passage of the Puppet-play, and other pleasant matters.

HEere *Tyrians* and *Troyans* were all silent, I meane, all the spectators of the Motion had their eares hanged vpon the Interpreters mouth, that should declare the wonders; by and by there was a great sound of Kettle Drums, and Trumpets, and a volly of great shot within the Motion, which passing away briefly, the boy beganne to raise his voyce, and to say:

This true History which is here represented to you, is taken word

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word for word out of the French Chronicles, and the Spaniſh Romants, which are in euery bodies mouth, and ſung by boyes vp and downe the ſtreets. It treats of the liberty that Signior *Don Gayferos* gaue to *Meliſendra* his wife, that vvas impriſoned by the Moores in Spaine, in the City of Sanſuena, which was then ſo called, and now *Saragoſa*; and looke you there, how *Don Gayferos* is playing at Tables, according to the ſong;

Now Don Gayferos at Tables doth play,
Vnmindfull of Meliſendra away.

And that Perſonage that peepes out there with a Crowne on his head, and a Scepter in his hand, is the Emperor *Charlemaine*, the ſuppoſed father of the ſaid *Meliſendra*, who grieued with the ſloth and neglect of his Sonne in law, comes to chide him: and marke with what vehemency and earneſtneſſe he rates him, as if he meant to giue him halfe a doozen Connes with his Scepter. Some Authors there bee that ſay, hee did, and ſound ones too: and after he had told him many things concerning the danger of his reputation, if he did not free his Spouſe, twas ſaid hee told him, I haue ſaid enough, looke to it. Looke ye Sir, againe, how the Emperor turnes his backe, and in what caſe hee leaues *Don Gayferos*, vvho all enraged ffings the Tables and the tablemen from him, and haſtily calls for his Armour, and borrowes his Couſin Germane *Roldan* his ſword *Durindana*; vvho offers him his company in this difficult enterpriſe. But the valorous enraged Knight would not accept it, ſaying; That hee is ſufficient to free his Spouſe, though ſhe were put in the deepe Centre of the earth: and now hee goes in to Arme himſelfe for his Iourney.

Now turne your eyes to yonder Tower that appeares, (for you) muſt ſuppoſe it is one of the Towers of the Caſtle of *Saragoſa*, vvhich is now called the *Aliaferia*, and that Lady that appeares in the window, cladde in a Mooriſh habit, is the peereleſſe *Meliſendra*, that many a time lookes toward France, thinking on Paris and her ſpouſe, the onely comforts in her impriſonment. Behold alſo a ſtrange accident now that happens, perhaps neuer the like ſeene: ſee you not that Moore that comes faire and ſoftly, with his finger in his mouth, behinde *Meliſendra*?

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dra? looke what a ſmacke he giues her in the midſt of her lippes, and how ſodainely ſhee begins to ſpit, and to wipe them vvith her white ſmocke ſleeue, and how ſhe laments, and for very anguiſh deſpiteouſly rootes vp her faire hayres, as if they were to blame for this wickednesſe. Marke you alſo that graue Moore, that ſtands in that open Gallery, it is *Marſilius* King of *Sanſuenna*, who when he ſaw the Moores ſawcineſſe, although he were a kinſ-man, and a great fauourite of his, hee commanded him ſtraight to bee apprehended, and to haue two hundreth ſtripes giuen him, and to be carried thorow the chiefe ſtreets in the City, with minſtrels before, and rods of Iuſtice behinde; and looke ye how the ſentence is put in execution before the fault bee ſcarce committed; for your Moores vſe not (as we doe) any legall proceeding. Childe, childe (cried *Don Quixote* aloud) on with your ſtory in a direct line, and fall not into your crookes and your tranſ-uerſals: for to verifie a thing I tell you, there had need be a Legall proceeding. Then Maſter *Peter* too ſaid from vvithin; Boy, fall not you to your flouriſhes, but doe as that Gentleman commands you, which is the beſt courſe; ſing you your plaine ſong, and meddle not vvith the treble, leſt the ſtrings breake. I will, Maſter (ſaid the boy) and proceeded, ſaying:

He that you ſee there (quoth he) on horſebacke, cladde in a Gaſcoyne cloake, is *Don Gayferos* himſelfe, to whom his Wife (now reuenged on the Moore for his boldneſſe) ſhewes her ſelfe from the battlements of the Caſtle, taking him to bee ſome paſſenger, vvith vvhom ſhee paſſed all the diſcourſe mentioned in the Romant, that ſayes;

Friend, if toward France you goe,
Aske if Gayferos be there or no. &c.

The reſt I omit, for all prolixity is irkeſome, tis ſufficient that you ſee there how *Don Gayferos* diſcouers himſelfe, and by *Meliſendra's* iocund behauiour, we may imagine ſhee knowes him, and the rather, becauſe now we ſee, ſhe lets her ſelfe down from a bay-window, to ride away behinde her good Spouſe: but alas, vnhappy creature, one of the skirts of her kirtle hath caught vpon one of the yron barres of the window, and ſhe houers in

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the

the ayre, vvithout possibility of comming to the ground: but see how pittifull heauens releeue her in her greatest necessity; for *Don Gayferos* comes, and without any care of her rich Kirtle, layes hold of it, and forcibly brings her downe with him, and at one hoist sets her astride vpon his horses crupper, & commands her to sit fast, and clap her armes about him, that shee fall not; for *Melisendra* was not vsed to that kinde of riding. Looke you how the horse by his neighing shewes that he is proud with the burden of his valiant Master, and faire Mistresse. Look how they turne their backes to the City, and merrily take their vvay toward *Paris*. Peace be with you, O peerelesse couple of true Louers, safely may you arriue at your desired Country, without Fortunes hindering your prosperous voyage: may your friends and kindred see you enioy the rest of your yeeres (as many as *Nestors*) peaceably.

Heere Master *Peter* cryed out aloud againe, saying; Plainenesse, good boy, doe not you soare so high, this affectation is scuruy. The Interpreter answered nothing, but went on, saying, There wanted not some idle spectators that pry into euery thing, who saw the going downe of *Melisendra*, and gaue *Marsilius* notice of it, who straight commanded to sound an Alarme; and now behold, how fast the City euen sinkes againe with the noyse of bels that sound in the high Towers of the [a] *Mesquits*.

a *Mesquitas*, Mooriſh Churches.

There you are out by (said *Don Quixote*) and Master *Peter* is very improper in his belles; for amongst Moores you haue no bels, but Kettle-drummes, and a kinde of Shaulmes that bee like our Waytes, so that your sounding of bels in *Sansuenna* is a most idle foppery. Stand not vpon trifles, Signior *Don Quixote*, said Master *Peter*, and so strictly vpon euery thing, for we shall not know how to please you. Haue you not a thousand Comedies ordinarily represented, as full of incongruities and absurdities, and yet they runne their Careere happily, and are heard, not only with applause, but great admiration also? On, boy, say on, & so I fill my purse, let there be as many improprieties as moates in the Sunne. You are the right (quoth *Don Quixote*) and the boy proceeded.

Looke what a company of gallant Knights goe out of the City

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Ciry in purſuit of the Catholike Louers, how many Trumpets ſound, how many Shaulmes play, how many drummes & kettles make a noyſe, I feare me they will ouer-take them, and bring them backe both bound to the ſame horſes tayle, which would be a horrible ſpectacle.

Don Quixote ſeeing and hearing ſuch a deale of Mooriſme, and ſuch a coyle, he thought fit to ſuccour thoſe that fled: ſo ſtanding vp, with a loud voyce he cryed out; I will neuer conſent while I liue, that in my preſence, ſuch an outrage as this, bee offred to ſo valiant, and ſo amorous a bold Knight, as *Don Gayferos*: Stay, you baſe Scoundrels, doe not yee follow or perſecute him: if you doe, you muſt firſt wage warre with mee: ſo doing and ſpeaking, he vnſheathed his ſword, and at one friske he got to the Motion, and with an vnſeene and poſting fury, he began to raine ſtrokes vpon the Puppets: on Mooriſme, ouerthrowing ſome, and beheading others, maiming this, and cutting in pieces that, and amongſt many other blowes, he fetcht one ſo downe right, that had not Mr. *Peter* tumbled and ſquatted downe, hee had clipped his Mazard as eaſily, as if it had beene made of March-pane. Mr. *Peter* cryed out, ſaying; Hold, Signior *Don Quixote*, hold; and know that theſe you hurle downe, deſtroy and kill, are not reall Moores, but ſhapes made of paſte-boord: Looke you, looke yee now, (wretch that I am) hee ſpoyles all, and vndoes me. But for all this, *Don Quixote* ſtill multiplied his ſlaſhes, doubling and redoubling his blowes, as thicke as hops.

And in a word, in leſſe then two *Credos*, he caſt downe the whole Motion (all the tackling firſt cut to fitters, and all the Puppets) King *Marſilius* was ſore wounded, and the Emperour *Charlemaine*, his head and crowne were parted in two places. the Senate and Auditors were all in a hurry, and the Ape gat vp to the top of the houſe, and ſo out at the window, the Scholler was frighted, the Page cleane daſtarded, and euen *Sancho* himſelfe was in a terrible perplexity, for (as he ſware after the ſtorme was paſt) he neuer ſaw his Maſter ſo outragious.

The generall ruine of the Motion thus performed, *Don Quixote* began to bee ſomewhat pacified, and ſayd; Now would I haue all thoſe heere at this inſtant before mee, that beleeue not,

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how profitable Knights Errant are to the world; and had not I beene now present, what (I marueil) would haue become of Signior *Don Gayferos*, and the faire *Melisendra*? I warrant, ere this, those dogs would haue ouertaken, and shewed them some foule play: when all is done, long liue Knight Errantry, aboue all things liuing in the world.

Long liue it on Gods name (sayd Mr. *Peter*) agen with a pitifull voyce, and may I die, since I liue to be so vnhappy, as to say with King[a] *Don Rodrigo*, Yesterday I was Lord of all Spaine, but to day haue not a Battlement I can call mine: 'Tis not yet halfe an houre, scarce halfe a minute, that I was Master of Kings and Emperours, had my stables, coffers, and bags full of horses and treasure: but now I am desolate, dejected and poore, and to adde more affliction, without my Ape, that before I can catch him againe, I am like to sweat for it, and all through the vnconsiderate furies of this Sir Knight, who is sayd to protect the fatherlesse, to rectifie wrongs, and to doe other charitable works; but to me onely, this his generous intention hath beene defectiue, I thanke God for it. In fine, it could bee none but *The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance*, that discountenanced me and mine. *Sancho* grew compassionate to heare Master *Peters* lamentation, and sayd; Weepe not, nor grieue, Master *Peter*, for thou breakest my heart; and let me tell thee, that my Master, *Don Quixote*, is so scrupulous and Catholicall a Christian, that if hee fall into the reckoning, that hee haue done thee any wrong, hee knowes how, and will satisfie it with much aduantage. If (sayd Master *Peter*) Signior *Don Quixote* would but pay mee for some part of the Pieces that he hath spoyled, I should bee contented, and his Worship might not bee troubled in conscience: for hee that keepes that, that is another mans, against the Owners will, and restores it not, can hardly be saued.

[a] *Don Rodrigo* was the last King of the Goths, that raigned in Spaine, conquered by the Moores.

That's true (quoth *Don Quixote*:) But hitherto, Master *Peter*, I know not whether I haue detained ought of yours. No? not, said Master *Peter*? why these poore relikes that lie vpon the hard and barren earth, who scattered and annihilated them, but the inuincible force of that powerfull arme? And whose were those bodies, but mine? And with whom did I maintaine my selfe,

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ſelfe, but with them? Well, I now (ſayd *Don Quixote*) verily beleeue, what I haue done often, that the Enchanters that perſecute me, doe nothing but put ſhapes really, as they are before mine eyes, and by and by trucke and change them at their pleaſures. Verily, my Maſters, you that heare me, I tell you, all that heere paſſed, ſeemed to me to be really ſo, and immediately that that *Meliſendra* was *Meliſendra*; *Don Gayferos*, *Don Gayferos*; and *Marſilius*, *Marſilius*; and *Charlemaine*, *Charlemaine*: And this was it that ſtirred vp my choller; and to accompliſh my Profeſſion of Knight Errant, my meaning was to ſuccour thoſe that fled, and to this good purpoſe I did all that you haue ſeene, which if it fell out vnluckily, twas no fault of mine, but of my wicked perſecutors: yet for all this errour (though it proceeded from no malice of mine) I my ſelfe will condemne my ſelfe in the charge; let Maſter *Peter* ſee what hee will haue for the ſpoyled pieces, and I will pay it all in preſent currant coyne of *Caſtile*.

Maſter *Peter* made him a low leg, ſaying; I could expect no leſſe from the vnheard of Chriſtianity of the moſt valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the true Succourer and Bulwarke of all thoſe that be in neede and neceſſity, or wandring Vagamundes, and now let the *Venter* and the Grand *Sancho* bee Arbitratours, and Price-ſetters betweene your Worſhip and me, and let them ſay what euery torne piece was worth. The *Venter* and *Sancho* both agreed: and by and by Mr. *Peter* reached vp *Marſilius* King of *Saragoſa* headleſſe, and ſayd; You ſee how impoſſible it is for this Prince to returne to his firſt being, and therefore, ſauing your better iudgements, I thinke fit to haue for him two ſhillings and three-pence.

On then, quoth *Don Quixote*. Then for this (quoth Maſter *Peter*) that is parted from head to foot, taking the Emperour *Charlemaine* vp, I thinke two ſhillings ſeuen-pence halfe-peny is little enough. Not very little, quoth *Sancho*. Nor much (ſayd the *Venter*:) but moderate the bargaine, and let him haue halfe a crowne. Let him haue his full asking (ſayd *Don Quixote*) for, for ſuch a miſhap as this, wee'l nere ſtand vpon three halfe-pence more or leſſe; and make an end quickly, Maſter *Peter*, for

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it is neere ſupper-time, and I haue certaine ſuſpitions that I ſhall eat. For this Puppet (ſayd Mr. *Peter*) without a noſe, and an eye wanting, of the faire *Meliſendra*, I aske, but in Iuſtice foure-teene pence halfe-penny.

Nay, the Deuil's in it (ſayd *Don Quixote*) if *Meliſendra* bee not now in *France*, or vpon the borders, at leaſt, with her Huſband; for the horſe they rode on, to my ſeeming, rather flew then ran; and therefore ſell not me a Cat for a Coney, preſenting me heere *Meliſendra* noſe-leſſe, when ſhee (if the time require it) is wantonly ſolacing with her Husband in *France*: God giue each man his owne, Mr. *Peter*, let vs haue plaine dealing; and ſo proceed. Maſter *Peter*, that ſaw *Don Quixote* in a wrong vaine, and that he returned to his olde Theame, thought yet he ſhould not eſcape him, and ſo replied; Indeede this ſhould not be *Meloſendra*, now I thinke on't; but ſome one of the Damozels that ſerued her, ſo that fiue pence for her will content me.

Thus he went on prizing of other torne Puppets, which the Arbitrating Iudges moderated to the ſatisfaction of both parties, and the whole prices of all were, twenty one ſhillings and eleuen pence, which when *Sancho* had diſburſed, Maſter *Peter* demanded ouer and aboue twelue-pence for his labour, to looke the Ape. Giue it him, *Sancho* (ſayd *Don Quixote*) not to catch his Ape, [a] but a Monkey, and I would giue fiue pound for a reward, to any body that would certainely tell me, that the Lady *Meliſendra* and *Don Gayferos* were ſafely arriued in *France*, amongſt their owne people.

[a] As we ſay, To catch a Fox.

None can better tell then my Ape (ſaid Maſter *Peter*) though the Deuill himſelfe will ſcarce catch him; yet I imagine, making much of him, and hunger, will force him to ſeeke me to night, and by morning we ſhall come together. Well, to conclude; the ſtorme of the Motion paſſed, and all ſupped merrily, and like good fellowes, at *Don Quixotes* charge; who was liberall in extremity. Before day, the fellow with the Lances and Halberds was gone, and ſome-what after, the Scholler and the Page came to take leaue of *Don Quixote*, the one to returne homeward, and the other to proſecute his intended voyage, and for a releeſe *Don Quixote* gaue him ſix ſhillings.

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Maſter *Peter* would haue no more to doe with him; for hee knew him too well. So he got vp before the Sunne, and gathering the relikes of the Motion together, and his Ape, he betooke him to his Aduentures. The *Venter* that knew not *Don Quixote*, wondred as much at his liberality, as his madnes. To conclude, *Sancho* payd him honeſtly, by his Maſters order, and taking leaue, about eight of the clocke they left the *Vente*, and went on their way, where wee muſt leaue them; for ſo it is fit, that we may come to other matters pertaining to the true declaration of this famous Hiſtory.

CHAP. XXVII.

Who Maſter Peter *& his Ape were, with the ill ſucceſſe that* Don Quixote *had in the Aduenture of the Braying, which ended not ſo well, as he would, or thought for.*

CId Hamete, the Chronicler of this famous Hiſtory, beginnes this Chapter with theſe words: I ſweare like a Catholike Chriſtian. To which the Tranſlatour ſayes, That *Cid* his ſwearing like a Catholike Chriſtian, hee being a Moore, as vndoubtedly he was, was no otherwiſe to be vnderſtood, then that as the Catholike Chriſtian, when hee ſweares, doth or ought to ſweare truth, ſo did he, as if he had ſworne like a Catholike Chriſtian, in what hee meant to write of *Don Quixote*, eſpecially in recounting who Mr. *Peter* & the propheſying Ape were, that made all the Countrey aſtoniſht at his fore-telling things. He ſayes then, that hee who hath read the former part of this Hiſtory, will haue well remembred that ſame *Gines de Paſſamonte*, whom *Don Quixote*, amongſt other Gally-ſlaues, freed in *Sierra Morena*, a benefit for which afterward hee had ſmall thankes, and worſe payment, from that wicked and vngratefull Rowt.

This *Gines de Paſſamonte*, whom *Don Quixote* called *Gineſillo de Parapilla*, was hee that ſtole *Sancho's* Dapple; which, becauſe neither the manner nor the time were put in the firſt part, made

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many attribute the fault of the Impreſſion, to the Authours weakeneſſe of memory. But true it is, that *Gines* ſtole him, as *Sancho* ſlept vpon his backe, vſing the ſame tricke and deuice of *Brunelo's*, when as *Sacripante* being vpon the ſiege of *Albraca*, he ſtole his horſe from vnder his legs; and after *Sancho* recouered him againe, as was ſhewed.

This *Gines*, fearefull of being found by the Iuſtices that ſought after him, to puniſh him for his infinite villanies and faults, that were ſo many and ſo great, that him ſelfe made a great volume of them, determined to get him into the Kingdome of *Aragon*, and ſo couering his left eye, to apply himſelfe to the office of a Puppet-man; for this and iuggling hee was excellent at. It fell out ſo, that hee bought his Ape of certaine captiue Chriſtians that came out of *Barbary*, whom hee had inſtructed, that vpon making a certaine ſigne, hee ſhould leape vpon his ſhoulder, and ſhould mumble, or ſeeme to doe ſo, at leaſt, ſomething in his eare.

This done, before he would enter into any towne with his Motion or Ape, he informed himſelfe in the neereſt towne, or where hee beſt could, what particulars had happened in ſuch a place, or to ſuch perſons, and bearing all well in minde, the firſt thing he did, was to ſhew his Motion, which was ſometimes of one Story, otherwhiles of another: but all merry, delightfull, and familiarly knowne.

The ſight being finiſht, hee propounded the rarities of his Ape, telling the people that hee could declare vnto them, all things paſt and preſent; but in things to come, he had no skill: For an anſwer to each queſtion hee demanded a ſhilling; but to ſome hee did it cheaper, according as hee perceiued the Demanders in caſe to pay him; and ſometimes he came to ſuch places, as he knew what had happened to the Inhabitants, who although they would demand nothing, becauſe they would not pay him; yet he would ſtraight make ſignes to the Ape, and tell them, the Beaſt had told him this or that, which fell out iuſt by what hee had before heard, and with this hee got an vnſpeakable name, and all men flocked about him, and at other times (as he was very cunning) he would reply ſo, that the anſwers fell out very fit

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to the questions : and since no body went about to sift, or to presse him, how his Ape did propheſie, hee gulled euery one, and filled his pouch.

As soone as euer he came into the *Vente*, hee knew *Don Quixote* & *Sancho*, and all that were there : but it had cost him deare, if *Don Quixote* had let his hand fall somewhat lower, when hee cut off King *Marsilius* his head, and destroyed all his Chiualry, as was related in the antecedent Chapter. And this is all that may be sayd of Master *Peter* and his Ape.

And returning to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I say, that after hee was gone out of the *Vente*, hee determined first of all to see the bankes of the riuer *Heber*, and all round-about, before hee went to the City of *Saragosa*, since betweene that and the Iusts there, he had time enough for all. Hereupon hee went on his way, which he passed two dayes without lighting on any thing worth writing, till the third day, going vp a Ridge-way, hee heard a sound of Drummes, Trumpets, and Guns ; at first, hee thought some Regiment of Souldiers passed by that way : so, to see them, he spurred *Rozinante*, and got vp the Ridge, and when he was at the top, he saw (as he gheſſed) at the foot of it, neere vpon two hundred men, armed with different sorts of Armes, to wit, Speares, Crosse-bowes, Partizans, Halberds, and Pikes, and some Guns, and many Targets. He came downe from the high ground, and drew neere to the Squadron, insomuch that he might distinctly perceiue their Banners, iudged of their Colours, and noted their *Impreses*, and especially one, which was on a Standard or Shred of white Sattin, where was liuely painted a little Asse, like one of your *Sardinian* Asses, his head lifted vp, his mouth open, and his tongue out, in act and posture iust as he were braying, about him were these two verses written in faire letters ;

Twas not for nought that day,
The one and t'other Iudge did bray :

By this deuice *Don Quixote* collected, that those people belonged to the Braying Towne, and so he told *Sancho*, declaring likewise what was written in the Standard ; hee told him also, that hee that told them the Story, was in the wrong, to say they

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were two Aldermen that brayed: for by the verſes of the Standard, they were two Iudges. To which *Sancho* anſwered, Sir, that breakes no ſquare, for it may very well be, that the Aldermen that then brayed, might come in time to be Iudges of the Towne, ſo they may haue beene called by both titles. Howſoeuer, tis not materiall to the truth of the ſtory, vvhether the Brayers were Aldermen, or Iudges, one for another, be they vvho they would, and a Iudge is euen as likely to bray as an Alderman.

To conclude, they perceiued and knew, that the towne that was mocked, went out to skirmiſh with another that had too much abuſed them, and more then was fitting for good neighbours. *Don Quixote* went towards them, to *Sancho's* no ſmall griefe, who was no friend to thoſe enterprizes. Thoſe of the ſquadron hemmed him in, taking him to be ſome one of their ſide. *Don Quixote* lifting vp his Viſor, with a pleaſant countenance and courage, came toward the Standard of the Aſſe, and there all the chiefeſt of the Army gathered about him to behold him, falling into the ſame admiration as all elſe did the firſt time they had ſeene him. *Don Quixote* that ſaw them attentiuely looke on him, and no man offering to ſpeake to him, or aske him ought, taking hold on their ſilence, and breaking his owne, hee raiſed his voyce, and ſaid:

Honeſt friends, I deſire you with all earneſtneſſe, that you interrupt not the diſcourſe that I ſhall make to you, till you ſhall ſee that I eythet diſtaſte or weary you; which if it be ſo, at the leaſt ſigne you ſhall make, I will ſeale vp my lips, and clappe a gagge on my tongue. All of them bade him ſpeake what hee would, for they would heare him willingly.

Don Quixote hauing this licence, went on, ſaying, I, my friends, am a Knight Errant, whoſe exerciſe is Armes, vvhoſe profeſſion, to fauor thoſe that need fauor, and to helpe the diſtreſſed. I haue long knowne of your misfortune, & the cauſe that euery while moues you to take Armes to bee reuenged on your enemies. And hauing not once, but many times pondered your buſineſſe in my vnderſtanding, I finde (according to the Lawes of Duell) that you are deceiued to thinke your ſelues af-

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fronted; for no particular person can affront a whole Towne, except it be in defying them for Traitors in generall, because he knowes not who in particular committed the Treason, for which he defied all the Towne.

We haue an example of this in *Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara*, who defied the whole towne of *Zamora*, because hee was ignorant, that onely *Vellido de Olfos* committed the treason in killing his King; so he defied them all, and the reuenge & answer concerned them all: though howsoeuer *Don Diego* was somewhat too hasty and too forward; for it was needlesse for him to haue defied the dead, or the waters, or the Corne, or the children vnborne, with many other trifles there mentioned: but let it goe, for when Choller ouer-flowes, the tongue hath neyther father, gouernour, or guide that may correct it. This being so then, that one particular person cannot affront a Kingdom, Prouince, City, Common-wealth, or Towne onely, it is manifest, that the reuenge of defiance for such as affront is needlesse, since it is none; for it were a goodly matter sure that those of the towne of *Reloxa* should euery foot go out to kill those that abuse them so: Or that your [b] *Cazoteros*, *Verengeneros*, *Vallenatos*, *Xanoneros*, or others of these kindes of Nick-names, that are common in euery boyes mouth, and the ordinary sort of people: twere very good, I say, that all these famous Townes should bee ashamed, and take reuenge, and runne with their swords continually drawne like Sack-buts, for euery slender quarrell. No, no, God forbid: Men of wisedome and well-gouerned Common-wealths, ought to take Armes for foure things, and so to endanger their persons, liues, and estates. First, to defend the Catholike Faith. Secondly, their liues, which is according to Diuine and Naturall Law. Thirdly, to defend their honour, family, & estates. Fourthly, to serue their Prince in a lawfull warre, and if we will, we may adde a fift (that may serue for a second) to defend their Country. To these fiue capitall causes, may be ioyned many others, iust and reasonable, that may oblige men to take Armes: but to take them for trifles, and things that are rather fit for laughter and pastime then for any affront, it seemes that he who takes them, wants his iudgement. Besides, to take

[b] Seuerall Nicknames giuē to towns in Spaine, vpon long tradition, & two tedious to be put in a margent.

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an vniuſt reuenge, (indeed nothing can be iuſt by way of reuenge) is directly againſt Gods Law which wee profeſſe, in which we are commanded to doe well to our enemies, and good to thoſe that hate vs; a Commandement that though it ſeeme difficult to fulfill, yet it is not onely to thoſe that know leſſe of God then the world, and more of the fleſh then the Spirit; for Ieſus Chriſt, true God and man, who neuer lyed, neyther could, nor can, being our Law-giuer, ſaid that his yoke was ſweet, and his burden light: ſo he would command vs nothing that ſhould be vnpoſſible for vs to fulfill. So that, my maſters, you are tied both by Lawes Diuine and humane to be pacified.

The Deuill take mee (thought *Sancho* to himſelfe at this inſtant) if this Maſter of mine be not a Diuine, or if not, as like one as one egge is to another.

Don Quixote tooke breath a while, and ſeeing them ſtill attentiue, had proceeded in his diſcourſe, but that *Sancho's* conceitednesſe came betwixt him and home, who ſeeing his Maſter pawſe, tooke his turne, ſaying:

My Maſter *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, ſometimes called *The Knight of the ſorrowfull Countenance*, and now *The Knight of the Lyons*, is a very iudicious Gentleman, ſpeakes Latin and his mother-tongue as well as a Bachelor of Arts, and in all he handleth or aduiſeth, proceeds like a man of Armes, and hath all the Lawes and Statutes of that you call *Duell, ad vnguem*: therefore there is no more to bee done, but to gouerne your ſelues according to his direction, and let mee beare the blame if you doe amiſſe. Beſides, as you are now told, tis a folly to be aſhamed to heare one Bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could haue brayed at any time I liſted, without any bodies hinderance, which I did ſo truly and cunningly, that when I brayed, all the Aſſes in the Towne would anſwer me; and for all this, I vvas held to be the ſonne of honeſt parents, and though for this rare quality I vvas enuied by more then foure of the proudeſt of my pariſh, I cared not two ſtrawes; and that you may know I ſay true, doe but ſtay & hearken, for this ſcience is like ſwimming, once known, neuer forgottē, ſo clapping his hand to his noſe he began to bray ſo ſtrongly, that the vallies neere-hand reſounded

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againe. But one of them that ſtood neereſt him, thinking hee had flouted them, lifted vp a good Batte he had in his hand, and gaue him ſuch a blow, that he tumbled him to the ground.

Don Quixote, that ſaw *Sancho* ſo euill intreated, ſet vpon him that did it, with his Launce in his hand; but there came ſo many betwixt them, that it was not poſſible for him to bee reuenged: rather ſeeing a cloud of ſtones comming towards himſelfe, and that a thouſand bent Croſſe-bowes began to threaten him, and no leſſe quantity of gunnes; turning *Rozinantes* reines, as faſt as he could gallop, he got from among them, recommending himſelfe heartily to God, to free him from that danger, and fearing euery foot, leſt ſome bullet ſhould enter him behinde, and come out at his breſt: ſo he ſtill went fetching his breath, to ſee if it failed him. But they of the ſquadron were ſatisfied vvhen they ſaw him flie, and ſo ſhot not at him. *Sancho* they ſet vpon his Aſſe, (ſcarce yet come to himſelfe) and let him go after his Maſter, not that he could tell how to guide him: but Dapple followed *Rozinantes* ſteppes, without whom he was nobody.

Don Quixote being now a pretty way off, looked backe, and ſaw that *Sancho* vvas comming, and marked that nobody followed him. Thoſe of the ſquadron were there till darke night, and becauſe their enemies came not to battell vvith them, they returned home to their towne, full of mirth and iollity: and if they had knowne the ancient cuſtome of the Grecians, they would haue raiſed a Trophy in that place.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of things that Benengeli *relates, which he that reades ſhall know, if he read them with attention.*

WHen the Valiant man turnes his backe, the aduantage ouer him is manifeſt, and it is the part of vviſe men to reſerue themſelues to better occaſions. This truth was verified in *Don Quixote*, vvho giuing way to the fury of the people, and to the ill intentions of that angry ſquadron, tooke

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tooke his heeles, and without remembring *Sancho*, or the danger he had left him in, got himselfe so farre as he might seeme to be safe. *Sancho* followed layd a-thwart vpon his Asse, as hath been said. At last he ouer-took him, being now come to himself, and comming neere, he fell off his Dapple at *Rozinantes* feet, all sorrowfull, bruised and beaten. *Don Quixote* alighted to search his wounds, but finding him whole from top to toe, very angrily he said, You must Bray with a plague to you, and vvhere haue you found that tis good naming the Halter in the hanged mans house? to your braying musick, what counterpoint could you expect but Bat-blowes? And, *Sancho*, you may giue God thankes, that since they blessed you with a cudgell, they had not made the *Per signum crucis* on you with a Scimitar.

I know not what to answer (quoth *Sancho*) for me-thinkes I speake at my backe, pray let's bee gone from hence, and Ile no more braying: yet I cannot but say, that your Knight Errants can flye, and leaue their faithfull Squires to bee bruised like Priuet by their enemies.

To retire, is not to flye (said *Don Quixote*) for know, *Sancho*, that Valour that is not founded vpon the Basis of Wisedome, is stiled Temerity, and the rash mans actions are rather attributed to good fortune, then courage. So that I confesse I retired, but fledde not, and in this haue imitated many valiant men, that haue reserued themselues for better times; and Histories are full of these, which because now they would be tedious to me, and vnprofitable to thee, I relate them not at present.

By this time *Sancho*, vvith *Don Quixote's* help, got to horse, and *Don Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, and by little & little, they had gotten into a little Elme-groue, some quarter of a leagne off: now and then *Sancho* would fetch a most deep Heigho, & dolorous sighes. And *Don Quixote* demanding the reason of his pittifull complaints, he said, that from the point of his backe-bone, to the top of his crowne, he was so sore, that he knew not what to doe. The cause of that paine vndoubtedly (quoth *Don Quixote*) is, that as the cudgell with which they banged thee was long and slender, it lighted vpon those parts of thy backe all along, that greeue thee; and if it had beene thicker, it had grie-

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ued

ued thee more. Truely (quoth *Sancho*) you haue resolued mee of a great doubt, and in most delicate tearmes declared it to me. Body of me, was the cause of my griefe so concealed, that you must needs tell me that all of me was sore where the cudgell lighted? If my ankles did paine me, I warrant, you would riddle the cause of it; but tis poore riddling to tell that my brusing grieues me. Yfaith, yfaith, Master mine, other mens ills are slightly regarded, and euery day I discouer land, and see how little I can expect from your seruice; for if at this time you suffered me to be dry-beaten, we shal come a hundred & a hundred times to the Blanket-tossing you wotte of, and other childish trickes, which if they now lighted on my shoulders, they will after come out at mine eyes. It were a great deale better for mee, but that I am a beast, and shall neuer do ought vvell while I liue. It were a great deale better (I say againe) for me to get mee home to my Wife and Children, to maintaine and bring them vp with that little God hath giuen me, and not to follow you vp and downe these by-waies, drinking ill, and eating worse. And for your bedde, good honest Squire, euen count mee out seuen foot of good earth; and if you will haue any more, take as many more; for you may feed at pleasure, stretch your selfe at your ease. I would the first that made stitch in Knight Errantry were burned, or beaten to powder, or at least hee that first would be Squire to such fooles, as all your Knight-Errants in former times haue beene, of the present I say nothing; for your selfe being one, I respect them, and because I know that you know an Ace more then the Deuill in all you speake or thinke.

I durst venter a good wager with thee, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that now thou talkest and no body controules thee, thou feelest no paine in all thy body: Talke on, childe mine, all that is in thy minde, or comes to thy mouth, for so thou beest not grieu'd, I will be pleased with the distaste that thy impertinencies might giue mee. And if you desire so much to bee at home with your wife and children, God forbid I should gainesay it: you haue money of mine, and see how long tis since our third sally from home, and how much is due to you for euery moneth, and pay your selfe.

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When I serued (quoth *Sancho*) *Tomè Carrasco*, Father to the Bachelor *Carrasco*, whom you know well, I had two Ducats a moneth besides my victuals: of you I know not how much I shall haue, though I am sure it is a greater toyle to be a Squire to a Knight Errant, then to serue a rich Husbandman; for indeed, we that serue Husbandmen, though wee labour neuer so much in the day time, if the worst come to the worst, at night we sup with the Pottage-pot, and lye in a bed, which I haue not done euer since I serued you, except it were that short time wee were at *Don Diego de Miranda's* house, and after when I had the cheere of the skimmings of *Camacho's* pots, and when I ate and drunke and slept at *Basilius* his house; all the rest hath been vpon the cold ground, to the open ayre, and subiect, as you would say, to the inclemencies of the heauens, onely liuing vpon bits of cheese, and scraps of bread, and drinking water, sometimes of brookes, sometimes of springs, which we met withall by the waies we went.

I confesse, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) that all thou sayest may be true; how much more thinkest thou should I giue thee, then *Tomè Carrasco*?

You shall please me (quoth *Sancho*) with twelue-pence more a moneth, and that concerning my wages for my seruice; but touching your word and promise you gaue mee, that I should haue the Gouernment of an Iland, it were fit you added the tother three shillings, which in all make vp fifteene.

It is very well, said *Don Quixote*, and according to the wages that you haue allotted vnto your selfe, it is now twenty fiue daies since our last sallie, reckon, *Sancho*, so much for so much, and see how much is due to you, and pay your selfe, as I haue bidden you.

Body of mee (said *Sancho*) you are cleane out of the reckoning; for touching the promise of gouerning the Iland, you must reckon from the time you promised, til this present. Why, how long is it (quoth hee) since I promised it? If I be not forgetfull (said *Sancho*) it is now some twenty yeeres, vvanting two or three dayes. *Don Quixote* gaue himselfe a good clappe on the forehead, and began to laugh heartily, saying, Why, my being

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being about *Sierra Morena*, and our whole trauels were in leſſe then two Moneths, and doſt thou ſay it was twenty yeeres ſince I promiſed thee the Iland? I am now of opinion, that thou wouldſt haue all the mony thou haſt of mine, conſumed in paying thee wages: which if it be ſo, & that thou art ſo minded, frō hence-forward take it, much good may it doe thee; for ſo I may not be troubled with ſuch a Squire, I ſhall be glad to be poore, and without a farthing. But tell mee, thou Preuaricator of the Squirely lawes of Knight-Errantry, where haſt thou euer ſeene or read of any Squire belonging to Knight Errant, that hath capitulated with his Maſter, to giue him thus much or ſo much: Lanch, lanch, thou baſe lewd fellow, thou Hobgoblin; Lanch? I ſay, into the *Mare magnum* of their Hiſtories; and if thou finde that any Squire haue ſayd, or ſo much as imagined, what thou haſt ſayd, I will giue thee leaue to brand my fore-head, and to boot, to ſeale me with [a] foure tuckes in the mouth: Turne thy reines, or thine Aſſes halter, and get thee to thy houſe, for thou ſhalt not goe a ſtep further with me. Oh ill-giuen bread, and ill-placed promiſes! Oh man more beaſt then man! now when I thought to haue put thee into a fortune, and ſuch a one, that in ſpite of thy wife, thou ſhouldeſt haue beene ſtiled, *My Lord*: Thou leaueſt me? Now doeſt thou goe, when I had a purpoſe to haue made thee Lord of the beſt Iland in the world? Well, well, as thou thy ſelfe haſt ſayd many times; The hony is not for the Aſſes mouth: An Aſſe thou art, an Aſſe thou wilt be, and an Aſſe thou ſhalt die, and till then wilt thou remaine ſo, before thou falleſt into the reckoning that thou art a beaſt.

[a] A Tricke to giue a tucke with the thumbe vpon ones lips, as freſh men are vſed in a Vniuerſity.

Sancho beheld *Don Quixote* earneſtly, all the while hee thus rated him, and was ſo mooued, that the teares ſtood in his eyes, and with a dolorous low voyce hee ſayd; Maſter mine, I confeſſe that, to be altogether an Aſſe, I want nothing but a taile: if you will put one on me, I will be contented, and will ſerue you like an Aſſe all dayes of my life. Pardon me, Sir, and pitty my youth, and conſider my folly; for if I ſpeake much, it proceedes rather out of ſimplicity then knauery. *Who erres and mends, to God himſelfe commends.*

I would be ſorry, little *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) but that thou

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thou shouldst mingle some by-pretty Prouerb in thy Dialogue. Well, Ile pardon thee for this once, vpon condition heereafter thou mend, and shew not thy selfe so couetous, but that thou rouze vp thy spirits, and encourage thy selfe with hope of the accomplishment of my promise; For better late then not at all. *Sancho* answered him, he would; though it were to make a vertue of necessity.

Heereupon they put into the Elme-groue, and *Don Quixote* got to the foot of an Elme, & *Sancho* to the foot of a Beech; for these kind of trees & such like, haue alwaies feet, but no hands. *Sancho* had an ill night on it; for his Bat-blow made him more sensible in the cold. *Don Quixote* fell into his vsuall imaginations: yet they both slept, and by day-peepe they were on their way, searching after the famous bankes of *Heber*, where they happened vpon what shall be told in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of the famous Aduenture of the Enchanted Barke.

DON *Quixote* and *Sancho*, by their computation, two dayes after they were out of the Elme-groue, came to the Riuer *Heber*, whose sight was very delightsome to *Don Quixote*; for first he contemplated on the amenity of those bankes, the cleernesse of the water, the gentle current, and the abundancy of the liquid Crystall, whose pleasing sight brought a thousand amorous thoughts into his head, especially hee fell to thinke what he had seene in *Montesino's* Caue: for though Master *Peters* Ape had told him, that part of it was true, and part false, he leaned more to the truth then to the other, contrary to *Sancho*, who held all, as false as Falshood it selfe.

As they were thus going on, *Don Quixote* might see a little Boat, without oares or any other kinde of tackling, which was tied by the brinke of the Riuer, to a trees stump on the banke. *Don Quixote* looked round about him, but could see no body; so, without more adoe, hee alighted from *Rozinante*, and commanded

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manded *Sancho* to doe the like from Dapple, and that he ſhould tye both the Beaſts very well, to the root of an Elme or Willow there. *Sancho* demanded of him the cauſe of that ſudden lighting, and of that tying. *Don Quixote* made anſwer; Know, *Sancho*, that this Boat thou ſeeſt directly (for it can bee nothing elſe) cals and inuites me to goe and enter into it, to giue ayde to ſome Knight, or other Perſonage of ranke and note, that is in diſtreſſe: for this is the ſtile of bookes of Knight-hood, and of Enchanters that are there intermingled, that when any Knight is in ſome danger, that he cannot bee freed from it, but by the hand of ſome other Knight, although the one bee diſtant from the other, two or three thouſand leagues or more, they either ſnatch him into a cloud, or prouide him a Boat to enter in, and in the twinkling of an eye, either carry him thorow the aire, or thorow the ſea, as they liſt, and where his aſſiſtance is needfull; ſo that, *Sancho*, this Boat is put heere to the ſame effect, and this is as cleare as day, and before wee goe, tye Dapple and *Rozinante* together, and let's on in Gods Name: for I will not faile to imbarke my ſelfe, though Bare-foot Friers ſhould intreat me.

Well, ſeeing tis ſo (ſayd *Sancho*) and that you will euery foot run into theſe (I know not what I ſhall call them) fopperies, there's no way but to obey, and lay downe the necke, according to the Prouerbe; Doe as thy Maſter commands thee, and ſit downe at Table with him: But for all that, for diſcharge of my conſcience, let me tell you, that (me thinkes) that is no Enchanted Boat, but one that belongs to ſome Fiſher-men of the Riuer; for heere the beſt *Saboga's* in the world are taken.

This he ſpoke whilſt he was tying his Beaſts, leauing them to the protection and defence of Enchanters, which greeued him to the ſoule. *Don Quixote* bad him he ſhould not bee troubled for the leauing thoſe beaſts; for hee that ſhould carry them thorow ſuch longinque wayes and regions, would alſo looke to the other. I vnderſtand not your Lognicke (quoth *Sancho*) neither haue I heard ſuch a word in all the dayes of my life. Longinque (ſayd *Don Quixote*) that is, farre, remote: and no maruell thou vnderſtandeſt not that word, for thou art not bound to the vnderſtanding of Latin, though yee haue ſome that preſume to know

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know when they are ignorant. Now they are bound (sayd *Sancho*) what shall we doe next?

What? (sayd *Don Quixote*) blesse our selues & weigh anchor, I meane, let vs imbarke our selues, and cut the rope by which this boat is tyed: so leaping into it, and *Sancho* following him, he cut the cord, and the Boat faire and softly fell off from the Banke; and when *Sancho* saw himselfe about a two rods length within the Riuer, hee began to tremble, fearing his perdition: but nothing so much troubled him, as to heare Dapple bray, and to see that *Rozinante* struggled to vnloose himselfe: and hee told his Master; Dapple brayes and condoles for our absence, *Rozinante* striues to bee at liberty, to throw himselfe after vs. Oh most deare friends, remaine you there in safety, and may the madnesse that seuers vs from you, conuerted into repentance, bring vs back to your Presence: and with that he began to weep so bitterly, that *Don Quixote*, all moody and cholericke, began to cry out; What makes thee feare, thou cowardly Impe? what cryest thou for, thou heart of curds? who persecutes thee? who baites thee, thou soule of a Milk-sop? or what wantest thou in the middest of all abundance? art thou happily to goe bare-foot ouer the *Riphæan* mountaines? Rather vpon a seat like an Arch-Duke, thorow the calme current of this delightfull Riuer: from whence we shall very quickly passe into the maine sea: but hitherto wee haue gone and sayled some seuen or eight hundred leagues, and if I had an *Astrolabe* heere, to take the height of the Pole, I could tell thee how farre wee haue gone, though, either my knowledge is small, or wee haue now, or shall quickly passe the *Æquinoctiall* Line, which diuides & cuts the two contraposed Poles in equall distance.

And when you come to this Line you speake of, how farre shall we haue gone? A great way (answered *Don Quixote*:) For of three hundred and sixty degrees, which the whole Globe containeth of Land and water, according to *Ptolomies* Computation, who was the greatest Cosmographer knowne, we shall haue gone the halfe, when we come to the Line I haue told you of. Verily (quoth *Sancho*) you haue brought me a pretty witnesse, to confirme your saying, [a] *To-ly-my* & Comtation, and I know not

[a] Mistakes of the words, *Ptolomeo* and *Computo*: for so it is in the Spanish.

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not what. *Don Quixote* laught at *Sancho's* interpretation he had giuen to the name, and to the Computation and account of the Cosmographer *Ptolomeus*, and sayd to him; You shall vnderstand, *Sancho*, that when the Spanyards, and those that imbarke themselues at *Cadiz*, to goe to the *East Indies*, one of the greatest signes they haue, to know whether they haue passed the *Æquinoctiall*, is, that all men that are in the ship, their Lice dye vpon them, and not one remains with them, nor in the Vessell, though they would giue their waight in gold for him: so that, *Sancho*, thou mayst put thy hand to thy thigh, and if thou meet with any liue thing, we shall be out of doubt; if thou findest nothing, then we haue passed the Line.

I cannot beleeue any of this, quoth *Sancho*: but yet I will doe what you will haue mee, though I know no necessity for these trials; since I see with these eyes, that we haue not gone fiue rods lengths from the Banke; for there *Rozinante* and Dapple are, in the same places where we left them, and looking well vpon the matter, as I now doe, I sweare by Me, that wee neither moue nor goe faster then an Ant.

Make the triall that I bade you, and care for no other; for thou knowest not, what *Columnes* are, what *Lines*, *Paralels*, *Zodiacks*, *Clipticks*, *Poles*, *Solstices*, *Æquinoctials*, *Planets*, *Signes*, *Poynts*, and *Measures*, of which the *Celestiall* and *Terrestriall Spheres* are composed: for if thou knewest all these, or any part of them, thou mightst plainely see what *Paralels* wee haue cut, what Signes we haue seene, and what Images wee haue left behinde, and are leauing now. And let me wish thee againe, that thou search and feele thy selfe: for I doe not thinke, but that thou art as cleane as a sheet of white smooth paper.

Sancho began to feele, and comming softly and warily with his hand to the left side of his necke, hee lifted vp his head, and sayd to his Master; Either your experience is false, or else we are not come neere the place you speake of, by many leagues. Why (quoth *Don Quixote*) hast thou met with some thing? I, with some things (sayd hee) and shaking his fingers, hee washed his whole hand in the riuer; by which, and in the Current, the boat softly slid along, without being mooued by any secret influence,

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or

or hidden Enchantment, but the very course it selfe of the water, as yet soft and easie.

By this they discouered two great water-mils in the midst of the Riuer: and *Don Quixote*, as soone as hee saw them, cried aloud to *Sancho*; Seest thou, Friend, that City, Castle, or Fortresse that shewes it selfe, where some Knight is sure oppressed, or some Queene or Princesse in ill plight, for whose succour I am brought hither?

What the Deuill of City, Castle, or Fortresse, Sir, doe you talke of (quoth *Sancho*?) doe you not see that those are water-mils in the Riuer to grinde corne? Peace, *Sancho* (sayd hee) for though they looke like Water-mills, yet they are not, and I haue told thee already, that these Enchantments chop and change things out of their naturall being: I say not that they change them out of one being into another really, but in appearance, as was seene by experience in the transformation of *Dulcinea*, the onely refuge of my hopes.

Now the Boat being gotten into the middest of the Current, began to moue somewhat faster then before. They of the Mills, that saw the Boat come downe the riuer, and that it was now euen gotten into the swift streame of the wheeles, many of them came running out with long poles to stay it: and as their faces and clothes were all couered with meale-dust, they made a strange shew, and cryed out, saying; Deuils of men, whither goe you? Are you mad to drowne your selues, or bee beaten to pieces against these wheeles?

Did not I tell thee, *Sancho* (sayd *Don Quixote*) then, that we should come where I should shew the force of mine Arme? look what wicked vncouth fellowes come to encounter mee; looke what a troope of Hobgoblins oppose themselues against mee; looke what vgly visages play the Bull-beggers with vs: Now you shall see, you Rascals; and standing vp in the Boat, he began aloud to threaten the Millers, saying; You base Scumme and ill-aduised, free and deliuer that person, which is in your Fortresse or Prison oppressed, bee hee high or low, or of what sort or quality soeuer; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called *The Knight of the Lyons*, for whom the happy ending of

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this Aduenture is reserued by order of the high Heauens: and this sayd, hee layd hand to his sword, and begamne to fence in the aire against the Millers, who hearing, but not vnderstanding those madnesses, stood with their poles to stay the Boat, which was now entring the source and channell of the wheeles. *Sancho* kneeled deuoutly vpon his knees, praying Heauen to free him from so manifest a danger, which succeeded happily, by the quicknesse and skill of the Millers, who opposing their staues to the Boat, stay'd it: but so, that they ouerturned it, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* topted into the Riuer: but it was well for *Don Quixote*, who could swimme like a Goose, though the waight of his Armes carried him twice to the bottome, and had it not beene for the Millers, who leaped into the water, and pulled them out both, as if they had waighed them vp, there they had both perished.

When they were both on land, more wet then thirsty, *Sancho*, vpon his knees, with ioyned hands, and his eyes nailed to Heauen, prayed to God with a large and deuout prayer, to free him from thence-forward, from the rash desires and enterprizes of his Master. And now the Fisher-men came, the Owners of the Boat, which was broken to pieces by the wheeles, who seeing it spoyled, began to dis-robe *Sancho*, and to demand payment of *Don Quixote*, who very patiently, as if he had done nothing, sayd to the Millers and Fisher-men, that hee would very willingly pay for the Boat, vpon condition they should freely deliuer him, without fraud or guile, the person or persons that were oppressed in their Castle.

What person, or what Castle mad-man? (sayd one of the Millers) will you, trow, carry away those that came hither to grinde their corne? Enough, thought *Don Quixote* to himselfe, here a man may preach in a wildernes, to reduce a base people to a good worke. In this Aduenture two deep Enchanters haue met, and the one disturbes the other: the one prouided me the Barke, and the other ouerthrew me out of it; God helpe vs, all this world is tricks and deuices, one contrary to the other; I can doe no more: and raising his voyce, he went on, saying; Friends, who soeuer you are, locked vp in this prison, pardon mee; for,

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by

by my ill fortune and yours, I cannot deliuer you from your pain: this Aduenture is kept & reserued for some other Knight. When he had said this, he agreed with the fishers, and paid 25. shillings for the boat, which *Sancho* gaue with a very good will, saying, With two of these boat-trickes we shall sinke our whole stocke.

The Fishermen and the Millers were in a great admiration, to see two such strange shapes, quite from the ordinary fashion of other men, and neuer vnderstood to what purpose *Don Quixote* vsed all those discourses to them; so holding them for maddemen, they left them, and got to their Milles, and the Fishers to their quarters. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* like beastes turne to their beasts: and this end had the Aduenture of the Enchanted Barke.

CHAP. XXX.

What happened to Don Quixote *with the faire Huntresse.*

VEry melancholy and ill at ease went the Knight and Squire to horse-backe, especially *Sancho*, for it grieued him at the soule to meddle with the stocke of their money; for it seemed to him, that to part with any thing from thence, was to part with his eye-balls. To be briefe, vvithout speaking a word, to horse they vvent, and left the famous riuer. *Don Quixote*, buried in his amorous cogitations, and *Sancho* in those of his preferment; for as yet hee thought he was farre enough off from obtaining it: for although he were a foole, yet hee well perceiued, that all his Mastersactions, or the greatest part of them were idle: so hee sought after some occasion, that without entring into farther reckonings, or leaue-taking vvith his Master, hee might one day get out of his clutches, and goe home, but fortune ordered matters contrary to his feare. It fell out then, that the next day about Sun-setting, and as they were going out of a wood, *Don Quixote* spreads his eyes about a green

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meadow, and at one end of it saw company, & comming neere, he saw they were Falconers; he came neerer, and amongst them beheld a gallant Lady vpon her Palfrey, or milke-white Nagge, with greene furniture, and her Saddle-pummell of siluer. The Lady her selfe was all clad in greene, so braue and rich, that brauery it selfe was transformed into her. On her left hand shee carried a Soare-Falcon, a signe that made *Don Quixote* think she was some great Lady, and Mistresse to all the rest, as true it vvas: so hee cried out to *Sancho*; Runne, sonne *Sancho*, and tell that Lady on the Palfrey with the Soare-hawke, that I, *The Knight of the Lyons*, doe kisse her most beautifull hands; and if her magnificence giue me leaue, I will receiue her commands, and be her seruant to the vttermost of my power, that her highnesse may please to command mee in; and take heede, *Sancho*, how thou speakest, and haue a care thou mixe not thy Ambassage vvith some of those Prouerbs of thine. Tell me of that? as if it were now the first time that I haue carried Embassies to high and mighty Ladies in my life? Except it were that thou carriedst to *Dulcinea* (quoth *Don Quixote*) I know not of any other thou hast carried, at least whilest thou wert with mee. That's true, said *Sancho*; but a good pay-master needs no surety: and where there is plenty, the ghests are not empty, I meane, there is no telling nor aduising mee ought; for of all things I know a little. I beleeue it (said *Don Quixote*) get thee gone in good time, and God speed thee.

Sancho went on, putting Dapple out of his pace with a Careere, and comming where the faire Huntresse was, alighting, he kneeled downe, and said; Faire Lady, that Knight you see there, called *The Knight of the Lyons*, is my Master, and I am a Squire of his, whom at his house they call *Sancho Pansa*; this said *Knight of the Lyons*, who not long since was called, *The Knight of the Sorrowfull Countenance*, sends me to tell your Greatnesse, That you be pleased to giue him leaue, that with your liking, good will, & consent, he put in practice his desire, which is no other (as he sayes, and I beleeue) then to serue your [a] lofty high-flying beauty; and if your Ladiship giue him leaue, you shall doe a thing that may redound to your good, and hee shall receiue

[a] For so it is in the Spanish to make the simple Squire speake absurdly enough, for in stead of *Alteca*, the Author makes him say *Altaneria*.

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receiue a moſt remarkeable fauour and content.

Truely, honeſt Squire, ſaid the Lady, thou haſt deliuered thy Ambaſſage with all the circumſtances that ſuch an Ambaſſage requires: riſe, riſe, for the Squire of ſo renowned a Knight as he of the ſorrowfull countenance (of whom wee haue heere ſpeciall notice) tis not fit ſhould kneele: riſe vp friend, and tell your Maſter that he come neere on Gods name, that the Duke my Husband and I may doe him ſeruice at a houſe of pleaſure we haue heere.

Sancho roſe vp aſtoniſht, as well at the good Ladies beauty, as her court-ſhip and courteſie, eſpecially for that ſhee told him ſhe had notice of his Maſter, *The Knight of the ſorrowfull Countenance*; for in that ſhe called him not *Knight of the Lyons*, it was becauſe it was ſo lately put vpon him. The Ducheſſe asked him (for as yet we know not of what place ſhee was Ducheſſe) tell me, Sir Squire, is not this your Maſter, one, of whom there is a Hiſtory printed, & goes by the name of, The ingenious Gentleman, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Lady of whoſe life is likewiſe, one *Dulcinea del Toboſo*? The very ſelf-ſame (ſaid *Sancho*) and that Squire of his, that is, or ſhould be in the Hiſtory, called *Sancho Panſa*, am I, except I were changed in my cradle, I mean that I were changed in the Preſſe. I am glad of all this (quoth the Ducheſſe:) goe, brother *Panſa*, and tell your Maſter that he is welcome to our Dukedome, and that no newes could haue giuen me greater content. *Sancho* with this ſo acceptable an anſwer, with great pleaſure returned to his Maſter, to vvhom he recounted all that the great Lady had ſaid to him, extolling to the heauens her ſingular beauty, with his ruſticall tearmes, her affableneſſe and courteſie. *Don Quixote* pranked it in his ſaddle, ſate ſtiffe in his ſtirrops, fitted his Viſor, rowſed vp *Rozinante*, and with a comely boldneſſe went to kiſſe the Ducheſſes hands, who cauſing the Duke her husband to be called, told him, whileſt *Don Quixote* was comming, his whole Embaſſie: ſo both of them hauing read his firſt part, and vnderſtood by it his beſotted humour, attended him with much pleaſure and deſire to know him, with a purpoſe to follow his humour, and to giue way to al he ſhould ſay, and to treat with him as a Knight Errant,

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as long as he should be with them, with all the accustomed ceremonies in bookes of Knight Errantry, which they had read, and were much affected with.

By this, *Don Quixote* came with his Visor pulled vp, and making shew to alight, *Sancho* came to haue held his stirrop: but he was so vnlucky, that as hee was lighting from Dapple, one of his feet caught vpon a halter of the packe-saddle, so that it was not possible for him to dis-intangle himself, but hung by it, with his mouth and his brest to the ground-ward. *Don Quixote*, who vsed not to alight without his stirrops being held, thinking *Sancho* was already come to hold it, lighted sodainely downe, but brought saddle and all to ground, (belike being ill-girt) to his much shame, and curses inwardly layd vpon the vnhappy *Sancho*, that had still his legge in the stockes. The Duke commanded some of his Falconers to helpe the Knight and Squire, who raised *Don Quixote* in ill plight with his fall, and limping, as well as he could, he went to kneele before the two Lordings: but the Duke would not by any meanes consent, rather alighting from his horse, he embraced *Don Quixote*, saying:

I am very sorry, Sir *Knight of the sorrowfull Countenance*, that your first fortune hath beene so ill in my ground; but the carelesnesse of Squires is oft the cause of worse successes. It is impossible, valerous Prince, that any should be bad, since I haue seene you, although my fal had cast me to the profound Abisme; since the glory of seeing you would haue drawne mee out, and raised mee vp. My Squire (a curse light on him) vnties his tongue better to speake maliciously, then hee girts his horses saddle to sit firmely: but howsoeuer I am downe or vp, on foot or on horse-backe, I will alwaies bee at yours, and my Lady the Duchesses seruice, your worthy Consort, the worthie Lady of beauty, and vniuersall Princesse of courtesie. Softly, my Signior (*Don Quixote de la Mancha*) quoth the Duke, for where my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is present, there is no reason other beauties should be praised.

Now *Sancho Pansa* was free from the noose, & being at hand, before his Master could answer a word, he said, It cannot be denied, but affirmed, that my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is very faire;

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faire; but where we leaſt thinke, there goes the Hare away: for I haue heard ſay, that ſhee you call Nature, is like a Potter that makes veſſels of Clay, and he that makes a handſome veſſell, may alſo make two or three, or an hundred: this I ſay, that you may know, my Lady the Dutcheſſe comes not a whit behinde my Miſtreſſe the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. *Don Quixote* turned to the Dutcheſſe, and ſaid, Your Greatneſſe may ſuppoſe that neuer any Knight in the world had euer ſuch a prater to his Squire, nor a more conceited then mine, and he will make good vvhat I ſay, if your Highneſſe ſhall at any time be pleaſed to make triall. To which (quoth the Dutcheſſe) that honeſt *Sancho* may be conceited, I am very glad, a ſigne hee is wiſe; for your pleaſant conceits, Signior, as you very wel know, reſt not in dull braines, and ſince *Sancho* is witty and conceited, from hence-forward I confirme him to be diſcreet: And a Prater, added *Don Quixote*. So much the better (ſaid the Duke) for many conceits cannot be expreſſed in few words: and that we may not ſpend the time in many, come, Sir *Knight of the ſorrowfull Countenance: of the Lyons*, your Highneſſe muſt ſay (quoth *Sancho*:) for now vve haue no more ſorrowfull countenance. And now let the Lyons beare countenance. The Duke proceeded: I ſay let the *Knight of the Lyons* come to my Caſtle, vvhich is neere heere, where he ſhall haue the entertainment that is iuſtly due to ſo high a perſonage, and that, that the Dutcheſſe and I are wont to giue to Knights Errant that come to vs.

By this time *Sancho* had made ready and girded *Rozinantes* ſaddle vvell; and *Don Quixote* mounting him, and the Duke vpon a goodlly horſe, ſet the Dutcheſſe in the middle, and they went toward the Caſtle. The Dutcheſſe commanded that *Sancho* ſhould ride by her, for ſhe was infinitely delighted to heare his diſcretions. *Sancho* was eaſily entreated, and weaued himſelfe betweene the three, and made a fourth in their conuerſation. The Duke and Dutcheſſe were much pleaſed, vvho held it for a great good fortune, to haue lodged in their Caſtle ſuch a Knight Errant, and ſuch a Squire Erred.

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CHAP. XXXI.

That treates of many and great affaires.

GReat was the ioy that *Sancho* conceiued to see himselfe a fauourite to the Duchesse, as he thought; for it shaped out vnto him, that he should finde in her Castle, as much as in *Don Diego's*, or that of *Basilius*: for he was alwaies affected with a plentifull life, and so layd hold vpon Occasions locke, euer when it was presented. The History then tells vs, that before they came to the house of pleasure or Castle, the Duke went before, and gaue order to all his followers how they should behaue themselues towards *Don Quixote*, vvho as he came on vvith the Duchesse to the Castle gates, there came out two Lackeyes, or Palfrey-boyes, clothed down to the feete in coates like night-gownes, of fine Crimson Sattin, and taking *Don Quixote* in their armes, vvithout hearing or looking on him, they said, Goe, and let your Greatnesse help my Lady to alight. *Don Quixote* did so, & there was great complementing betwixt both about it; but in the end, the Duchesses earnestnesse preuailed, and shee would not descend or alight from her Palfrey, but in the Dukes armes, saying; That shee was too vnworthy to bee so vnprofitable a burden to so high a Knight. At length the Duke helped her, and as they entred a great Base Court, there came two beautiful Damozels, & cast vpon *Don Quixote's* shoulders, a faire mantle of fineft Scarlet, and in an instant all the leads of the Courts and entries were thronged with men and maide-seruants of the Dukes, who cried aloud; Welcome, oh Flower and Creame of Knights Errant, and all or most of them sprinkled pots of sweet water vpon *Don Quixote*, and vpon the Duke, all which made *Don Quixote* admire, and neuer till then did he truly belieue that he was a Knight Errant, really and not fantastically, seeing that he was vsed iust as hee had read Knights Errant were in former times.

Sancho, forsaking Dapple, shewed himselfe to the Duchesse, and entered into the Castle; but his conscience pricking him,

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that

that he had left his Asse alone, he came to a reuerend old waiting woman, that came out amongst others to wait vpon the Duchesse, and very softly spoke to her, Mistresse *Gonsalez*, or vvhat is your name forsooth? *Donna Rodriguez de Grisshalma*, said the waiting woman, what would you haue, brother, with me? To which (quoth *Sancho*) I pray will you doe me the fauour as to goe out at the Castle-gate, where you shall finde a Dapple Asse of mine, I pray vvill you see him put, or put him your selfe in the stable; for the poore wretch is fearefull, and cannot by any meanes endure to be alone. If the Master (quoth she) be as wise as the man, we shall haue a hot bargaine on it: get you gone with a Murrin to you, and him that brought you hither, and looke to your Asse your selfe, for the waiting women in this house are not vsed to such drudgeries. Why truly (quoth *Sancho*) I haue heard my Master say, who is the very Wizard of Histories, telling that story of *Lanzarote*, vvhen he came from Britaine, that Ladies looked to him, and waiting women to his Courser: and touching my Asse in particular, I would not change him for *Lanzarotes* horse. Brother (quoth she) if you be a Iester, keepe your witte till you haue vse of it, for those that will pay you; for I haue nothing but this [a] figge to giue you. Well yet (said *Sancho*) the figge is like to be ripe, for you vvill not lose the *Prima vista* of your yeeres by a peepe leese. Sonne of a vvhore, said the waiting-woman all incensed with choller, whether I am olde or no, God knowes, I shall giue him account, and not to thee, thou rascall, that stinkest of Garlicke: all this shee spoke so loud, that the Duchesse heard her, who turning, and seeing the woman so altered, and her eyes so bloudy red, she asked her with whom she was angry?

Here (said shee) vvith this Ideot, that hath earnestly entreated me to put vp his Asse in the stable, that is at the Castle-gate, giuing mee for an instance, that they haue done so I know not where, that certaine Ladies looked to one *Lanzarote*, and vvaiting vvomen to his horse, and to mend the matter, in mannerly tearms cals me [b] old one. That wold more disgrace me (quoth the Duchesse) then all he should say, and speaking to *Sancho*, shee said, Looke you friend *Sancho*, *Donna Rodriguez* is

[a] *Labiga*: a word of disgrace.

[b] *Vieja* a name that a woman in Spain cannot endure to heere though shee were as old as *Methusalem*.

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is very young, and that *Stole* ſhe weares, is more for authority, and for the fashion, then for her yeeres. A pox on the reſt of my yeeres I haue to liue (quoth *Sancho*) if I meant her any ill, I onely deſired the kindneſſe, for the loue I beare to mine Aſſe, and becauſe I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable perſon, then Miſtris *Rodriguez*. *Don Quixote*, that heard all, ſayd; Are theſe diſcourſes, *Sancho*, fit for this place? Sir (ſayd *Sancho*) let euery man expreſſe his wants whereſoere he be. Heere I remembred my Dapple, and heere I ſpoke of him, and if I had remembred him in the ſtable, there I would haue ſpoken.

To this (quoth the Duke) *Sancho* is in the right, and there is no reaſon to blame him. Dapple ſhall haue prouander, as much as he will, and let *Sancho* take no care, he ſhall be vſed as well as his owne perſon. With theſe diſcourſes, pleaſing vnto all but *Don Quixote*, they went vp ſtaires, and brought *Don Quixote* into a goodly Hall, hung with rich cloth of Gold and Tiſſue, ſix Damozels vn-armed him, & ſerued for Pages, all of them taught and inſtructed by the Duke and Dutcheſſe, what they ſhould doe, and how they ſhould behaue themſelues towards *Don Quixote*, that hee might imagine and ſee they vſed him like a Knight Errant.

Don Quixote once vn-armed, was in his ſtraight trouſes and doublet of Chamois, dry, high, and lanke, with his iawes, that within and without buſſed one another; a picture, that if the Damozels that ſerued him, had not had a care to hold in their laughter (which was one of the preciſe orders their Lords had giuen them) had burſt with laughing. They deſired him to vnclothe himſelfe, to ſhift a ſhirt: but he would by no meanes conſent, ſaying; That honeſty was as proper to a Knight Errant, as valour. Notwithſtanding, hee bad them giue a ſhirt to *Sancho*: and locking himſelfe vp with him in a chamber, where was a rich bed, hee pluckt off his clothes, and put on the ſhirt; and as *Sancho* and he were alone, he thus ſpoke to him:

Tell me (moderne Ieſter and old Iolt-head) is it a fit thing, to diſhonour and affront ſo venerable an old waiting-woman, and ſo worthy to be reſpected, as ſhe? Was that a fit time to remem-

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ber your Dapple? Or thinke you, that these were Lords to let Beasts fare ill, that so neatly vse their Masters? For Gods loue, *Sancho*, looke to thy selfe, and discouer not thy course thred, that they may see thou art not wouen out of a base web. Know, Sinner as thou art, that the Master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his seruants are honest, and mannerly; and one of the greatest aduantages that great men haue ouer inferiours, is, that they keep seruants as good as themselues. Know'st thou not, poore fellow, as thou art, & vnhappy that I am, that if they see thee to bee a grosse Pesant, they will thinke that I am some *Mountibanke*, or shifting Squire? No, no, friend *Sancho*, shun, shun these inconueniencies; for he that stumbles too much vpon the Prater and Wit-monger, at the first toe-knocke fals, and becomes a scornefull Iester: bridle thy tongue, consider and ruminate vpon thy words, before they come from thee, and obserue, that wee are now come to a place, from whence, with Gods helpe and mine armes valour, we shall goe bettered threefold, nay, fiue-fold in fame and wealth.

Sancho promised him very truely, to sow vp his mouth, or to bite his tongue, before he would speake a word that should not be well considered and to purpose, as he had commanded; and that he should not feare, that by him they should euer bee discouered. *Don Quixote* dressed himselfe, buckled his sword to his belt, and clapped his skarlet mantle vpon him, putting on a Hunters cap of greene sattin, which the Damozels had giuen him: and thus adorned, to the great chamber he went, where he found the Damozels all in a row, six on one side, and six on the other, and all with prouision for him to wash, which they ministred to him with many courtesies and ceremonies.

Betwixt them straight they got him full of pompe and Maiesty, and carried him to another roome, where was a rich table, with seruice for foure persons. The Duke and Dutchesse came to the doore to receiue him, and with them a graue Clergy-man, [a] one of those that gouerne great mens houses, one of those, that as they are not borne nobly, so they know not how to instruct those that are: one of those that would haue great mens liberalities, measured by the straightnesse of their mindes: of those, that

[a] A good Character of a poore Pedant.

teaching

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teaching thoſe they gouerne, to bee frugall, would make them miſerable: ſuch a one, I ſay, this graue Clergy-man was, that came with the Duke to receiue *Don Quixote*, there paſſed a thouſand louing complements, and, at laſt, taking *Don Quixote* betweene them, they ſate downe to dinner.

The Duke inuited *Don Quixote* to the vpper end of the table, which, though he refuſed; yet the Duke ſo importuned him, that he was forced to take it. The Clergy-man ſate ouer againſt him, and the Duke and Ducheſſe on each ſide. *Sancho* was by at all, gaping in admiration, to ſee the honour thoſe Princes did to his Maſter, and ſeeing the many ceremonies and intreaties, that paſſed betwixt the Duke and him, to make him ſit downe at the tables end, he ſayd, If your Worſhips will giue mee leaue, Ile tell you a tale that happened in our towne, concerning places. Scarce had *Sancho* ſayd this, when *Don Quixote* began to ſhake, beleeuing certainely he would ſpeake ſome idle ſpeech. *Sancho* beholding, vnderſtood him; and ſayd, Feare not, Sir, that I ſhall be vnmannerly, or that I ſhall ſay any thing that may not bee to the purpoſe; for I haue not forgotten your counſell, touching ſpeaking much or little, well or ill.

I remember nothing, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) ſpeake what thou wilt, ſo thou ſpeake quickly. Well, what I ſhall ſpeak (quoth *Sancho*) is as true, as my Maſter, *Don Quixote*, will not let me lie, who is heere preſent. For me (replide *Don Quixote*) lie as much as thou wilt, for Ile not hinder thee: but take heede what thou ſpeakeſt. I haue ſo heeded and re-heeded it, that you ſhall ſee I warrant yee. Twere very fit (quoth *Don Quixote*) that your Greatneſſes would command this Coxcombe to bee thruſt out; for he will talke you a thouſand follies.

Aſſuredly (quoth the Ducheſſe) *Sancho* ſhall not ſtirre a iot from me; for I know, hee is very diſcreet. Diſcreet yeeres liue your Holineſſe (quoth *Sancho*) for the good opinion you haue of me, although I deſerue it not, and thus ſayes my tale: A Gentle-man of our towne, very rich and well borne; for hee was of the bloud of the *Alami* of *Medina del Campo*, and married with *Donna Mencia de Quinnones*, that was daughter to *Don Alonſo de Maranon*, Knight of the order of Saint *Iacques*, that was drowned

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drowned in the *Herradura*, touching whom that quarrell was not long since in our towne; for, as I remember, my Master, *Don Quixote*, was in it, where little *Thomas* the Mad-cap, sonne to *Balnastro* the Smith, was wounded. Is not all this true, Master mine? Say by your life, that these Lords may not hold me for a prating Lier.

After he had begun a tale without head or foot, hee askes a question.

Hitherto (sayd the Clergy-man) I rather hold thee for a Prater, then a Lier: but from henceforward, I know not for what I shall hold thee. Thou giuest so many witnesses, and so many tokens, *Sancho*, that I cannot but say (quoth *Don Quixote*) thou tellest true: on with thy tale, and make an end; for I thinke thou wilt not haue ended these two dayes. Let him goe on (quoth the Duchesse) to doe me a pleasure, and let him tell his tale, as he pleaseth, though hee make not an end these six dayes; for if they were so many yeeres, they would bee the best that euer I passed in my life.

I say then, my Masters, that the sayd Gentle-man I told you of at first, and whom I know, as well as I know one hand from another (for, from my house to his, tis not a bow-shoot) inuited a poore, but honest Husband-man. On, Brother (sayd the Clergy-man) for, mee thinkes, you trauell with your tale, as if you would not rest till the next world. In lesse then halfe this, I will, if it please God (quoth *Sancho*) and so I proceed: The sayd Husband-man comming to the said Gentle-man Inuiters house, (God be mercifull to him, for he is now dead) and for a further token, they say, died like a Lambe; for I was not by: for at that time I was gone to another towne to reaping.

I prethee (quoth the Clergy-man) come backe from your reaping, and without burying the Gentle-man (except you meane to make more obsequies) end your tale. The businesse then (quoth *Sancho*) was this, that both of them being ready to sit downe at table; for, methinkes, I see them now, more then euer. The Dukes receiued great pleasure, to see the distaste that the Clergy-man tooke, at the delayes and pawses of *Sancho's* tale. And *Don Quixote* consumed himselfe in choller and rage. Then thus (quoth *Sancho*) both of them being ready to sit downe, the Husband-man contended with the Gentle-

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man

man not to ſit vppermoſt, and he with the other, that he ſhould, as meaning to command in his owne houſe: but the Husbandman preſuming to be mannerly, and courteous, neuer vvould, till the Gentleman very moody, laying hands vpon him, made him ſit downe perforce, ſaying, Sit downe, you Threſher; for where-ſoere I ſit, that ſhall be the Tables end to thee: and now you haue my Tale, and truely I beleeue, it was brought in heere pretty-well to the purpoſe.

Don Quixote's face was in a thouſand colours, that laſpered vpō his browe. The Lords diſſembled their laughter, that *Don Quixote* might not be too much abaſhed, when they perceiued *Sancho's* knauery: and to change diſcourſe, that *Sancho* might not proceed with other fooleries, the Ducheſſe asked *Don Quixote* what newes he had of the Lady *Dulcinea*, and if hee had ſent her for a Preſent lately, any Gyants, or Bug-beares, ſince he could not but haue ouercome many. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered, Lady mine; my misfortunes, although they had a beginning, yet they will neuer haue ending: Gyants, Elues, and Bug-beares I haue ouer-come and ſent her; but where ſhould they finde her that is enchanted, and turned into the fouleſt creature that can be? I know not (quoth *Sancho*) me-thinkes ſhe is the faireſt creature in the world, at leaſt I know well, that for her nimbleneſſe and leaping, [a] ſheel'e giue no aduantage to a Tumbler: In good faith, my Lady Ducheſſe, ſhee leapes from the ground vpon an Aſſe, as if ſhe were a Catte. Haue you ſeene her enchanted, *Sancho*, ſaid the Duke? How? ſeene her? (quoth *Sancho*) Why, who the Deuill but I was the firſt that fell into the tricke of her Enchantment? ſhee is as much Enchanted as my Aſſe?

[a] A good miſtake.

The Clergy-man, that heard them talke of Gyants, Elues, and Bug-beares, and Enchantments, fell into reckoning, that that was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whoſe ſtory the Duke ordinarily read, and for which hee had diuers times reprehended him, telling him, twas a madneſſe to read ſuch fopperies, and being aſſured of the certainty which he ſuſpected, ſpeaking to the Duke very angerly, hee ſaid: Your Excellency ought to giue God Almighty an acoût for this mans folly. This *Don Quixote*,

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or

or Don Coxe-combe, or how doe you call him, I suppose hee is not so very an Ideot as your Excellency would make him, giuing him ready occasions to proceed in his empty-brain'd madnesse. And framing his discourse to *Don Quixote*, he said:

And who, good-man Dull-pate hath thrust into your braine, that you are a Knight Errant, that you ouercome Gyants, and take Bug-beares? get you in Gods name, so be it spoken, return to your house, and bring vp your children if you haue them, and looke to your stocke, and leaue your ranging thorow the world, blowing bubbles, and making all that know you, or not know you, to laugh. Where haue you euer found vvith a mischiefe, that there haue beene, or are Knights Errant? vvhere any Gyants in Spaine? or Bug-beares in *Mancha*? or Enchanted *Dulcinea's*, with the rest of your troope of simplicities?

Don Quixote was very attentiue to this Venerable mans discourse, and seeing him now silent, vvithout any respect of the Dukes, vvith an angry countenance, he stood vp and said, But his answer deserues a Chapter by it selfe.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Don Quixotes *answer to his Reprehender, with other successes as wise as witty.*

Don Quixote being thus vpon his legges, and trembling from head to foot, like a man filled with quicke-siluer, with a hasty and thicke voyce, said, The place, and Presence before whom I am, and the respect I haue, and alwaies had to men of your Coat, do binde and tye vp the hands of my iust wrath; so that as well for what I haue said, as for I know, all know that women, & gowned mens weapons are the same, their tongues: I vvill enter into single combat with you with mine, though I rather expected good counsaile from you, then infamous reuilings; good and well-meant reprehensions require and aske other circumstances, other points; at least, your publike and so bitter reprehensions haue passed all limits, and your gentle

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gentle ones had beene better: neyther was it fit that vvithout knowledge of the ſinne you reprehend, you call the ſinner without more adoe, Cox-combe and Ideot. Well, for which of my Coxcombries ſeene in mee, doe you condemne and reuile mee, and command me home to my owne houſe, to looke to the gouerning of it, my wife and children, without knowing vvhether I haue any of theſe? Is there no more to be done, but in a hurry to enter other mens houſes, to rule their owners? nay one that hath beene a poore *Pedagogue*, or hath not ſeene more world then twenty miles about him, to meddle ſo roundly to giue Lawes to Chiualry, and to iudge of Knights Errant? Is it happily a vaine plotte, or time ill ſpent, to range thorow the world, not ſeeking it's dainties, but the bitterneſſe of it, whereby good men aſpire to the ſeat of immortality? If your Knights, your Gallants, or Gentlemen ſhould haue called me Cox-comb, I ſhould haue held it for an affront irreparable: but that your poore Schollers account mee a madde-man, that neuer trod the paths of Knight Errantry, I care not a chip; a Knight I am, a Knight Ile die, if it pleaſe the moſt Higheſt. Some goe by the ſpacious field of proud ambition, others by the way of ſeruill and baſe flattery, a third ſort by deceitfull hypocriſie, and few by that of true Religion: But I by my ſtarres inclination goe in the narrow path of Knight-Errantry; for whoſe exerciſe I deſpiſe wealth, but not honor. I haue ſatisfied grieuances, rectified wrongs, chaſtiſed inſolencies, ouercome Gyants, trampled ouer Sprites; I am enamoured, onely becauſe there is a neceſſity Knights Errant ſhould bee ſo, and though I be ſo, yet I am not of thoſe vicious Amoriſts, but of your chaſte *Platonicks*. My intentions alwaies aime at a good end, as, to doe good to all men, & hurt to none: If he that vnderſtands this, if he that performes it, that practiſeth it, deſerue to be called foole, let your Greatneſſes iudge, excellent Duke and Ducheſſe.

Well, I aduiſe you (quoth *Sancho*) Maſter mine, ſpeake no more in your owne behalfe, for there is no more to bee ſaid, no more to be thought, no more perſeuering in the world: beſides, this Signior, denying as he hath done, that there neyther is, nor hath beene Knight Errant in the world, no maruell though hee knowes

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knowes not what he hath said. Are you trow (quoth the Clergy man) that *Pansa*, whom they say your Master hath promised an Iland? Marry am I (said he) and I am hee that deserues it, as well as any other, and I am he that [a] keepe company with good men, and thou shalt be as good as they: and I am one of those that: Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fedde: and of those that: Leane to a good tree, and it will shadow thee: I haue leaned to my Master, and it is many moneths since I haue kept him company, and I am his other selfe. If waies. God please, liue he, and I shall liue, hee shall not want Empires to command, nor I Islands to gouerne.

[a] He blunders out Prouerbs as vsually to no purpose, which is *Sancho's* parts alwaies.

No surely, friend *Sancho*, straight, said the Duke, for I in Signior Don *Quixote's* name, will giue thee an odde one of mine, of no small worth. Kneele downe, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, & kisse his Excellencies foot, for the fauour hee hath done thee: which *Sancho* did: but when the Cleargy-man saw this, hee rose vp vvonderfull angry, saying; By my holy Order, I am about to say, Your Excellency is as mad as one of these sinners, and see if they must not needs be madde, when wise men canonize their madnesse; your Excellency may doe well to stay with them, for whilest they be heere, Ile get mee home and saue a labour of correcting what I cannot amend, and without any more adoe, leauing the rest of his dinner, he went away, the Duke & the Duchesse not being able to pacifie him, though the Duke said not much to him, as being hindred with laughter at his vnseasonable choller.

When he had ended his laughter, he said to *Don Quixote*, Sir *Knight of the Lyons*, you haue answered so deeply for your selfe, that you left nothing vnsatisfied to this your grieuance, which though it seeme to be one, yet is not; for as women haue not the power to wrong, neyther haue Church-men, as you best know. T'is true (quoth *Don Quixote*) the cause is, that hee who cannot be wronged, can doe no wrong to any body; women, children, and Churchmen, as they cannot defend themselues, when they are offended, so they cannot suffer an affront and a grieuance, there is this difference (as your Excellency best knowes: The affront comes from one that may doe it, and be able

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able to make it good, the grieuance may come from eyther party without affronting. For example. One ſtands careleſly in the ſtreet, ſome ten men come armed, and baſtonadoing him, he claps hand to his ſword, and doth his deuoir: but the multitude of his aſſailants hinder him of his purpoſe, which is to bee reuenged; this man is wronged, but not affronted, and this ſhal be confirmed by another example. One ſtands vvith his backe turned, another comes and ſtrikes him, and when he hath done, runnes away, th'other followes, but ouertakes him not: he that receiued the blow, is wronged, but not affronted, becauſe the affront ought to haue beene maintained: if he that ſtrooke him (though he did it baſely) ſtand ſtill and face his enemy, then hee that was ſtrooke is wronged and affronted both together: wronged, becauſe he was ſtrooke cowardly; affronted, becauſe he that ſtrooke him, ſtood ſtill to make good what he had done: and ſo according to the Lawes of curſed *Duel*, I may be wronged, but not affronted; for children nor women haue no apprehenſion, neyther can they flye, nor ought to ſtand ſtill: and ſo is it vvith the Religious; for theſe kindes of people want Armes offenſiue and defenſiue, ſo that though they be naturally bound to defend themſelues, yet they are not to offend any body: and though euen now I ſaid I was wronged, I ſaw now I am not; for hee that can receiue no affront, can giue none: for which cauſes I haue no reaſon to reſent, nor doe I, the words that that good man gaue me; onely I could haue wiſhed he had ſtayed a little, that I might haue let him ſee his error, in ſaying or thinking there haue beene no Knights Errant in the world; for if *Amadis* had heard this, or one of thoſe infinite numbers of his linage, I know it had not gone well with his Worſhip.

Ile ſweare that (quoth *Sancho*) they would haue giuen him a ſlaſh, that ſhould haue cleaued him from head to foot, like a Pomegranate, or a ripe Muske Melon; they were pretty Youths to ſuffer ſuch ieſts. By my Holidam, I thinke certainely if *Renaldos de Montalnan* had heard theſe ſpeeches from the poore knaue, he had bung'd vp his mouth that he ſhould not haue ſpoken theſe three yeeres; I, I, hee ſhould haue dealt with them, and ſee how he would haue ſcaped their hands.

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The Ducheſſe was ready to burſt with laughter at *Sancho*, and to her minde, ſhe held him to be more conceited, and madder then his Maſter, and many at that time were of this opinion.

Finally, *Don Quixote* was pacified, and dinner ended, and the cloth being taken away, there came foure Damozels, one with a ſiluer Baſon, the other with an Ewre, a third with two fine white Towels, the fourth with her arms tucked vp to the middle and in her white hands (for white they were) a white Naples waſhing ball. Shee with the Baſon came very mannerly, and ſet it vnder *Don Quixote's* chinne, who very ſilent, and wondring at that kinde of ceremony, taking it to bee the cuſtome of the Country, to waſh their faces in ſtead of their hands, he ſtretcht out his face as far as he could, & inſtantly the Ewre began to rain vpon him, and the Damozell with the ſoape ran ouer his beard apace, raiſing white flakes of ſnow, for ſuch were thoſe ſcowrings, not only vpon his beard, but ouer all the face and eyes of the obedient Knight, ſo that he was forced to ſhut them.

The Duke and Ducheſſe that knew nothing of this, ſtood expecting what would become of this Lauatory. The Barber Damozell, when ſhe had ſoaped him well with her hand, feined that ſhe wanted more water, and made her with the Ewre, to goe for it, whileſt *Signior Don Quixote* expected; which ſhee did, and *Don Quixote* remained one of the ſtrangeſt pictures to moue laughter that could be imagined. All that were preſent (many in number) beheld him, and as they ſaw him with a neck halfe a yard long, more then ordinary ſwarthy, his eyes ſhutte, and his beard full of ſoape, it was great maruell, and much diſcretion, they could forbeare laughing. The Damozels of the leſt caſt downe their eyes, not daring to looke on their Lords; whoſe bodies with choller and laughter euen tickled againe, and they knew not what to doe; eyther to puniſh the boldnes of the girles, or reward them for the paſtime they receiued to ſee *Don Quixote* in that manner.

Laſtly, ſhe with the Ewre came, and they made an end of waſhing *Don Quixote*, & ſtraight ſhe that had the towels, wiped & dried him gently, & all foure of them at once making him a low courteſie, would haue gone: but the Duke, becauſe *Don Quixote*

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should not fall into the iest) called to the Damozell with the bason, saying, Come and wash me too, and see that you haue water enough. The wench, that was wily and carefull, came and put the bason vnder the Duke, as she had done to *Don Quixote*, and making haste, they washed and scowred him very well, and leauing him dry and cleane, making curtesies, they went away. After, it was knowne that the Duke swore, that if they had not washed him as well as *Don Quixote*, he would punish them for their lightnesse, which they discreetly made amends for, vvith soaping him.

Sancho marked all the ceremonies of the Lauatory, and said to himselfe; Lord (thought he) if it be the custome in this Countrie to wash the Squires beards, as well as the Knights? for of my soule and conscience I haue need of it, and if they would, to runne ouer me with a Rasor too.

What saist thou to thy selfe, *Sancho*, said the Duchesse? I say, Madam, (quoth he) that I haue heard that in other Princes Palaces they vse to giue water to wash mens hands when the cloth is taken away, but not lie to scowre their beards, and therefore I see tis good to liue long, to see much; although tis said also, that he that liues long, suffers much, though to suffer one of these Lauatories, is rather pleasure then paine.

Take no care *Sancho*, quoth the Duchesse, for Ile make one of my Damozels wash thee, and if need be, lay thee a bucking. For my beard (quoth *Sancho*) I should bee glad for the present, for the rest, God will prouide hereafter. Looke you, Caruer, said the Dutchesse, what *Sancho* desires, doe iust as hee would haue you. The Caruer answered, that Signior *Sancho* should be punctually serued, and so he went to dinner, and carried *Sancho* with him, the Dukes and *Don Quixote* sitting still, and conferring in many and seuerall affaires, but all concerning the practice of Armes and Knight Erraptry.

The Duchesse requested *Don Quixote*, to delineate and describe vnto her (since he seemed to haue a happy memory) the beauty & feature of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for according to Fames Trumpet, she thought that shee must needs be the fairest creature in the world, and also o fthe *Mancha*.

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Don Quixote sighed at the Duchesses command, and sayd, If I could take out my heart, and lay it before your Greatnesses eyes, vpon this table in a dish, I would saue my tongue a labour to tell you that, which would not be imagined; for in my heart, your Excellency should see her liuely depainted: but why should I be put to describe and delineate exactly, piece for piece, each seuerall beauty of the peerelesse *Dulcinea*, a burden fitter for other backes then mine; an enterprize, in which the pensils of *Parrasius*, *Timantes*, and *Apelles*, and the tooles of *Lisippus*, should indeed be employed, to paint and carue her in tables of Marble and Brasse, and *Ciceronian* and *Demosthenian Rhetoricke* to praise her.

What meane you by your *Demosthenian*, Signior *Don Quixote*, quoth the Duchesse? *Demosthenian Rhetoricke* (quoth hee) is as much to say, as the *Rhetoricke* of *Demosthenes*, as *Ciceronian* of *Cicero*, both which were the two greatest *Rhetoricians* in the world. Tis true (quoth the Duke) and you shewed your ignorance in asking that question: but for all that, Sir *Don Quixote* might much delight vs. if he would paint her out; for Ile warrant, though it bee but in her first draught, shee will appeare so well, that the most faire will enuy her. I would willingly (sayd he) if mis-fortune had not blotted out her *Idea*, that not long since befell her, which is such, that I may rather bewaile it, then describe her; for your Greatnesses shall vnderstand, that as I went heeretofore to haue kissed her hands, and receiue her benediction, leaue and licence, for this my third sally, I found another manner of one then I looked for, I found her enchanted, and turned from a Princesse to a Countrey-wench, from faire to foule, from an Angell to a Deuill, from sweet to contagious, from well-spoken to rusticke, from modest to skittish, from light to darknesse, and finally from *Dulcinea del Toboso*, to a Pesantesse of *Sayago*.

Now God defend vs (quoth the Duke) with a loud voyce, who is he that hath done so much hurt to the world? Who hath taken away the beauty that cheered it? the quicknesse that entertained it? and the honesty that did credit it? Who, sayd hee? who but some cursed Enchanter? one of those many enuious

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ones that perſecute mee? This wicked race borne in the world, to darken and annihilate the exployts of good men, and to giue light and raiſe the deedes of euill. Enchanters haue me perſecuted: Enchanters me perſecute: and Enchanters will mee perſecute, till they caſt me and my lofty Chiualry, into the profound Abiſme of forgetfulneſſe, and there they hurt and wound mee, where they ſee I haue moſt feeling; for to take from a Knight Errant, his Lady, is to take away his eye-ſight, with which hee ſees the ſunne that doth lighten him, and the food that doth nouriſh him. Oft haue I ſayd, and now I ſay againe, that a Knight Errant without a Miſtris, is like a tree without leaues, like a building without cement, or a ſhadow without a body, by which it is cauſed.

There is no more to be ſayd (quoth the Ducheſſe:) but yet if we may giue credit to the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote*, that not long ſince came to light, with a generall applauſe, it is ſayd (as I remember) that you neuer ſaw *Dulcinea*, and that there is no ſuch Lady in the world; but that ſhe is a meere fantaſticall creature ingendred in your braine, where you haue painted her with all the graces and perfections that you pleaſe.

Here is much to be ſayd (quoth he?) God knowes, if there be a *Dulcinea* or no in the world, whether ſhe be fantaſticall, or not: and theſe be matters, whoſe iuſtifying muſt not be ſo far ſearcht into. Neither haue I ingendred or brought foorth my Lady, though I contemplate on her, as is fitting, ſhe being a Lady that hath all the parts that may make her famous thorow the whole world: as theſe; faire, without blemiſh; graue, without pride; amorous, but honeſt; thankfull, as courteous; courteous, as well-bred: And finally, of high deſcent; by reaſon that beauty ſhines and marcheth vpon her nobls bloud, in more degrees of perfection, then in meane-borne beauties.

'Tis true (ſayd the Duke:) but *Don Quixote* muſt giue mee leaue, to ſay what the Hiſtory, where his exployts are written, ſayes; where is inferred, that though there be a *Dulcinea* in *Toboſo*, or out of it, and that ſhe bee faire in the higheſt degree, as you deſcribe her, yet in her highneſſe of birth ſhee is not equall to your [a] *Oriana's*, your *Alaſtraxarea's*, or your *Madaſima's*, with

[a] Names of famed Ladies in bookes of Knight-hood.

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with others of this kinde, of which your Hiſtories are full, as you well know. To this I anſwer you (quoth *Don Quixote*) *Dulcinea* is vertuous, and Vertue addes to Linage, and one that is meane and vertuous, ought to be more eſteemed, then another noble and vicious: beſides, *Dulcinea* hath one ſhred that may make her Queene with Crowne and Scepter: for the merit of a faire and vertuous woman, extends to doe greater miracles, and although not formally, yet vertually ſhee hath greater fortunes layd vp for her.

I ſay, Signior *Don Quixote* (quoth the Ducheſſe) that in all you ſpeake, you goe with your leaden plummet, and, as they ſay, with your ſounding line in your hand, and that hence-forward I will beleeue, and make all in my houſe beleeue, and my Lord the Duke too, if needs be, that there is a *Dulcinea* in *Toboſo*, and that at this day ſhe liues, that ſhe is faire, and well-borne, and deſerues that ſuch a Knight, as *Don Quixote*, ſhould ſerue her, which is the moſt I can, or know how to endeere her. But yet I haue one ſcruple left, and, I know not, ſome kind of inckling againſt *Sancho*: the ſcruple is, that the Hiſtory ſayes, that *Panſa* found the ſayd Lady *Dulcinea* (when he carried her your Epiſtle) winnowing a bag of wheat, and for more aſſurance, that it was red wheat, a thing that makes mee doubt of her high birth.

To which *Don Quixote* replide: Lady mine, you ſhall know, that all or the moſt part of my affaires, are cleane different from the ordinary courſe of other Knights Errant, whether they bee directed by the vnſcrutable will of the Deſtinies, or by the malice of ſome enuious Enchanter, and as it is euident, that all, or the moſt of your famous Knights Errant, one hath the fauor not to be inchanted; another, to haue his fleſh ſo impenetrable, that he cannot be wounded, as the famous *Roldan*, one of the twelue Peares of *France*, of whom it was ſayd, that hee could not bee wounded, but vpon the ſole of his left foot; and that this too muſt be with the poynt of a great Pin, and with no other kinde of weapon; ſo that when *Bernardo del Carpio* did kill him in *Ronceſualles*, ſeeing he could not wound him with his ſword, he lifted him in his armes from ground, and ſtifled him, as minde-

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Antæus

full of the death that *Hercules* gaue *Antæus*, that horrid Gyant, that was sayd to be the sonne of the earth. From all this I infer, that it might be I might haue had some of these fauours, as not to be wounded; for many times, experience hath taught mee, that my flesh is soft and penetrable, or that I might haue the power not to be enchanted; but yet I haue seene my selfe clapt in a cage, where all the world was not able to inclose me, had it not been by vertue of Enchantments; but since I was free, I shall beleeue that no other can hinder me: So that these Enchanters, who see, that vpon me they cannot vse their sleights, they reuenge themselues vpon the things I most affect, and meane to kill me, by ill-intreating *Dulcinea*, by whom I liue: and so I beleeue, that when my Squire carried my Ambassage, they turned her into a Pesant, to bee imployed in so base an office; as winnowing of wheat: but I say, that wheat was neither red, nor wheat; but seedes of Orientall Pearles, and for proofe of this, let me tell your Magnitudes, that comming a while since by *Toboso*, I could neuer finde *Dulcinea's* Palace; and *Sancho*, my Squire, hauing seene her before in her owne shape, which is the fairest in the world, to me she then seemed a foule course Country-wench; and meanly nurtured, being the very Discretion of the world: And since I am not enchanted, neither can I be in all likely-hood, she is she that is enchanted, greeued, turned, chopped and changed, and my enemies haue reuenged themselues on me in her, and for her I must liue in perpetuall sorrow, till shee come to her pristine being.

All this haue I spoken, that no body may stand vpon what *Sancho* sayd, of that sifting and winnowing of hers: for since to me she was changed, no maruell though for him shee were exchanged. *Dulcinea* is nobly borne, & of the best bloud in *Toboso*, of which, I warrant, she hath no small part in her: & for her, that towne shall be famous in after-ages, as *Troy* for *Helen*, and *Spaine* for a *Cana*, though with more honour and reputation: On the other side, I would haue your Lordships know, that *Sancho Pansa* is one of the prettiest Squires that euer serued Knight Errant: sometimes he hath such sharpe simplicities, that to thinke whether he be Foole or Knaue, causeth no small content: hee hath

a Daughter to an Earle, that betrayed Spaine to the Moores. *Vide Marian. Hist. de Reb. Hisp.*

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hath malice enough to be a Knaue ; but more ignorance to bee thought a foole ; hee doubts of euery thing, and yet beleeues all : when I thinke sometimes hee will tumble headlong to the foot, hee comes out with some kinde of discretion that lifts him to the clouds.

Finally, I would not change him for any other Squire, though I might haue a City to boot ; therefore I doubt, whether it bee good to send him to the Gouernment, that your Greatnesse hath bestowed on him, though I see in him a certaine fitnesse for this you call gouerning ; for, trimming his vnderstanding but a very little, hee would proceede with his gouernment, as well as the King with his customes : besides, wee know by experience, that a Gouernour needes not much learning, or other abilities : for you haue a hundred, that scarce can read a word, and yet they gouerne like *Ier-Falcons* : the businesse is, that their meaning be good, and to hit the matter aright they vndertake ; for they shall not want Counsellours, to teach them what they shall doe, as your Gouernours that be Sword-men, and not Schollers, that haue their Assistants to direct them. My counsell should bee to him : That neither bribe he take, nor his due forsake, and some other such toyes as these, that I haue within mee, and shall bee declared at fit time to *Sancho's* profit, and the Ilands which hee shall gouerne.

To this poynt of their discourse came the Duke, Ducheſſe, and *Don Quixote*, when straight they heard a great noise of people in the Palace : and *Sancho* came in, into the Hall, vnlookt for, all in a maze, with a strainer in stead of a Bib, and after him many Lads, or to say better, Scullions of the kitchin, and other inferior people, & one came with a little kneading-tub with water, that seemed, by the colour and sluttishnesse, to bee dish-water, who followed and persecuted *Sancho*, and sought by all meanes to ioyne the vessell to his chinne, and another would haue washed him.

What's the matter, Hoe (quoth the Ducheſſe?) What doe yee to this honest man ? What ? doe yee not know hee his Gouernour-Elect ? To which the Barber-Scullion replide, This Gentle-man will not suffer himselfe to bee washed, according to

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the

the cuſtome, as my Lord the Duke, and his Maſter were. Yes marry will I (ſayd *Sancho*) in a great huffe: but I would haue cleaner towels, and cleerer ſudds, and not ſo ſluttiſh hands; for there is no ſuch difference betweene my Maſter and mee, that they ſhould waſh him with roſe-water, and me with the Deuils lie: the cuſtomes of great mens Palaces are ſo much the better, by how little trouble they cauſe; but your Lauatory cuſtome heere, is worſe then Penitentiaries, my beard is cleane, and I neede no ſuch refreſhing; and hee that comes to waſh mee, or touch a haire of my head (of my beard, I ſay) ſir-reuerence of the company, Ile giue him ſuch a boxe, that Ile ſet my fiſt in his ſkull, for theſe kinde of ceremonies and ſoape-layings, are rather flouts, then entertainers of gheſts.

The Ducheſſe was ready to die with laughter, to ſee *Sancho's* choller, and to heare his reaſons; but *Don Quixote* was not very well pleaſed to ſee him ſo ill dreſſed with his iaſperd towell, and hemmed in by ſo many of the Kitchin Penſioners; ſo making a low legge to the Dukes, as if he intended to ſpeake, with a graue voyce he ſpoke to the skoundrels:

Harke, ye Gentlemen, pray let the Youth alone, and get you gone as ye came, if you pleaſe, for my Squire is as cleanly as another, and theſe troughs are as ſtraight and cloſe for him, as your little red clay drinking cups: take my counſaile and leaue him, for neither he nor I can abide ieſts. *Sancho* caught his words out of his mouth, and went on, ſaying; No, let vm come to make ſport with the ſetting dogge, and Ile let vm alone, as ſure as it is now night; let vm bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry my beard, and if they finde any thing foule in it, let vm ſheare me to fitters. Then quoth the Ducheſſe (vnable to leaue laughing) *Sancho* ſayes well, he is cleane, as he ſayes, and needes no waſhing: and if our cuſtome pleaſe him not, let him take his choyce, beſides, you miniſters of cleanlineſſe haue beene very ſlacke and careleſſe, I know not whether I may ſay, preſumptuous, to bring to ſuch a perſonage and ſuch a beard, in ſtead of a Baſon & Ewre of pure gold, and Diaper towels, your kneading-troughes and diſh-clouts; but you are vnmannerly raskals, and like wicked wretches muſt needs ſhew the grudge

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you

you beare to the Squires of Knights Errant.

The raskall regiment, together with the Caruer that came with them, thought verily the Ducheſſe was in earneſt: ſo they tooke the ſiue-cloth from *Sancho's* necke, & euen aſhamed went their waies, and left him, who ſeeing himſelfe out of that (as he thought) great danger, kneeled before the Ducheſſe, ſaying, From great Ladies, great fauors are ſtill expected, this that your worſhip hath now done me, cannot be recompenced with leſſe, then to deſire to ſee my ſelf an armed Knight Errant, to employ my ſelfe all daies of my life in the ſeruice of ſo high a Lady. I am a poor Husbandman, my name is *Sancho Panſa*, children I haue, and ſerue as a Squire, if in any of theſe I may ſerue your Greatneſſe, I will be ſwifter in obeying, then your Ladiſhip in commanding.

T is well ſeene, *Sancho*, quoth the Ducheſſe, that you haue learnt to be courteous in the very ſchoole of courteſie: I meane, it ſeemes well, that you haue been nurſed at *Don Quixote's* breſt, who is the Creame of complement, and the flower of ceremonies: well fare ſuch a Maſter, and ſuch a Seruant; the one for North-ſtarre of Knight Errantry, the other for the Starre of Squire-like fidelitie: Riſe, friend *Sancho*, for I will repay your courteſie, in making my Lord the Duke as ſoone as he can, performe the promiſe he hath made you, of being Gouernor of the Iland.

With this, their diſcourſe ceaſed, and *Don Quixote* went to his after-noones ſleepe, and the Ducheſſe deſired *Sancho*, that if he were not very ſleepie, hee would paſſe the afternoone vvith her and her Damozels in a coole roome. *Sancho* anſwered, that though true it were, that he was vſed in the afternoones to take a ſome fiue houres nappe, yet to doe her goodneſſe ſeruice, hee would do what he could, not to take any that day, and would obey her command: ſo he parted.

The Duke gaue freſh order for *Don Quixote's* vſage, to be like a Knight Errant, without differing a iot from the ancient ſtile of thoſe Knights.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXXIII.

Of the wholesome discourse that passed betwixt the Duchesse and her Damozels with Sancho Panſa, *worthy to be read and noted.*

WEll the Storie tells vs, that *Sancho* ſlept not that day, but according to his promiſe, came, when he had dined, to ſee the Ducheſſe, who for the delight ſhee receiued to heare him, made him ſit downe by her in a low chaire, though *Sancho*, out of pure mannerlineſſe would not ſit: but the Ducheſſe bade him ſit as he was Gouernour, and ſpeake as hee was Squire, though in both reſpects he deſerued the very ſeate of *Cid Ruydiaz* the Champion.

a The Spaniards lowſie humility.

Sancho [a] ſhrunke vp his ſhoulders, obeyed and ſate downe, and all the Ducheſſes Waiting-women and Damozels ſtood round about her, attending with great ſilence to *Sancho's* diſcourſe: but the Ducheſſe ſpake firſt, ſaying;

Now that we are all alone, & that no body heares vs, I would, Signior Gouernor would reſolue me of certaine doubts I haue, ariſing from the printed Hiſtory of the Graund *Don Quixote*, one of which is, that ſince honeſt *Sancho* neuer ſaw *Dulcinea*, I ſay, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, neither carried her *Don Quixotes* letter, for it remained in the note-booke in *Sierra Morena*, how he durſt feigne the anſwer, and that he found her ſifting of wheat; this being a mocke and a lye, and ſo prejudiciall to the Lady *Dulcinea's* reputation, and ſo vnbefitting the condition and fidelity of a faithfull Squire.

Here *Sancho* roſe without anſwering a word, & ſoftly crooking his body, and with his finger vpon his lippes, he went vp and downe the roome, lifting vp the hangings: which done, he came and ſate downe againe, and ſaid, Now I ſee, Madam, that nobody lies in wait to heare vs, beſides the by-ſtanders, I will anſwer you without feare or fright, all that you haue asked, and all that you will aske mee. And firſt of all I ſay, that I hold my Maſter *Don Quixote*, for an incureable Madde-man, though

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ſome-

sometimes he speakes things, that, in my opinion, and so in all theirs that heare him, are so discreet, and carried in so euen a tracke, that the Deuill himselfe cannot speake better ; but truely and without scruple, I take him to be a very Franticke ; for so I haue it in my mazard, I dare make him beleeue that, that hath neither head nor foot, as was the answer of that letter, and another thing that hapned some eight dayes agoe, which is not yet in print, to wit, the Enchantment of my Lady *Dulcinea* ; for I made him beleeue she is enchanted, it being as true, as the Moone is made of greene cheese.

The Duchesse desired him to tell her that Enchantment and conceit: which he did, iust as it passed: at which the hearers were not a little delighted. And prosecuting her discourse, the Duchesse sayd, I haue one scruple leapes in my minde, touching what *Sancho* hath told mee, and a certaine buzze comming to mine eares, that tels me ; If *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be such a shallow mad-man and Widgin, and *Sancho Pansa* his Squire know it ; yet why for all that, he serues and followes him, and relies on his vaine promises ; doubtlesse, hee is as very a Mad-man and Block-head, as his Master, which being so as it is, it will bee very vnfitting for my Lord the Duke, to giue *Sancho* an Iland to gouerne ; for hee that cannot gouerne himselfe, will ill gouerne others.

By'r Lady (quoth *Sancho*) that scruple comes in pudding-time: but bid your Buzze speake plaine, or how hee will ; for I know he sayes true ; and if I had beene wise, I might long since haue left my Master: but twas my lucke, and this vilde Errantry, I cannot doe withall; I must follow him, wee are both of one place, I haue eaten his bread, I loue him well, he is thankfull, hee gaue me the Asse-colts, and aboue all, I am faithfull, and it is impossible any chance should part vs, but death : and if your Altitude will not bestow the Gouernment on mee, with lesse was I borne, and perhaps, the missing it might bee better for my conscience ; for though I be a foole, yet I vnderstand the Prouerbe that sayes, The Ant had wings to doe her hurt, and it may bee, *Sancho* the Squire may sooner goe to Heauen, then *Sancho* the Gouernour. Heere is as good bread made, as in *France* ; and in the

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the night *Ione* is as good as my Lady; and vnhappy is that man, that is to breake his fast at two of the clocke in the after-noone; and there's no heart a handfull bigger then another; and the stomacke is filled with the courfest victuals; and the little Fowles in the aire, haue God for their Prouider and Cater; and foure yards of course *Cuenca* cloth, keepe a man as warme, as foure of fine [a] *Lemster* woll of *Segouia*; and when wee once leaue this world, and are put into the earth, the Prince goes in as narrow a path as the Iourney-man; and the Popes body takes vp no more roome then a Sextons, though the one be higher then the other; for when we come to the pit, all are euen, or made so in spite of their teethes, and good-night.

Cateuer

[a] Their *Lemster* breed came first out of *England*.

Let mee say againe, If your Lady-ship will not giue mee the Iland, as I am a foole, Ile refuse it, for being a wise-man: for I haue heard say, The neerer the Church, the further from God; and, All is not gold that glistreth; and that from the oxen, plough and yokes, the Husband-man *Bamba* was chosen for King of *Spaine*: and that *Rodrigo*, from his tilsues, sports, and riches, was cast out to be eaten by snakes (if we may beleeue the rimes of the old *Romants*, that lye not.)

Why, no more they doe not (sayd *Donna Rodriguez*, the Wayting-woman, that was one of the Auditours) for you haue one *Romant* that sayes, that *Don Rodrigo* was put aliue into a Tombe full of Toades, Snakes, and Lizards, and some two dayes after, from within the Tombe, hee cryed with a low and pitifull voyce, *Now they eat, now they eat me in the place where I sinned most*: and according to this, this man hath reason to say, he had rather be a Labourer then a King, to bee eaten to death with vermine.

The Dutchesse could not forbeare laughing, to see the simplicity of her woman, nor to admire to heare *Sancho's* prouerbiall reasons, to whom she sayd; Honest *Sancho* knowes, that when a Gentle-man once makes a promise, he will performe it, though it cost him his life. My Lord and Husband the Duke, though he be no Errant, yet hee is a Knight, and so hee will accomplish his promise of the Iland, in spight of enuy or the worlds malice. Be of good cheere, *Sancho*; for when thou least dreamest of

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of it, thou ſhalt be ſeated in the Chayre of thy Iland, & of Eſtate, and ſhalt claſpe thy Gouernment in thy robes of Tiſſue. All that I charge thee, is, that you looke to the gouerning your Vaſſalls, for you muſt know, they are all well-borne and loyall.

For gouerning (quoth *Sancho*) there's no charging mee; for I am naturally charitable and compaſſionate to the poore, and of him that does well they will not ſpeake ill, and by my Holidam they ſhall play me no falſe play: I am an old dog, & vnderſtand all their Hiſt, hiſt: and I can ſnuffe my ſelfe when I ſee time, and I will let no cobwebs fall in my eyes, for I know vvhere my ſhoo wrings me: this I ſay, becauſe honeſt men ſhall haue hand and heart, but wicked men neyther foot nor fellowſhip. And me-thinkes for matter of Gouernment, there is no more but to begin, and in fifteene daies Gouernour, I could manage the place, and know as well to gouerne, as to labour, in which I was bredde. You haue reaſon, *Sancho*, quoth the Ducheſſe, for no man is borne wiſe, and Biſhops are made of men, and not of ſtones. But turning to our diſcourſe that wee had touching the Lady *Dulcinea's* Enchantment, I am more then aſſured, that that imagination that *Sancho* had to put a tricke vpon his Maſter, and to make him thinke the Country wench was *Dulcinea*, that if his Maſter knew her not, all was inuented by ſome of thoſe Enchanters that perſecute Signior *Don Quixote*; for I know partly, that that Country wench that leapt vpon the Aſſe-colt, was, and is *Dulcinea*, and *Sancho* thinking to be the deceiuer, is himſelfe deceiued; and there is no more to be doubted in this, then in things that we neuer ſaw: and know, *Sancho*, that here we haue our Enchanters too, that loue, and tell vs plainely and truly, what paſſeth in the world, without trickes or deuices; and beleeue me, *Sancho*, that leaping wench was, and is *Dulcinea*, who is enchanted as the Mother that brought her forth, and when we leaſt thinke of it, we ſhall ſee her in her proper ſhape, and then *Sancho* will thinke he was deceiued.

All this may be (quoth *Sancho*) and now will I beleeue all that my Maſter told me of *Monteſino's* Caue, where he ſaid he ſaw our Miſtreſſe *Dulcinea*, in the ſame apparell and habit, that I ſaid I had ſeene her in, when I enchanted her at my pleaſure; and

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and it may be, Madam, all is contrary (as you say) for from my rude witte, it could not be presumed that I should in an instant make such a witty lye; neyther doe I beleeue that my Master is so madde, that with so poore & weake a perswasion as mine, he should beleeue a thing so incredible: but for all that, good Lady, doe not thinke me to be so maleuolent, for such a Leeke as I am, is not bound to boare into the thoughts and maliciousnesse of most wicked Enchanters. I fained that, to scape from my Masters threats, and not with any purpose to hurt him, and if it fell out otherwise, God is aboue that iudgeth all harts. Tis true, said the Duchesse, but tell me, *Sancho*, what is that you said of *Montesinos* Caue? I should be glad to heare it. Then *Sancho* began to tell word for word, all that passed in that Aduenture. Which when the Duchesse heard, shee said, Out of this successe may be inferred, that since the Grand *Don Quixote* sayes that he saw there the same labouring wench that *Sancho* saw at their comming from *Toboso*, without doubt it *is Dulcinea*, and that in this the Enchanters heere are very listning and wary. This I said (quoth *Sancho*) that if my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* be enchanted, at her peril bee it, for Ile haue nothing to doe with my Masters Enemies, who are many, and bad ones. True it is, that she that I saw was a Country wench, & so I held her, & so I iudged her to be; & if that were *Dulcinea*, Ile not meddle with her, neyther shall the Blowze passe vpon my account. I, I, let's haue giuing & taking euery foot. *Sancho* said it, *Sancho* did it, *Sancho* turned, *Sancho* return'd, as if *Sancho* were a dish-clout, & not the same *Sancho Pansa* that is now in Print all the world ouer, as *Samson Carrasco* told mee, who at least is one that is Bachelorized in *Salamanca*, and such men cannot lye, but when they list, or that it much concernes them: so there is no reason any man should deale with me, since I haue a good report, and as I haue heard my Master say, Better haue an honest name then much wealth. Let vm ioyne mee to this Gouernment, and they shall see wonders: for hee that hath beene a good Squire, will easily be a good Gouernour.

Whatsoeuer *Sancho* hitherto hath said (quoth the Duchesse) is *Catonian* sentences, or at least taken out of the very entrailes

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of

of *Michael Verinus*, *Florentibus occidit annis*. Well, well, to speake as thou dost, a badde cloake often hides a good drinker. Truly Madam, said *Sancho*, I neuer drunke excessiuely in my life, to quench my thirst sometimes I haue, for I am no hypocrite, I drinke when I am dry, and when I am vrged too, for I loue not to be nice or vnmannerly; for what heart of marble is there, that will not pledge a friends carowse? but though I take my cup, I goe not away drunke: besides, your Knight Errants Squires ordinarily drinke water, for they alwaies trauell by Forrests, Woods, Medowes, Mountaines, cragy Rockes, and meete not with a pittance of wine, though they would giue an eye for it.

I beleeue it, said the Duchesse, and now, *Sancho*, thou maist repose thy selfe, and after we will talke at large, and giue order how thou maist be ioyned, as thou saist, to the Gouernment.

Sancho againe gaue the Duchesse thankes, but desired her she would doe him the kindnesse, that his Dapple might bee vvell lookt to. What Dapple (quoth shee?) My Asse (said *Sancho*) for not to call him so, I say my Dapple: and when I came into the Castle, I desired this waiting woman to haue a care on him, and she grew so loud with me, as if I called her vgly or old, for I held it fitter for them to prouender Asses, then to authorize Roomes: Lord God, a Gentleman of my towne could not endure these waiting women. Some Pesant, quoth *Donna Rodriguez* the waiting woman; for if he had beene a Gentleman, and well bredde, hee would haue extolled them aboue the Moone. Goe too, no more (quoth the Duchesse) Peace *Rodriguez*, and be quiet, *Sancho*, and let mee alone to see that *Sancho's* Asse bee made much of; for being *Sancho's* houshold-stuffe, I will hold him on the Apples of mine eyes. Let him be in the stable (quoth *Sancho*) for neither hee nor I am worthy to be so much as a minute vpon those Apples of your Greatnesse eyes, and I had as liefe stabbe my selfe, as consent to that; for although my master sayes, that in courtesies one should rather lose by a card too much, then too little; yet in these Asse-like courtesies, and in your Apples, it is fit to bee wary and proceed with discretion. Carry him *Sancho* (quoth the Duchesse) to thy Gouernment,

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for there thou maiſt cheriſh him at thy pleaſure, and manumit him from his labour. Doe not thinke you haue ſpoken ieſtingly, Lady Ducheſſe, (quoth *Sancho*) for I haue ſeene more then two Aſſes goe to Gouernments, and 'twould be no nouelty for me to carry mine.

Sancho's diſcourſe renewed in the Ducheſſe more laughter and content, and ſending him to repoſe, ſhee went to tell the Duke all that had paſſed betweene them, and both of them plotted and gaue order, to put a ieſt vpon *Don Quixote* that might be a famous one, and ſuting to his Knightly ſtile, in which kind they played many prankes with him, ſo proper and handſome, that they are the beſt conteined amongſt all the Aduentures of this Grand Hiſtory.

CHAP. XXXIV.

How notice is giuen for the diſ-enchanting of the peereleſſe Dulcinea Del Toboſo, *which is one of the moſt famous Aduentures in all this booke.*

GReat was the pleaſure the Duke and Ducheſſe receiued with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panſa's* conuerſation, and they reſolued to play ſome trickes with them, that might carry ſome twi-lights and appearances of Aduentures. They tooke for a Motiue that which *Don Quixote* had told vnto them of *Monteſinos* Caue, becauſe they would haue it a famous one: but that which the Ducheſſe moſt admired at, was, that *Sancho's* ſimplicity ſhould be ſo great, that he ſhould beleeue for an infallible truth, that *Dulcinea* was enchanted, hee himſelfe hauing beene the Enchanter, and the Impoſtor of that buſineſſe: So giuing order to their ſeruants for all they would haue done, ſome weeks after they carried *Don Quixote* to a Boare-hunting, with ſuch a troope of wood-men and hunters, as if the Duke had beene a crowned King. They gaue *Don Quixote* a hunters ſuite, and to *Sancho* one of fineſt greene cloth: but *Don Quixote* would not put on his, ſaying; That ſhortly hee muſt returne a-

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gaine

againe to the hard exercise of Armes, and that therfore he could carry no Wardrobes or Sumpters. But *Sancho* tooke his, meaning to sell it with the first occasion offered.

The wisht for-day being come, *Don Quixote* armed himselfe, and *Sancho* clad himselfe, and vpon his Dapple, (for hee would not leaue him, though they had giuen him a horse) thrust himselfe amongst the troope of the Wood-men. The Duchesse was brauely attired, and *Don Quixote* out of pure courtesie and manners, tooke the reines of her Palfrey, though the Duke would not consent: at last they came to a wood that was betweene two high mountaines, where taking their stands, their lanes and paths, and the hunters deuided into seuerall stands, the chase began with great noyse, hooting and hollowing, so that one could scarce heare another, as well for the cry of the dogges, as for the sound of the Hornes. The Duchesse alighted, and with a sharpe Iauelin in her hand, shee tooke a stand, by which she knew some wilde Boares were vsed to passe. The Duke also alighted and *Don Quixote*, and stood by her. *Sancho* stayed behinde them all, but stirred not from Dapple, whom hee durst not leaue, lest some ill chance should befall him, and they had scarce lighted, and set themselues in order with some seruants, when they saw there came a huge Boare by them, baited vvith the dogges, and followed by the hunters, gnashing his teeth & tuskes, and foaming at the mouth: and *Don Quixote* seeing him, buckling his shield to him: and laying hand on his sword, went forward to encounter him, the like did the Duke with his Iauelin; but the Duchesse would haue beene formost of all, if the Duke had not stopped her. Onely *Sancho*, when he saw the valiant Beast, left Dapple, and began to scudde as fast as hee could, and striuing to get vp into a high Oake, it was not possible for him, but being euen in the middest of it, fastned to a bough, and striuing to get to the toppe, he was so vnlucky and vnfortunate, that the bough broke, and as he was tumbling to the ground, he hung in the ayre fastned to a snagge of the Oake, vnable to come to the ground, and seeing himselfe in that perplexity, and that his greene coat was torne, and thinking, that if that vvilde beast should come thither, he might lay hold on him, he began

to cry out and call for helpe ſo outragiouſly, that all that heard him, and ſaw him not, thought verily ſome wilde beaſt was deuouring him.

Finally, the Tuskie Boare was laid along, with many iauelins points, and *Don Quixote* turning aſide to *Sancho's* noyſe, that knew him by his note, he ſaw him hanging on the Oake, and his head downward, and Dapple cloſe by him, that neuer left him in all his calamity, and *Cid Hamete* ſayes, that hee ſeldome ſaw *Sancho* without Dapple, or Dapple without *Sancho*, ſuch was the loue and friendſhip betwixt the couple.

Don Quixote went and vnhung *Sancho*, who ſeeing himſelfe free, and on the ground, beheld the torne place of his hunting ſute, and it grieued him to the ſoule, for hee thought hee had of that ſute at leaſt an inheritance. And now they layed the Boare athwart vpon a great Mule, and couering him with Roſemary buſhes, and Myrtle boughes, he was carried in ſigne of their victorious ſpoiles, to a great field-Tent, that was ſet vp in the midſt of the wood, where the Tables were ſet in order, and a dinner made ready, ſo plentifull and well dreſt, that it well ſhewed the bounty and magnificence of him that gaue it.

Sancho, ſhewing the wounds of his torn garment to the Dutcheſſe, ſaid, If this had beene hunting of the Hare, my coate had not ſeene it ſelfe in this extremity: I know not what pleaſure there can be in looking for a beaſt, that if he reach you with a tuske, he may kill you: I haue often heard an olde ſong, that ſayes, *Of the Beares maiſt thou be eat; as was Fauila the great.* He was a Gothiſh King (quoth *Don Quixote*) that going a hunting in the mountaines, a Beare eate him. This I ſay (ſaid *Sancho*) I would not that Kings and Princes ſhould thruſt themſelues into ſuch dangers, to enioy their pleaſure; for what pleaſure can there be to kill a beaſt that hath committed no fault?

You are in the vvrong, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke; for the exerciſe of beaſt-hunting is the neceſſarieſt for Kings and Princes that can bee. The chaſe is a ſhew of Warre, vvhere there be ſtratagems, crafts, deceits, to ouercome the enemy at pleaſure;

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ſure; in it you haue ſufferings of cold and intolerable heates, ſleepe and idleneſſe are baniſht, the powers are corroborated, the members agilitated. In concluſion, tis an exerciſe that may be vſed vvithout preiudice to any body, and to the pleaſure of euery body, and the beſt of it is, that it is not common, as other kindes of ſports are, except flying at the fowle, onely fit for Kings and Princes. Therefore (*Sancho*) change thy opinion, and when thou art a Gouernour, follow the chaſe, and thou ſhalt be a hundred times the better.

Not ſo, quoth *Sancho*, tis better for your Gouernour, to haue his legges broken, and be at home: twere very good that poore ſuiters ſhould come and ſeeke him, and hee ſhould be taking his pleaſure in the woods: 'twould bee a ſweet Gouernment yfaith. Good faith ſir, the Chaſe and Paſtimes are rather for idle companions then Gouernours: My ſport ſhall be Vyed Trumpe at Chriſtmas, and at Skettle pinnes Sundaies and Holidaies; for your hunting is not for my condition, neyther doth it agree with my conſcience.

Pray God, *Sancho* it be ſo (quoth the Duke) for to doe and to ſay, goe a ſeuerall way. Let it be how 'twill, (ſaid *Sancho*) for a good paymaſter needes no pledge, and Gods helpe is better then early riſing, and the belly carries the legges, and not the legges the belly; I meane, that if God helpe mee, and I doe honeſtly what I ought, vvithout doubt I ſhall gouerne as well as a *Ier-Falcon*, I, I, put your finger in my mouth, and ſee if I bite or no.

A miſchiefe on thee, curſed *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and when ſhall wee heare thee (as I haue often told thee) ſpeake a wiſe ſpeech, without a Prouerbe? My Lords, I beſeech you leaue this Dunce, for he will grinde your very ſoules, not with his two, but his two thouſand Prouerbs, ſo ſeaſonable, as ſuch be his health or mine, if I hearken to them.

Sancho's Prouerbs (quoth the Ducheſſe) although they bee more then *Mallaras*, yet they are not leſſe to be eſteemed then his, for their ſententious breuity. For my part, they more delight mee then others, that bee farre better, and more fitting.

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With these & such like sauoury discourses, they went out of the tent to the wood, to seeke some more sport, and the day was soone past, and the night came on, and not so light and calme as the time of the yeere required, it being about Mid-summer: but a certaine dismalnesse it had, agreeing much with the Dukes intention, and so as it grew to be quite dark, it seemed that vpon a sudden, all the wood was on fire, thorow euery part of it, and there were heard heere and there, this way and that way, an infinite company of Cornets, and other warlike instruments, and many troopes of horse that passed thorow the wood; the light of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, did as it were blinde, and stunned the eyes and eares of the by-standers, and of all those that were in the wood. Straight they heard a company of [a] Moorish cryes, such as they vse when they ioyne battell, Drums and Trumpets sounded, and Fifes, all, as it were, in an instant, and so fast, that he that had had his sences, might haue lost them, with the confused sound of these instruments.

[a] *Le lilies*, Like the cries of the wilde Irish.

The Duke was astonisht, the Duchesse dismayd, *Don Quixote* wondred, *Sancho* trembled: And finally, euen they that knew the occasion, were frighted: their feare caused a generall silence, and a Post in a Deuils weede passed before them, sounding, in stead of a Cornet, a huge hollow Horne, that made a hoarce and terrible noyse. Harke you, Post, quoth the Duke, What are you? Whither goe you? And what men of warre are they that crosse ouer the wood? To which the Post answered, with a horrible and free voyce; I am the Deuill, I goe to seeke *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and they which come heere, are six troopes of Enchanters, that bring the peerelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso* vpon a triumphant Chariot, she comes here enchanted with the braue French man *Montesinos*, to giue order to *Don Quixote*, how she may be dis-enchanted.

If thou wert a Deuill, as thou sayest (quoth the Duke) and as thy shape shewes thee to bee, thou wouldst haue knowne that Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: for hee is heere before thee. In my soule and conscience (quoth the Deuill) I thought not on it; for I am so diuerted with my seuerall cogitations, that I quite forgot the chiefe, for which I came for. Certainely (sayd *Sancho*)

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cho) this Deuill is an honeſt fellow, and a good Chriſtian; for if he were not, he would not haue ſworne by his ſoule and conſcience: And now I beleeue, that in Hell you haue honeſt men. Straight the Deuill, without lighting, directing his ſight toward *Don Quixote*, ſayd; The vnlucky, but valiant Knight *Monteſinos*, ſends mee to thee, O *Knight of the Lyons* (for mee thinkes now I ſee thee in their pawes) commanding mee to tell thee from him, that thou expect him heere, where he will meet thee; for he hath with him *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, and meanes to giue thee inſtruction, how thou ſhalt diſ-enchant her; & now I haue done my meſſage, I muſt away, and the Deuils (like me) be with thee: and good Angels guard the reſt. And this ſayd, he winds his monſtrous Horne, and turned his backe, and went, without ſtaying for any anſwer.

Each one began afreſh to admire, eſpecially *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*. *Sancho*, to ſee that in ſpite of truth, *Dulcinea* muſt bee enchanted: *Don Quixote*, to thinke whether that were true that befell him in *Monteſino's* Caue, and being eleuated in theſe dumps, the Duke ſayd to him; Will you ſtay, Signior *Don Quixote*? Should I not, quoth he? Heere will I ſtay couragious and vndanted, though all the Deuils in Hell ſhould cloſe with mee. Well (quoth *Sancho*) if I heare another Deuill and another Horne, I'le ſtay in *Flanders* as much as heere.

Now it grew darker, and they might perceiue many lights vp and downe the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth in the skie, that ſeeme to vs to be ſhooting-ſtars: beſides, there was a terrible noyſe heard, iuſt like that of your creaking wheeles of Oxe-waines, from whoſe piercing ſqueake (they ſay) Beares and Wolues doe flye, if there be any the way they paſſe. To this tempeſt, there was another added, that increaſt the reſt, which was, that it ſeemed, that in all foure parts of the wood, there were foure encounters or battels in an inſtant: for there was firſt a ſound of terrible Canon-ſhot, and an infinite company of Guns were diſcharged, and the voyces of the Combatants ſeemed to bee heard by and by a farre off, the Mooriſh cries reiterated.

Laſtly, the Trumpets, Cornets, & Hornes, Drums, Canons,

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and Guns, and aboue all, the fearefull noyse of the Carts, all together made a most confused & horrid sound, which tried *Don Quixotes* vttermost courage, to suffer it: but *Sancho* was quite gone, and fell in a swound vpon the Duchesses coats, who receiued him, & commanded they should cast cold water in his face; which done, he came to himselfe, iust as one of the Carts of those whistling wheeles came to the place, foure lazie Oxen drew it, couered with blacke clothes; at euery horne they had a lighted Torch tyed, and on the top of the Cart there was a high seat made, vpon which a venerable old man sate, with a beard as white as snow, and so long, that it reached to his girdle: his garment was a long gowne of blacke buckoram; for because the Cart was full of lights, all within it might very well bee discerned and seene: two vgly spirits guided it, clad in the said buckoram, so monstrous, that *Sancho*, after hee had seene them, winked, because he would see vm no more: when the Cart drew neere to their standing, the venerable olde man rose from his seat, and standing vp with a loud voyce, sayd; *I am the wise Lyrgander*: and the Cart passed on, hee not speaking a word more.

After this, there passed another Cart in the same manner with another olde man inthronized; who making the Cart stay, with a voyce no lesse lofty then the other, sayd; I am the wise *Alquife*, great friend to the vngratefull *Vrganda*; and on he went: and straight another Cart came on, the same pace; but hee that sate in the chiefe seat, was no old man (as the rest) but a good robustious fellow, and ill-fauoured, who when hee came neere, rose vp, as the rest; but with a voyce more hoarce and diuelliſh, sayd; I am *Archelaus* the Enchanter, mortall enemy to *Amadis de Gaule*, and all his kindred: And so on hee passed, all three of these Carts turning a little forward, made a stand, and the troublesome noyse of their wheeles ceased, and straight there was heard no noyse, but a sweet and consenting sound of well-formed musike, which comforted *Sancho*, and hee held it for a good signe, and hee sayd thus to the Duchesse, from whom hee stirred not a foot, not a iot.

Madam, where there is musike, there can bee no ill. Neither

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(quoth

(quoth the Ducheſſe) where there is light and brightneſſe. To which (ſayd *Sancho*) the fire giues light, and your bon-fires (as wee ſee) and perhaps might burne vs: but muſike is alwayes a ſigne of feaſting and iollity. You ſhall ſee that (quoth *Don Quixote*) for he heard all, and he ſayd well, as you ſhall ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

Where is proſecuted the notice, that Don Quixote *had, of diſ-enchanting* Dulcinea *with other admirable accidents.*

WHen the delightfull muſike was ended, they might ſee one of thoſe you call triumphant chariots come towards them, drawne by ſix dun Mules, but couered with white linnen, and vpon each of them came a Penitentiary with a Torch, clothed likewiſe all in white: the Cart was twice or thrice as big as the three former, and at the top and ſides of it, were twelue other Penitentiaries, as white as ſnow, all with their torches lighted, a ſight that admired and aſtoniſht ioyntly: and in a high throne ſate a Nymph, clad in a vaile of cloth of ſiluer, a world of golden ſpangles glimmering about her, her face was couered with a fine cloth of Tiffany, for all whoſe wrinkles the face of a moſt delicate Damozell was ſeene thorow it, and the many lights, made them eaſily diſtinguiſh her beauty and yeeres, which (in likely-hood) came not to twenty, nor were vnder ſeuenteene: Next her came a ſhape, clad in a gowne of thoſe you call Side-garments, downe to her foot, her head was couered with a blacke vayle; but euen as the Cart came to bee iuſt ouer-againſt the Dukes and *Don Quixote*, the muſike of the Hoboyes ceaſed, and the Harps and Lutes that came in the Cart began, and the gowned ſhape riſing vp, vnfolding her garment on both ſides, and taking her vaile off from her head, ſhee

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discouered plainely the picture of raw-boned Death, at which *Don Quixote* was troubled, and *Sancho* afrayd, and the Dukes made shew of some timorous resenting. This liue Death standing vp, with a drowzie voice, and a tongue not much waking, began in this manner:

Verses made on purpose absurdly, as the subiect required, and so translated *ad verbum*.

I Merlin *am, he that in Histories,*
They say, the Deuill to my Father had,
(A tale by age succeeding authorized)
The Prince and Monarch of the Magicke Art,
And Register of deepe Astrologie,
Succeeding ages, since, me emulate,
That onely seeke to sing and blazon foorth
The rare exployts of those Knights Errant braue,
To whom I bore, and bare a liking great.

And howsoeuer of Enchanters, and
Those that are Wizards or Magicians be,
Hard the condition rough and diuellish is,
Yet mine is tender, soft, and amorous,
And vnto all friendly, to doe them good.

In the obscure and darkest Caues of Dis,
Whereas my soule hath still beene entertain'd
In forming Circles and of Characters,
I heard the lamentable note, of faire
And peereleſſe Dulcinea del Toboso.

I knew of her Enchantment and hard hap,
Her transformation, from a goodly Dame
Into a Rusticke wench, I sorry was,
And shutting vp my spirit within this hollow,
This terrible and fierce Anatomy,

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When

When I had turn'd a hundred thousand bookes
Of this my diuellish Science and vncouth,
I come to giue the remedy that's fit,
To such a griefe, and to an ill so great.

Oh Glory thou of all, that doe put on
Their coats of steele and hardest Diamond,
Thou light, thou Lanthorne, Path, North-star, and
To those that casting of their sluggish sleepe, (Guide
And feather-beds, themselues accommodate
To vse the exercise of bloody Armes,
To thee, I say, oh neuer praisd enough,
Not as thou ought'st to be: oh Valiant!

Oh ioyntly wise! to thee, oh Don Quixote,
The Mancha's *Splendour, and the Star of* Spain,
That to recouer to her first estate,
The peereleſſe Dulcinea del Tobos.
It is conuenient that Sancho *thy Squire,*
Himselfe three thousand, and three hundred giue
Lashes, vpon his valiant buttocks both
Vnto the aire discouer'd, and likewise
That they may vex, and smart, & grieue him sore;
And vpon this, let all resolued be,
That of her hard misfortunes Authors were
My Masters, this my cause of comming was.

By *Gad* (quoth *Sancho*) I say not three thousand; but I will as soone giue my selfe three stabs, as three; the Deuill take this kinde of dis-enchanting. What haue my buttocks to doe with Enchantments? Verily, if Master *Merlin* haue found no other meanes to dis-enchant the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, shee may goe enchanted to her graue.

Digitized by Google Good-man

Good-man Raſcall (quoth *Don Quixote*) you Garlicke ſtinkard; I ſhall take you, and binde you to a tree, as naked as your mother brought you forth, and let mee not ſay three thouſand and three hundreth, but Ile giue you ſixe thouſand and ſixe hundred, ſo well layd on, that you ſhall not claw them off at three thouſand and three hundred plucks, and reply not a word, if thou doſt, Ile teare out thy very ſoule.

Which when *Merlin* heard, quoth he, It muſt not be ſo, for the ſtripes that honeſt *Sancho* muſt receiue, muſt bee with his good will, and not perforce, and at what time hee will, for no time is prefixed him: but it is lawfull for him, if he will redeeme one halfe of this beating, he may receiue it from anothers hand that may lay it on well.

No other, nor laying on (quoth *Sancho*) no hand ſhall come neere mee: am I *Dulcinea del Toboſo's* Mother trow ye? that my buttocks ſhould pay for the offence of her eyes? My Maſter indeed, he is a part of her, ſince euery ſtitch while, hee calls her, My life, my ſoule, my ſuſtenance, my prop; he may bee whipped for her, and doe all that is fitting for her diſ-enchanting, but for me to whip my ſelfe, I [a] bernounce.

[a] Miſtaken in ſtead of renounce, for ſo it goes in the Spaniſh.

Sancho ſcarce ended his ſpeech, when the ſilver Nymph that came next to *Merlins* Ghoſt, taking off her thin vaile, ſhe diſcouered her face, which ſeemed vnto al to be extraordinary faire, & with a manly grace, and voice not very amiable, directing her ſpeech to *Sancho*, ſhe ſaid, Oh thou vnhappy Squire, ſoul of lead, & heart of corke, and entrailes of flint, if thou hadſt bin bidden, thou face-flaying theefe, to caſt thy ſelfe from a high towre downe to the ground: if thou hadſt been wiſht, enemy of mankinde, to eat a dozen of Toads, two of Lizardes, and three of Snakes: if thou hadſt beene perſwaded to kill thy wife and children with ſome truculent & ſharpe Scimitar: no maruel though thou ſhouldſt ſhew thy ſelfe nice and ſqueamiſh? but to make a doe for three thouſand and three hundred laſhes (ſince the pooreſt ſchoole-boy that is, hath them euery moneth) admires, aſtoniſhes, and affrights all the pittifull entrailes of the Auditors, and of all them that in proceſſe of time ſhall come to the heare of it: Put, oh miſerable and flinty breſt; put, I ſay, thy skittiſh

Moyles

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Moyles eyes, vpon the bals of mine, compared to ſhining ſtars, and thou ſhalt ſee them weep drop after drop, making furrowes, careeres and paths, vpon the faire fields of my cheekes. Let it moue thee, knauiſh and vntoward Monſter, that my flouriſhing age (which is yet but in it's ten, and ſome yeeres; for I am nineteene, and not yet twenty) doth conſume and wither vnder the barke of a ruſticke Labourer: and if now I ſeeme not ſo to thee, tis a particular fauour that Signior *Merlin* hath done me who is heere preſent, onely that my beauty may make thee relent; for the teares of an afflicted faireneſſe, turne rockes into cotton, and Tygres into Lambes. Laſh, laſh that thicke fleſh of thine, vntamed beaſt, and rowze vp thy courage from ſloth, which makes thee onely fit to eat till thou burſt, and ſet my ſmooth fleſh at liberty, the gentleneſſe of my condition, and the beauty of my face, and if for my ſake thou wilt not bee mollified, and reduc't to ſome reaſonable termes, yet doe it for that poore Knight, that is by thee; for thy Maſter (I ſay) whoſe ſoule I ſee is trauerſed in his throte, not ten fingers from his lips, expecting nothing, but thy rigid or ſoft anſwer, either to come out of his mouth, or to turne backe to his ſtomacke.

Don Quixote hearing this, felt to his throte, and turning to the Duke, ſayd; Before God, Sir, *Dulcinea* hath ſayd true; for my ſoule indeed is trauerſed in my throte, like the nocke of a croſſe-bow. What ſay you to this, *Sancho*, quoth the Ducheſſe? I ſay what I haue ſayd: (quoth *Sancho*) that the laſhes I bernounce. Renounce thou wouldſt ſay, *Sancho*, ſayd the Duke. Let your Greatneſſe pardon me, ſayd *Sancho*, I am not now to looke into ſubtilties, nor your letters too many, or too few; for theſe laſhes that I muſt haue, doe ſo trouble mee, that I know not what to doe or ſay: but I would faine know of my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, where ſhee learnt this kinde of begging ſhee hath: ſhee comes to deſire mee to teare my fleſh with laſhes, and cals mee Leaden Soule, and Vntamed Beaſt, with a Catalogue of ill names, that the Deuill would not ſuffer. Doz ſhee thinke my fleſh is made of braſſe? Or will her diſ-enchantment bee worth any thing to me or no? What basket of white linnen, of ſhirts, caps, or ſocks (though I weare none) doth ſhee bring with her,

to

to ſoften me with? onely ſome kinde of railing or other, knowing that the vſuall prouerbe is, An Aſſe laden with gold, will go lightly vp hill; and that Gifts doe enter ſtone-wals; and Serue God, & work hard; and, Better a bird in the hand, then two in the buſh. And my maſter too, that ſhould animate mee to this task, & comfort me, to make me become as ſoft as wool, he ſaies, that he will tye me naked to a tree, and double the number of my laſhes, & therefore theſe compaſſionate Gentles ſhould conſider, that they doe not onely wiſh a Squire to whip himſelfe, but a Gouernour alſo, as if it were no more, but drinke to your Cherries, let vm learne, let vm learne with a pox, to know how to aske, and to demand; for all times are not alike, and men are not alwayes in a good humor: I am now ready to burſt with greefe, to ſee my torne coat, and now you come to bid mee whip my ſelfe willingly, I being as farre from it, as to turne *Caſticke*.

Caciques, are great Lords amongſt the Weſt-Indians.

By my faith, *Sancho* (quoth the Duke) if you doe not make your ſelfe as ſoft as a ripe fig, you finger not the Gouernment. T were good indeede, that I ſhould ſend a cruell flinty-hearted Gouernour amongſt my Ilanders, that will not bend to the teares of afflicted Damozels, nor to the intreaties, of diſcreet, imperious, ancient, wiſe Enchanters. To conclude, *Sancho*, either you muſt whip your ſelfe, or bee whipt, or not bee Gouernour.

Sir (quoth *Sancho*) may I not haue two dayes reſpite to conſider? No, by no meanes, quoth *Merlin*, now at this inſtant, and in this place this buſineſſe muſt bee diſpatcht, or *Dulcinea* ſhall returne to *Monteſino's* Caue, & to her priſtine being of a Country-wench, or as ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be carried to the *Elyzian* fields, there to expect till the number of theſe laſhes be fulfilled. Goe to, honeſt *Sancho*, ſayd the Ducheſſe, be of good cheere, ſhew your loue for your Maſters bread that you haue eaten, to whom all of vs are indebted for his pleaſing condition, and his high Chiualry. Say I, ſonne, to this whipping-cheere, and hang the Deuill, and let feare goe whiſtle, a good heart conquers ill fortune, as well thou knoweſt.

To this, *Sancho* yeelded theſe fooliſh ſpeeches, ſpeaking to *Merlin*: Tell me, Signior *Merlin*, ſayd he, when the Deuill Poſt

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passed by heere, and deliuered his message to my Master from Signior *Montesinos*, bidding him from him hee should expect him heere, because he came to giue order, that my Lady *Dulcinea* should be dis-enchanted, where is he, that hitherto wee haue neither seene *Montesinos*, or any such thing?

To which, said *Merlin*, Friend *Sancho*; The Deuill is an Asse, and an arrant Knaue, I sent him in quest of your Master: but not with any message from *Montesinos*, but from me, for he is still in his Caue, plotting, or to say truer, expecting his dis-enchantment, for yet he wants something toward it; and if hee owe thee ought, or thou haue any thing to doe with him, Ile bring him thee, and set him where thou wilt: and therefore now make an end, and yeeld to his disciplining, and beleeue me it will doe thee much good, as well for thy minde as for thy body: for thy minde, touching the charity thou shalt performe, for thy body (for I know thou art of a sanguine complection, and it can doe thee no hurt to let out some bloud.

What a company of Physicians there be in the world, said *Sancho*? euen the very Enchanters are Physicians. Well, since euery body tells me so, that it is good (yet I cannot thinke so) I am content to giue my selfe three thousand & three hundred lashes, on condition that I may bee giuing of them as long as I please, and I will be out of debt as soone as tis possible, that the world may enioy the beauty of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, since it appeares, contrary to what I thought, that shee is faire. On condition likewise that I may not draw bloud with the whip, and if any lash goe by too, it shall passe for currant: Item, that Signior *Merlin*, if I forget any part of the number (since he knowes all) shall haue a care to tell them, and to let me know how many I want, or if I exceed. For your exceeding, quoth *Merlin*, there needs no telling, for comming to your iust number, forth-with *Dulcinea* shall be dis-enchanted, and shall come in all thankefulnesse to seeke *Sancho*, to gratifie and reward him for the good deed. So you need not bee scrupulous, eyther of your excesse or defect, and God forbid I should deceiue any body in so much as a haires breadth.

Well (quoth *Sancho*) a Gods name bee it, I yeeld to my ill

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ill fortune, and with the aforesaid conditions accept of the penitence.

Scarce had *Sancho* spoken these words, when the Waites began to play, and a world of guns were shot off, & *Don Quixote* hung about *Sancho's* necke, kissing his cheekes and forehead a thousand times. The Duke, the Duchesse, and all the by-standers, were wonderfully delighted, and the Cart began to go on, and passing by, the faire *Dulcinea* inclined her head to the Dukes, and made a low courtsie to *Sancho*, and by this the merry morne came on apace, and the flowers of the field began to bloome and rise vp, and the liquid Crystall of the brookes, murmuring thorow the gray pebbles, went to giue tribute to the Riuers, that expected them, the sky was cleere, and the ayre wholesome, the light perspicuous, each by it selfe, and all together shewed manifestly, that the day, whose skirts *Aurora* came trampling on, should be bright and cleere.

And the Dukes being satisfied with the Chase, & to haue obtained their purpose so discreetly and happily, they returned to their Castle, with an intention to second their iest; for to them there was no earnest could giue them more content.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the strange and vn-imagined Aduenture of the afflicted Matron, alias, *the Countesse* Trifaldi, *with a letter that* Sancho Pansa *wrote to his wife* Teresa Pansa.

THE Duke had a Steward of a very pleasant and conceited witte, who played *Merlins* part, and contriued the whole furniture for the passed Aduenture, he it was that made the verses, and that a Page should act *Dulcinea*. Finally, by his Lords leaue, he plotted another piece of worke, the pleasantest and strangest that may be imagined.

The Duchesse asked *Sancho* the next day, if he had yet begun his taske of the penance, for the dis-enchanting of *Dulcinea*; he told her, yes: and that as that night, he had giuen himselfe fiue lashes.

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lashes. The Duchesse asked him, With what? hee answered, with his hand. Those (quoth the Duchesse) are rather claps then lashes: I am of opinion that the sage *Merlin* will not accept of this softnesse, 'twere fitter that *Sancho* tooke the discipline of rowels or bullets with prickles, that may smart, for the businesse will be effected with bloud, and the liberty of so great a Lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price; and know, *Sancho*, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing.

To which *Sancho* replied, Giue me, Madam, a conuenient lash of some bough, and I will lash my selfe, that it may not smart too much; for let me tell your Worship this, that though I am a Clowne, yet my flesh is rather Cotton then Matresse, and there's no reason I should kill my selfe for anothers good. You say well (quoth the Duchesse) to morrow Ile giue you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tendernesse of your flesh, as if it were a kinne to them. To which (quoth *Sancho*) Lady of my soule, I beseech you know, that I haue written a letter to my wife *Teresa Pansa*, letting her know all that hath hapned to me since I parted from her; heere I haue it in my bosome, and it wants nothing but the superscription: I would your discretion would read it, for mee thinkes it goes fitte for a Gouernour, I meane, in the same stile that Gouernours should write. And who penned it, said the Duchesse? Who should, said he, Sinner that I am, but I my selfe? And did you write it (quoth shee)? Nothing lesse (said he) for I can neither write nor read, though I can set to my firme. Let's see your letter, quoth the Duchesse, for I warrant, thou shewest the ability and sufficiency of thy wit in it. *Sancho* drew the Letter open out of his bosome, and the Duchesse taking it of him, read the Contents, as followeth.

Sancho Pansa's *Letter to his wife* Teresa Pansa.

IF I were well lashed, I got well by it; If I got a Gouernment, it cost me many a good lash. This, my *Teresa*, at present thou vnderstandest not, heereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, *Teresa*, that I am determined thou goe in thy Coach, for all o-

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ther kinde of going, is to goe vpon all foure. Thou art now a Gouernours wife, let's see if any body will gnaw thy stumps. I haue sent thee a greene hunters suite, that my Lady the Duchesse gaue me, fit it so, that it may serue our daughter for a Coate and Bodies. My Master *Don Quixote*, as I haue heard say in this Country, is a mad wise man, and a conceited Coxcombe, and that I am ne're a whit behinde him. Wee haue beene in *Montesinos* Caue, and the sage *Merlin* hath laid hands on me for the dis-enchanting my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whom you there call *Aldonsa Lorenzo*, with three thousand and three hundred lashes lacking fiue, that I giue my selfe, she shall be dis-enchanted as the Mother that brought her forth: but let no body know this; for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others blacke. Within this little while I will goe to my Gouernment, whither I goe with a great desire to make money, for I haue beene told, that all your Gouernours at first goe with the same desire. I will looke into it, and send thee word whether it bee fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee, and I will not leaue him, although I were to goe to bee Great Turke. My Lady the Duchesse kisses thy hands a thousand times: returne her two thousand, for there's nothing costs lesse, nor is better cheape, as my Master tells mee, then complement. God Almighty hath not yet beene pleased to bestow mee with a Cloke-bag, and another hundreth Pistolets as those you wot of: but be not grieued, my *Teresa*, theres no hurt done, all shall be recompenced when we lay the Gouernment a bucking; onely one thing troubles me, for they tell me that after my time is expired, I may die for hunger, which if it should be true, I haue payd deere for it, though your lame and maimed men get their liuing by begging & almes; so that one way or other thou shalt be rich and happy: God make thee so, and keepe me to serue thee. From this Castle, the twentieth of Iuly, 1614.

The Gouernour thy Husband,

Sancho Pansa.

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When the Ducheſſe had made an end of reading the Letter, ſhe ſaid to *Sancho*; in two things the good Gouernour is out of the way: the one, In ſaying or publiſhing, that this Gouernment hath beene giuen him for the laſhes hee muſt giue himſelfe, hee knowing, for hee cannot deny it that when my Lord the Duke promiſed it him, there was no dreaming in the world of laſhes: The other is, that he ſhewes himſelfe in it very couetous, and I would not haue it ſo preiudiciall to him; for Couetouſneſſe is the root of all euill, and the couetous Gouernour does vngouerned Iuſtice. I had no ſuch meaning, Madam (quoth *Sancho*) and if your Worſhip think the Letter be not written as it ſhould be, let it be torne, and weele haue a new, and perhaps it may be worſe, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, (quoth the Ducheſſe). 'tis well enough, and Ile haue the Duke ſee it. So they went to a garden where they were to dine that day: the Ducheſſe ſhewd *Sancho's* Letter to the Duke, which gaue him great content. They dined, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertained themſelues a pretty while with *Sancho's* ſauoury conuerſation, vpon a ſodaine they heard a dolefull ſound of a Flute, and of a hoarce and vntuned Drum; all of them were in ſome amazement, at this confuſed, martiall, and ſad harmony, eſpecially *Don Quixote*, who was ſo troubled, he could not ſit ſtill in his ſeat; for *Sancho* there is no more to be ſaid, but that feare carried him to his accuſtomed refuge, which was the Ducheſſes ſide or her lap; for in good earneſt, the ſound they heard was moſt ſad and melancholy. And all of them being in this maze, they might ſee two men come in before them into the Garden, clad in mourning weeds, ſo long that they dragged to the ground, theſe came beating of two Drums, couered likewiſe with blacke: with them came the Fife, blacke and beſmeared as well as the reſt. After theſe there followed a perſonage of a Gyantly body, bemantled, and not clad in a cole-blacke Caſſocke, whoſe skirt was extraordinarily long, his Caſſocke likewiſe was girt with a broad blacke belt, at which there hung an vnmeaſurable Scimitar with hilts and ſcabberd; vpon his face hee vvore a tranſparent blacke vaile, thorow which they might ſee a huge long beard as white as ſnow. His pace was very graue and ſtay-

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ed, according to the ſound of the Drum and Fife. To conclude, his hugeneſſe, his motion, his blackeneſſe, and his conſorts, might haue held all that knew him not, and looked on him, in ſuſpence.

Thus he came with the ſtate and *Proſopopeia* aforeſaid, and kneeled before the Duke, who with the reſt that ſtood vp there, awaited his comming: but the Duke would not by any meanes heare him ſpeake till he roſe, which the prodigious Scar-crow did; and ſtanding vp, he pluckt his maske from off his face, and ſhewed the moſt horrid, long, white, and thicke beard, that ere till then humane eyes beheld; and ſtraight he let looſe and rooted out from his broad and ſpreading breſt, a maieſticall loud voyce, and caſting his eyes toward the Duke, thus ſaid:

High and mighty Sir, I am called *Triſaldin* with the vvhite beard, Squire to the Counteſſe *Triſaldi*, otherwiſe called The Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring an Ambaſſage to your Greatneſſe, which is, that your Magnificence be pleaſed to giue her leaue and licence to enter and relate her griefes, vvhich are the moſt ſtrange and admirable that euer troubled thoughts in the world could thinke: but firſt of all, ſhe would know whether the valorous & inuincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be in your Caſtle, in whoſe ſearch ſhe comes afoot, and hungry from the kingdome of *Candaya*, euen to this your Dukedome: a thing miraculous, or by way of Enchantment: ſhe is at your Fortreſſe gate, and onely expects your permiſſion to come in; thus he ſpoke; and forthwith coughed and wiped his beard from the top to the bottome, with both his hands, and with a long pawſe attended the Dukes anſwer, which was;

Honeſt Squire *Triſaldin* with the white beard, long, ſince the misfortune of the Counteſſe *Triſaldi* hath come to our notice, whom Enchanters haue cauſed to be ſtiled, *The afflicted Matron:* tell her, ſtupendious Squire, ſhee may come in, and that heere is the valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, from whoſe generous condition ſhee may ſafely promiſe her ſelfe all aide and aſſiſtance: and you may alſo tell her from me, that if ſhe need my fauour, ſhe ſhall not want it, ſince I am obliged to it by being a Knight, to whom the fauouring of all ſorts of her ſexe

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is

is pertaining and annexed, especially Matron widdows ruin'd, and afflicted, as her Ladiship is. Which when *Trifaldin* heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and making signes to the Drum and Fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they entred, he returned backe out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

And the Duke turning to *Don Quixote*, said; In fine, Sir Knight, neyther the clouds of malice or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and vertue. This I say, because it is scarce sixe daies since that your [a] bounty hath beene in this my Castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts, on foot, and not in Carroches and on Dromedaries to seeke you, confident that in this most strenuous arme they shall find the remedy for their griefes and labours, thankes to your braue exploits, that runne ouer and compasse the whole world.

[a] A forced word put in, in mockage purposely.

Now would I, my Lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, that that same blessed Clergy-man were present, who the other day, at table, seemed to be so distasted, and to beare such a grudge against Knights Errant, that he might see with his eyes, whether those Knights are necessary to the world; he might feele too with his hands that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortlesse, and great affaires and enormious mis-haps goe not to seeke redresse to Booke-mens houses, or to some poore Country Sextons, nor to your Gentleman that neuer stirred from home, nor to the lazie Courtier that rather harkens after newes which hee may report againe, then procures to performe deeds and exploits, that others may relate and write; the redresse of griefes, the succouring of necessities, the protection of Damozels, the comfort of widdows, is had from no sort of persons so wel as from Knights Errant; and that I am one, I giue heauen infinite thankes, and I thinke my disgrace well earned that I may receiue in this noble calling. Let this Matron come, and demand what shee will, for I will giue her redresse with this my strong arme, and vndanted resolution of my couragious spirit.

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CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Proſecution of the famous Aduenture of the Afflicted Matron.

THe Duke and Ducheſſe were extremely glad, to ſee how well *Don Quixote* ſatisfied their intentions, & then *Sancho* ſayd; I ſhould be loth this Miſtris Matron ſhould lay any ſtumbling blocke in the promiſe of my Gouernment: for I haue heard a *Toledo* Apothecary ſay (and hee ſpoke like a Bull-finch) that where theſe kinde of [a] women were intermedling, there could no good follow. Lord, what an enemy that Apothecary was to them? for ſince all your Matrons, of what condition or quality ſoeuer they bee, are irkſome and fooliſh, what kinde of ones ſhall your Afflicted bee? as this Counteſſe, [b] Three skirts, or Three tailes; for tailes and skirts, all is one.

Peace, friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; for ſince this Matron-Lady comes from ſo remote parts to ſeeke mee, ſhe is none of thoſe that the Apothecary hath in his bed-roll: beſides, this is a Counteſſe, and when your Counteſſes are Wayting-women, tis either to Queenes or Empreſſes, who in their houſes are moſt abſolute, and are ſerued by other Wayting-women. To this (quoth *Donna Rodriguez*, that was preſent) My Lady the Ducheſſe hath women in her ſeruice, that might haue beene Counteſſes, if Fortune had beeene pleaſed: but the weakeſt goe to the wals, and let no man ſpeake ill of Wayting-women, and eſpecially of ancient Mayds; for although I am none, yet I well and cleerely perceiue the aduantage, that your Mayden Wayting-women haue ouer Widdow-women, and one paire of ſheeres went betweene vs both.

For all that (quoth *Sancho*) there is ſo much to bee ſheered in your Wayting-women (according to mine Apothecary) that, The more you ſtirre this buſineſſe, the more it will ſtinke. Alwayes theſe Squires (quoth *Donna Rodriguez*) are malicious againſt vs; for, as they are Fairies that haunt the out-roomes, and

[a] *Duennas*, Heere *Sancho* takes *Duenna* in the former ſence, for an old Wayting-woman.

[b] Alluding to the name *Trifaldi*, as if ſhee had beene called *tres faldes*, which ſignifies three skirts, and this was his miſtake.

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every

euery foot spy vs, the times that they are not at their deuotions (which are many) they spend in back-biting vs, vndigging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these mooing Blockes, that in spite of them, wee will liue in the world, and in houses of good fashion, though wee starue for it, or couer our delicate or not delicate flesh with a blacke Monkes weede, as if we were old wals couered with tapistry, at the passing of a Procession. I'faith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present, know, that there is no vertue, but is contained in a Wayting-woman. I beleeue (sayd the Duchesse) my honest *Donna Rodriguez* is in the right: but she must stay for a fit time to answer for her selfe, and the rest of Wayting-women, to confound the Apothecaries ill opinion, and to root it out altogether from *Sancho's* brest. To which (quoth *Sancho*) since the Gouernourship smokes in my head, all Squirely fumes are gone out, and I care not a wilde figge for all your Wayting-women.

Forward they had gone with this Wayting-woman discourse, had they not heard the Drum and Fife play, wherby they knew that the Afflicted Matron was entring: the Duchesse askt the Duke, if they should meet her, since shee was a Countesse, and noble personage. For her Counteship (quoth *Sancho*) before the Duke could answer, I like it that your Greatnesse meet her: but for her Matronship, that yee stirre not a foot. Who bids thee meddle with that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Who, Sir (sayd he?) I my selfe, that may meddle, that, as a Squire, haue learnt the termes of courtesie in your Worships Schoole, that is the most courteous and best bred Knight in all Courtship, and as I haue heard you say in these things, Better play a card too much, then too little; and, Good wits will soone meet. Tis true as *Sancho* sayes (quoth the Duke) we will see what kinde of Countesse she is, and by that, ghesse what courtesie is due to her. By this the Drum and Fife came in, as formerly: and heere the Author ended this briefe Chapter, beginning another, which continues the same Aduenture, one of the notablest of all the History.

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CHAP. XXXVIII.

The Afflicted Matron recounts her ill Errantry.

After the Musicke, there entred in at the Garden, about some twelue Matron-wayters, diuided into two rankes, all clad in large Monks weedes, to see to, of fulled Serge, with white Stoles of thin Callico, so long, that they onely shewed the edge of their blacke weeds. After them came the Countesse *Trifaldi*, whom *Trifaldin* with the white beard led by the hand, clad all in finest vn-napped Bayes; for had it been napped, euery graine of it would haue been as big as your biggest pease: her taile or her traine (cal it whether you will) had three corners, which was born by three Pages, clad likewise in mourning: thus making a sightly and Mathematicall shew with those three sharp corners, which the poynted skirt made, for which belike she was called the Countesse [a] *Trifaldi*, as if we should say the Countesse of the three traines, and *Benengeli* sayes, it was true, and that her right name was the Countesse *Lobuna*, because there were many Wolues bred in her Countrey; and if they had beene Foxes, as they were Wolues, they would haue called her the Countesse [b] *Zorruna*, by reason that in those parts it was the custome, that great ones took their appellations, from the thing or things that did most abound in their States: but this Countesse, taken with the strangenes of her three-fold traine, left her name of *Lobuna*, and tooke that of *Trifaldi*.

[a] The word in Spanish importing so.

[b] *Zorra*, in Spanish, a Fox.

The twelue Wayters and their Lady came a Procession-pace, their faces couered with blacke vayles, and not transparent, was as *Trifaldins*, but so close, that nothing was seen thorow. Iust as the Matronly Squadron came in, the Duke, the Duchesse, and *Don Quixote* stood vp, and all that beheld the large Procession. The twelue made a stand, and a Lane, thorow the middest of which, The Afflicted came forward, *Trifaldin* still leading her by the hand, which the Duke, the Duchesse, and *Don Quixote* seeing, they aduanced some doozen paces to meet her. Shee kneeling on the ground, with a voyce rather course and hoarce, then fine and cleere, sayd; May it please your Greatnesses to spare this courtesie to your seruant, I say, to mee your seruant;

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seruant; for as I am *The Afflicted*; I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and vnheard of misfortune, hath transported my vnderstanding, I know not whither, and sure tis farre off; since the more I seeke it, the lesse I finde it. He should want it, Lady (quoth the Duke) that by your person could not iudge of your worth, the which without any more looking into, deserues the Creame of courtesie, & the Flower of al mannerly ceremonies: so taking her vp by the hand, he led her to sit downe in a chaire by the Duchesse, who welcommed her also with much courtesie.

Don Quixote was silent, and *Sancho* longed to see the *Trifaldi's* face, and some of her Wayting-women: but there was no possibility, till they of their owne accords would shew them: so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first breake silence, which was done by the Afflicted Matron with these words. [a] Confident I am (most powerfull Sir, most beautifull Lady, and most discreet Auditors) that my most Miserablenesse shall finde in your most valorous brests shelter, no lesse pleasing, then generous and compassionate; for it is such, as is able to make marble relent, to soften the Diamonds, and to mollifie the steele of the hardest hearts in the world: but before it come into the market-place of your hearing (I will not say your eares) I should be glad to know, if the most Purifiediferous *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, and his Squiriferous *Pansa*, bee in this Lap, this Quire, this Company.

[a] A Fustian speech on purpose, and so continued.

Pansa is heere (quoth *Sancho*) before any body else could answer, and *Don Quixotissimo* too, therfore most *Afflictedissimous Matronissima*, speake what you will-issimus, for we are all ready & most forward to be your *Seruitorissimus*. Then *Don Quixote* rose vp, and directed his speech to the *Afflicted Matron*, and sayd; If your troubles, straightned Lady, may promise you any hope of remedy, by the valour and force of any Knight Errant; Behold, heere are my poore and weake armes, that shall bee imployed in your seruice. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Function is to succour the needy, which being so (as it is) you neede not, Lady, to vse any *Rhetoricke*, or to seeke any Preambles; but plainely, and without circumstances, tell your griefes,

[b] *Sancho* striues to answer in the same key.

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griefes; for they ſhall be heard by thoſe, that if they cannot redreſſe them, yet they will commiſerate them.

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, ſhe ſeem'd to fall at *Don Quixotes* feet, and caſt her ſelfe downe, ſtriuing to embrace them, & ſayd; Before theſe feet & legs I caſt my ſelfe, oh inuincible Knight: ſince they are the *Baſis* and Columnes of Knight Errantry, theſe feet will I kiſſe, on whoſe ſteps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. Oh valorous Errant! whoſe valorous exployts do obſcure & darken the fabulous ones of the *Amadiſes*, *Eſplandiaſus*, and *Belianiſes*: And leauing *Don Quixote*, ſhe layd hold on *Sancho Panſa*, and griping his hands, ſayd; Oh thou the loyalleſt Squire that euer ſerued Knight Errant, in paſt or preſent times! longer in goodneſſe then my Vſher *Trifaldins* beard, well mayeſt thou vaunt, that in ſeruing *Don Quixote*, thou ſerueſt, in Cipher, the whole Troope of Knights, that haue worne armes in the world: I coniure thee, by thy moſt loyall goodneſſe, that thou bea good Interceſſour with thy Maſter, that hee may eſt-ſoones fauour this moſt humble, moſt vnfortunate Counteſſe.

To which (ſayd *Sancho*) that my goodnes, Lady, be as long as your Squires beard, I doe not much ſtand vpon, the buſineſſe is, bearded or with muſtacho's, let mee haue my ſoule goe to Heauen when I die: for, for beards heere I care little or nothing: but without theſe clawings or entreaties, I will deſire my Maſter (for I know he loues me well, and the rather, becauſe now in a certaine buſineſſe he hath needeof mee) that he fauour and helpe your Worſhip as much as he may: but pray vncage your griefes, and tell them vs, and let vs alone to vnderſtand them.

The Dukes were ready to burſt with laughter, as they that had taken the pulſe of this Aduenture, and commended within themſelues the wit and diſſimulation of the *Trifaldi*, who ſitting her downe, ſayd; Of the famous Kingdome of *Taprobana*, which is betweene the great *Taprobana* and the South ſea, ſome two leagues beyond Cape *Comorin*, was Queene the Lady *Donna Maguncia*, widdow to King *Archipielo*, her Lord and Husband, in which matrimony they had the Princeſſe *Antonomaſia*, heire to the Kingdome: the ſayd Princeſſe was brought vp,

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vp, and increased vnder my tutorage and instruction, because I was the ancientest and chiefest Matron that waited on her mother. It fell out then, that times comming and going, the childe *Antenomasia* being about foureteene yeeres of age, shee was so faire, that Nature could giue no further addition. Discretion it selfe was a Snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as faire, and she was the faireſt in the world, and is, if enuious Fates and inflexible Destinies haue not cut the thred of her life: but sure they haue not; for Heauen will not permit, that Earth suffer such a losse, as would be the lopping of a branch of the faireſt Vine in the world.

On this beauty (neuer-sufficiently extolled by my rude tongue) a number of Princes were enamoured, aswell Neighbours as Strangers, amongst whom, a priuate Gentle-man durst raise his thoughts to the Heauen of that beauty, one that liued in Court, confident in his youth and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let mee giue your Greatnesses to vnderstand (if it be not tedious) hee played on a Gitterne, as if he made it speake, he was a Poet, and a great Dancer, and could very well make Bird-cages, and onely with this Art, might haue gotten his liuing, when he had beene in great necessity: so that all these parts and adornments were able to throw downe a mountaine, much more a delicate Damozell: but all his gentry, all his graces, all his behauiour and abilities, could haue little preuailed, to render my childes fortresse, if the curſed theefe had not conquered mee first. First, the curſed Rascall Vagamund sought to get my good will, and to bribe me, that I, ill keeper, should deliuer him the keyes of my fortresse. Guitar

To conclude, he inueigled my vnderstanding, and obtained my consent, with some toyes and trifles (I know not what) that he gaue mee: but that which most did prostrate mee, and made me fall, was certaine verses, that I heard him sing one night from a grated window, toward a Lane where he lay, which were as I remember these.

An ill vpon my soule doth steale,
From my sweeteſt enemy:
And it more tormenteth me
That I feele, yet muſt conceale.

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The Ditty was moſt precious to me, and his voyce as ſweet as ſugar, & many a time ſince haue I thought, ſeeing the miſ-hap I fell into, by theſe and ſuch other like verſes, and haue conſidered, that Poets ſhould be baniſht from all good and well-gouerned Common-wealths, as *Plato* counſelled, at leaſt laſciuious Poets; for they write laſciuious verſes, not ſuch as thoſe of a the Marqueſſe of *Mantua*, that delight and make women and children weepe, but piercing ones, that like ſharp thornes, but ſoft, trauerſe the ſoule, and wound it like lightning, leauing the garment ſound, and againe he ſung,

a Old ballad-verſes, the Author ſpeaks heere Satyrically.

Come death, hidden, without paine,
(Let me not thy comming know)
That the pleaſure to die ſo,
Make me not to liue againe.

Other kindes of ſongs he had, which being ſung, enchanted, and written, ſuſpended: for when they daigned to make a kinde of verſe in *Candaya*, then in vſe, called *Roundelaies*, there was your dancing of ſoules, and tickling with laughter and vnquietneſſe of the body: and finally, the quick-ſiluer of all the ſences. So, my Maſters, let me ſay, that ſuch Rithmers ought iuſtly to bee baniſhed to the Iland of Lizards: but the fault is none of theirs, but of ſimple creatures that commend them, and fooliſh wenches that beleeue in them: and if I had been as good a Wayting-woman, as I ought to haue beene, his ouer-nights conceits would not haue mooued mee, neither ſhould I haue giuen credit to theſe kinde of ſpeeches: I liue dying, I burne in the froſt, I ſhake in the fire, I hope hopeleſſe, I goe, and yet I ſtay: with other impoſſibilities of this ſcumme, of which his writings are full: and then, your promiſing the Phœnix of *Arabia*, *Ariadne's* Crowne, the Lockes of the Sunne, the Pearles of the South, the Gold of *Tybar*, and *Balſamum* of *Pancaia*: and heere they are moſt liberall in promiſing that, which they neuer think to performe.

But whither, aye mee vnhappy, doe I diuert my ſelfe? What folly or what madneſſe makes mee recount other folkes faults, hauing ſo much to ſay of mine owne? Aye mee againe, vnfortunate, for not the verſes, but my folly, vanquiſhed mee; not his

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his muſike, but my lightneſſe, my ignorance ſoftned mee; that, and my ill fore-ſight opened the way, and made plaine the path to *Don Clarixo*, for this is the aforeſayd Gentle-mans name; ſo that I being the Bawde, hee was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but mee) betrayed *Antonomaſia*, vnder colour of being her lawfull Spouſe; for though a ſinner I am, I would not haue conſented, that without being her Husband, hee ſhould haue come to the bottome of her ſhooſole.

No, no, Matrimony muſt euer bee the colour in all theſe buſineſſes, that ſhall bee treated of by mee: onely there was one miſchiefe in it, that *Don Clarixo* was not her Equall, hee being but a priuate Gentle-man, and ſhee ſuch an Inheritrix. A while this iuggling was hid and concealed, with the ſagacity of my warineſſe, till a kinde of ſwelling in *Antonomaſia's* belly, at laſt diſcouered it, the feare of which made vs all three enter into counſell, and it was agreed, that before the miſ-hap ſhould come to light, *Don Clarixo* ſhould demand *Antonomaſia* for wife before the Vicar, by vertue of a bill of her hand, which ſhee had giuen him to bee ſo: this was framed by my intention ſo forcibly, that *Samſon* himſelfe was not able to breake it.

The matter was put in practice, the Vicar ſaw the bill, and tooke the Ladies confeſſion: who confeſſed plainely, hee committed her priſoner to a Sargeants houſe. Then (quoth *Sancho*) haue you Sargeants too in *Candaya*, Poets, and Roundelayes? I ſweare I thinke, the world is the ſame euery-where: but make an end, Madam *Trifaldi*: for it is late, and I long to know the end of this large ſtory. I will, anſwered the Counteſſe.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XXXIX.

where the Trifaldi *proſecutes her ſtupendious and memorable Hiſtory.*

AT euery word that *Sancho* ſpoke, the Ducheſſe vvas as vvell pleaſed as *Don Quixote* out of his wits, and commanding him to bee ſilent; the Afflicted went on, ſaying: The ſhort and the long vvas this, after many giuings and takings, by reaſon the Princeſſe ſtood euer ſtiffely to her tackling, the Vicar ſentenced in *Don Clauixo's* fauour, vvhereat the Queene *Donna Maguncia Antonomaſia's* Mother vvas ſo full of wrath, that ſome three daies after wee buried her. Well, Sir Squire, quoth *Sancho*, it hath beene ſeene ere now, that one that hath beene but in a ſwound, hath beene buried, thinking he was dead; and me thinkes that Queene *Maguncia* might but rather haue beene in a ſwound, for with life many things are remedied, and the Princeſſes error vvas not ſo great, that ſhe ſhould ſo reſent it. If ſhee had married with a Page or any other ſeruant of her houſe (as I haue heard many haue done) the miſchance had beene irreparable: but to marry with ſo worthy a Gentleman, and ſo vnderſtanding as hath beene painted out to vs, truly, truly, though twere an ouer-ſight, yet twas not ſo great as vvee thinke for; for according to my Maſters rules here preſent, who will not let mee lye, as Schollers become Biſhops, ſo priuate Knights (eſpecially if they be Errant) may become Kings and Emperours.

Thou haſt reaſon, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) for a Knight Errant, giue him but two inches of good fortune, he is in *potentia proxima* to be the greateſt Soueraigne of the world. But let the Afflicted proceed, for to mee it appeares, the bittereſt part of her ſweet Hiſtory is behinde. The bittereſt, quoth you, ſaid ſhee? Indeed ſo bitter, that in compariſon of this, Treacle and Elicompane is ſweet.

The Queene being ſtarke dead, and not in a trance, wee buried her, and ſcarce had wee couered her with earth, and tooke

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our *vltimum vale*, when *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrimis?* the Gyant *Malambruno*, *Magunsia's* Cousin Germane, appeared before her graue vpon a woodden horse, who besides his cruelty, was also an Enchanter, who with his Art to reuenge his Cousins death, & for *Don Clauixos* boldnesse, and for despight of *Antonomasia's* ouer-sight, enchanted them vpon the same Tombe, turning her into a brazen Ape, and him into a fearefull Crocodile of vnknowne metall, and betwixt them both is likewise set a Register of metall, written in the *Siriacke* tongue, which being translated into the *Candayan*, and now into the *Castilian*, conteines this sentence:

These two bold Louers shall not recouer their naturall forme, till the valiant Manchegan come to single combat with me, for the Destinies reserue this vn-heard of Aduenture only for his great valour.

This done, he vnsheathed a broad and vnwieldy Scimitar, and taking me by the haire of the head, he made as if he would haue cut my throat, or sheared off my necke at a blow. I was amazed, my voice cleaued to the roofe of my mouth, I was troubled extremely: but I enforced my selfe as well as I could, and with a dolorous and trembling voyce, I told him such and so many things, as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous punishment.

Finally, hee made all the waiting-Women of the Court be brought before him, which are heere present now also; and after he had exaggerated our faults, and reuiled the conditions of Waiting-women, their wicked wiles, and worse slights, and laying my fault vpon them all, hee said hee would not capitally punish vs, but with other dilated paines, that might giue vs a ciuill and continuate death: and in the very same instant & moment that he had said this, we all felt that the Pores of our faces opened, and that all about them wee had prickles, like the pricking of needles: by and by we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them iust as you see them now; with this the Afflicted, and the rest of the Waiting-women lifted vp their masks which they had on, and shewed their faces all with beards, some red, some

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ſome blacke, ſome white, and lime-ſmeared: at ſight of vvhich, the Duke & Ducheſſe admired; *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were aſtoniſht, and all the by-ſtanders wonder-ſtrooken, and the *Trifaldi* proceeded: Thus that fellon, and hard-hearted *Malambruno* puniſhed vs, couering the ſoftneſſe and ſmoothneſſe of our faces with theſe rough briſtles: would God he had beheaded vs with his vnweldy Scimitar, and not ſo dimmed the light of our faces with theſe blots that hide vs; for, my Maſters, if vvee fall into reckoning, (and that which now I ſay, I vvould ſpeake it vvith mine eyes running a fountaine of teares, but the conſideration of our misfortunes, and the Seas that hitherto haue rained, haue drawne them as dry as eares of Corne, and therefore let mee ſpeake vvithout teares.) Whither ſhall a Waiting-woman with a beard goe? What Father or Mother vvill take compaſſion on her? For vvhen her fleſh is at the ſmootheſt, and her face martyrized with a thouſand ſorts of ſlibber-ſlabbers & waters, ſhe can ſcarce finde any body that vvill care for her, what ſhall ſhe doe then when ſhe vveares a vvood vpon her face? O Matrons, Companions mine, in an ill time vvere vve borne, in a luckleſſe howre our Fathers begat vs; and ſaying this, ſhe made ſhew of diſmaying.

CHAP. XL.

Of matters that touch and pertaine to this Aduenture, and moſt memorable Hiſtory.

CErtainely, all they that delight in ſuch Hiſtories as this, muſt be thankfull to *Cid Hamete* the Author of the Original, for his curioſity in ſetting downe euery little tittle, without leauing out the ſmalleſt matter, that hath not beene diſtinctly brought to light: hee paints out conceits, diſcouers imaginations, anſwers ſecrets, cleeres doubts, reſolues arguments: To conclude, manifeſts the leaſt moat of each curious deſire. Oh famous Author! Oh happy *Don Quixote*! Oh renowned *Dulcinea*! Oh pleaſant *Sancho*! all together, and each in particular, long

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long may you liue, to the delight and generall recreation of mortalls. The Story then goes on, that iuſt as *Sancho* ſaw the Afflicted diſmaid, he ſaid, As I am honeſt man, and by the memory of the *Panſa's*, I neuer heard nor ſaw, nor my maſter neuer told me, nor could he euer conceit in his fancy ſuch an Aduenture as this. A thouſand Satans take thee (not to curſe thee) for an Enchanter as thou art, Gyant *Malambruno*, and hadſt thou no kinde of puniſhment for theſe ſinners but this bearding them? What? had it not beene better & fitter for them, to haue bereaued them of halfe their noſes, though they had ſnuffled for it, and not to haue clapt theſe beards on them? I hold a wager they haue no money to pay for their ſhauing. You ſay true Sir, quoth one of the twelue, we haue nothing to cleanſe vs with, therefore ſome of vs haue vſed a remedy of ſticking Plaiſters, which, applied to our faces, and clapped on vpon a ſodain, make them as plaine and ſmooth as the bottome of a ſtone morter; for though in *Candaya* there be women that goe vp and downe from houſe to houſe to take away the haire of the body, and to trimme the eye-browes, and other ſlibber-ſawces touching women, yet wee my Ladies women would neuer admit them, becauſe they ſmell ſomething of the Bawde: and if Signior *Don Quixote* doe not helpe vs, wee are like to goe with beards to our graues.

I would rather loſe mine amongſt Infidels, quoth *Don Quixote*, then not eaſe you of yours. By this the *Trifaldi* came to her ſelfe againe, and ſaid, The very iyngling of this promiſe came into my eares in the midſt of my Trance, and was enough to recouer my ſences: therefore once againe, Renowned Errant, and vntamed Sir, let me beſeech you that your gracious promiſe be put in execution. For my part it ſhall, quoth *Don Quixote*, tell me Lady, what I am to doe, for my minde is very prompt to ſerue you.

Thus it is (quoth the Afflicted) from hence to the Kingdom of *Candaya*, if you goe by land, you haue fiue thouſand leagues, wanting two or three; but if you goe in the ayre, ſome three thouſand two hundreth and ſeuen and twenty by a direct line. You muſt likewiſe know that *Malambruno* told me, that when

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Fortune should bring me to the Knight that must free vs, that he would send a horse much better, and with fewer trickes then your hirelings, which is the selfe-same horse of wood, on which the valiant *Pierres* stole and carried away the faire *Magalona*, which horse is gouerned by a pinne that he hath in his forehead, that serues for a bridle, and flies in the ayre so swiftly, as if the Deuils themselues carried him. This horse, according to Tradition, was made by the Sage *Merlin*, and he lent him to his friend *Pierres*, who made long voyages vpon him, and stole away (as is said) the faire *Magalona*, carrying her in the ayre at his Crupper, leauing all that beheld them on earth in a staring gaze, and he lent him to none but those whom he loued, or that payed him best, and since the Grand *Pierres*, hitherto vvee haue not heard that any else hath come vpon his backe: *Malambruno* got him from thence by his Art, and keepes him, making vse of him in his voyages, which he hath euery foot thorow all parts of the world, and he is heere to day, and to morrow in France, and the next day at Ierusalem: and the best is, that this horse neither eates nor sleepes, nor needs shooing, and hee ambles in the ayre, without wings, that he that rides vpon him, may carry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a iot: he goes so soft and so easie, which made the faire *Magalona* glad to ride vpon him.

Then (quoth *Sancho*) for your soft and easie going, my Dapple beares the bell, though hee goe not in the Aire; but vpon earth. Ile play with him with all the Amblers in the world.

All of them laughed, and the Afflicted went on: and this horse (if *Malambruno* will grant an end of our misfortune) within halfe an houre at night will be with vs; for he told mee, that the signe that I had found the Knight that should procure our liberty, should be the sending of that horse whither hee shou'd come speedily. And how many (quoth *Sancho*) may ride vpon that horse? The Afflicted answered, Two; one in the Saddle, and the other at the Crupper, and most commonly such two are, Knight and Squire, when some stolne Damozell is wanting. I would faine know, Afflicted Madam, quoth *Sancho*, what this horses name is. His name (quoth she) is not like

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Bellerophons horſe, called *Pegaſus* or *Alexanders* the great, *Bucephalus*, or *Orlando Furioſo's Brilladoro*, or *Bayarte Reyneldos de Montalvans*, or *Rogeros Frontino*, or *Boötes* or *Perithous*, the horſes of the *Sunne*, nor *Orelia Rodrigo* the laſt vnhappy King of the Gothes his Horſe, in that battell where hee loſt his life and kingdome together.

I hold a wager (ſaid *Sancho*) that ſince he hath none of all theſe famous knowne names, that his name neither is not *Rozinante* my Maſters horſes name, which goes beyond al thoſe that haue been named already.

Tis true (quoth the bearded Counteſſe) notwithſtanding he hath a name that fits him very well, which is [a] *Clavileno* the ſwift: firſt, becauſe he is of wood, and then, becauſe of the pinne in his fore-head, ſo that for his name he may compare with *Rozinante*. I diſlike not his name (ſaid *Sancho*) but what bridle, or what halter is he gouerned with? I haue told you (ſaid the *Trifaldi*) that with the pinne, turned as pleaſeth the party that rides on him, he will goe either in the ayre, or raking and ſweeping along the earth, or in a meane which ought to bee ſought in all well-ordered actions. I would faine ſee him (quoth *Sancho*) but to thinke that Ile get vp on him, eyther in the ſaddle, or at the Crupper, were to aske Peares of the Elme. Twere good indeed, that I, that can ſcarce ſit vpon Dapple, and a packe-ſaddle as ſoft as ſilke, ſhould get vp vpon a woodden crupper without a Cuſhion or Pillow-beare: by Gad Ile not bruiſe my ſelfe to take away any bodies beard: let euery one ſhaue himſelfe as well as he can; for Ile not goe ſo long a voyage with my Maſter: beſides, theres no vſe of me for the ſhauing of theſe beards, as there is for the diſ-enchanting my Lady *Dulcinea*. Yes marry is there, ſaid the *Trifaldi*, and ſo much, that I beleeue, without you we ſhall doe nothing. [a] God & the King (quoth *Sancho*) what haue the Squires to doe with their Maſters Aduentures, they muſt reape the credit of ending them, and wee muſt beare the burden? Body of mee, if your Hiſtorians would ſay, Such a Knight ended ſuch an Aduenture, but with the helpe of ſuch and ſuch a Squire, without whom it had been impoſſible to end it, twere ſomething: but that they write dryly, *Don Parlalipomenon*

[a] *Clauo* a naile or woodden pinne, *Leno* wood in Spaniſh.

[a] *Aqui del Rey*, the vſuall ſpeech of Officers in Spaine when any are reſiſted perſon reſiſts.

menon, Knight of the three ſtarres, ended the Aduenture of the ſixe Hob-goblins, without naming his Squires perſon that was preſent at all, as if he were not aliue: I like it not, my Maſters, I tell you againe, my Maſter may goe alone, much good may it doe him, and Ile ſtay heere with my Lady the Ducheſſe, and it may be when he comes backe, he ſhall finde the Lady *Dulcinea's* buſineſſe three-fold, nay fiue-fold bettered, for I purpoſe at idle times, and when I am at leyſure to giue my ſelfe a Bout of whipping, bare breech'd. For all that (quoth the Ducheſſe) if need be, you muſt accompany him, honeſt *Sancho*, for all good people will entreat, that for your vnneceſſary feare theſe Gentlewomens faces be not ſo thick-bearded; for it were great pitty.

God and the King againe (quoth *Sancho*) when this charity were performed for ſome retired Damozels, as ſome vvorking girles, a man might vndertake any hazard; but for to vnbeard waiting-women, a pox: I would I might ſee vm bearded from the higheſt to the loweſt, from the niceſt to the neateſt. You are ſtill bitter againſt waiting-women, friend, quoth the Ducheſſe, you are much addicted to the *Toledanian* Apothecaries opinion: but on my faith you haue no reaſon, for I haue women in my houſe, that may be a patterne for Waiting-women, and heere's *Donna Rodriguez*, that will not contradict me. Your Excellency (quoth *Rodriguez*) may ſay what you will, God knowes all, whether we be good or bad: bearded or ſmooth, as we are, our Mothers brought vs forth as well as other women, and ſince God caſt vs into the world, he knowes to what end, and I relye vpon his mercy, and no bodies beard.

Well, Miſtreſſe *Rodriguez*, and Lady *Trifaldi*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) I hope to God hee will behold your ſorrowes vvith pittying eyes, and *Sancho* ſhall doe as I vvill haue him, if *Clauilenno* vvere come once, and that I might encounter *Malambruno*: for I know, no Raſor vvould ſhaue you vvith more facility, then my ſword ſhould ſhaue *Malambruno's* head from his ſhoulders, for God permits the vvicked, but not for euer.

Ah (quoth the Afflicted) now all the ſtarres of the heauenly Regions looke vpon your Greatneſſe, valorous Knight, with a gentle aſpect, and infuſe all proſperity into your minde, and all valour

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valour, and make you the shield and succour of all deiected and reuiled Waiting-woman-ship, abhominable to Apothecaries, back-bited by Squires, and scoffed at by Pages, and the Deuill take the Queane that in the flower of her youth put not her selfe in a Nunnery, rather then be a Waiting-woman, vnfortunate as we are, for though we descend in a direct line, by man to man from *Hector* the Troian, yet our Mistresses will neuer leaue bethou-ing of vs, though they might be Queenes for it: O Gyant *Malambruno*, (for though thou beest an Enchanter, thou art most sure in thy promises) send the matchlesse *Clauileno* vnto vs, that our misfortune may haue an end: for if the heates come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune.

This the *Trifaldi* said with so much feeling, that shee drew teares from all the spectators eyes, and stroaked them euen from *Sancho's*, so that now he resolued to accompany his Master to the very end of the world, so he might obtaine the taking the wooll from those venerable faces.

CHAP. XLI.

Of Clauileno's *arriuall, with the end of this dilated Aduenture.*

IT grew now to bee night, and with it the expected time when *Clauileno* the famous horse should come, whose delay troubled *Don Quixote*, thinking that *Malambruno* deferring to send him, argued, that eyther hee was not the Knight for whom the Aduenture was reserued, or that *Malambruno* durst not come to single combat with him: But looke ye now, when all vnexpected, foure Sauages entred the Garden, cladde all in greene Yuie, bearing vpon their shoulders a great woodden horse: they set him vpon his legges on the ground, and one of them said, Let him that hath the courage, get vp vpon this Engine.

Then (quoth *Sancho*) not I, I haue no courage, I am no

 Knight.

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Knight, and the Saluage replied, saying, And let his Squire ride behinde, and let him be assured, that no sword but *Malambruno's* shall offend him, and there is no more to be done, but to turne that pinne, which is vpon the horses necke, and hee will carry them in a moment where *Malambruno* attends: but lest the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them couer their eyes till the horse neigh; a signe that they haue then finisht their voyage. This said, with a slow pace, they marched out the same way they came.

The Afflicted, as soone as she saw the horse, with very teares in her eyes, she said to *Don Quixote*; Valorous Knight, *Malambruno* hath kept his word, the horse is heere, our beards increase, and each of vs with euery haire of them beseech thee to shaue and sheere vs, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy Squire both mount, and begin this your happy new voyage. That will I willingly, said *Don Quixote*, my Lady *Trifaldi*, without a cushion or spurres, that I may not delay time, so much, Lady, I desire to see you and all these Gentlewomen ~~smooth and cleere. Not~~ I (quoth *Sancho*) ~~neyther willingly~~ nor vnwillingly, and if this shauing cannot be performed without my riding at the Crupper, let my Master seeke some other Squire to follow him, and these Gentlewomen some other meanes of ~~smoothing themselues~~; for I am no ~~Hagge~~ that loue to hurry in the Ayre: and what will my Iflanders say, when they heare their Gouernour is houering in the winde? Besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to *Candaya*, if the horse should be weary, or the Gyant offended, wee might bee these halfe doozen of yeeres ere we returne, and then perhaps there would be neyther Iland nor dry-land in the world to acknowledge me: and since 'tis ordinarily said, that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, &c. these Gentlewomens beards shall pardon mee, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skinne, I meane, I am very well at home in this house, where I receiue so much kindnesse, and from whose Owner I hope for so great a good, as to see my selfe a Gouernour.

To which (quoth the Duke) Friend *Sancho*, the Iland that I promised you, is not moueable, nor fugitiue, it is so deepe rooted

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ted in the earth, that a great many pulls will not root it vp: and since you know, that I know that there is none of these prime kinde of Officers, that payes not some kinde of bribe, some more, some lesse, yours for this Gouernment shall be, that you accompany your Master *Don Quixote* to end and finish this memorable Aduenture, that, whether you returne on *Clauileno* with the breuity that his speed promiseth, or that your contrary fortune bring and returne you home on foot like a Pilgrime from Inne to Inne, and from Alehouse to Alehouse; at your comming backe, you shall finde the Iland where you left it, and the Ilanders with the same desire to receiue you for their Gouernour, that they haue alwaies had, and my good will shall alwaies bee the same; and doubt not, Signior *Sancho*, of this, for you should do much wrong (in so doing) to the desire I haue to serue you.

No more, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am a poore Squire, and cannot carry so much courtesie vpon my backe: let my Master get vp, and blindefolde me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell mee, if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend my selfe to God, or inuoke the Angels that they may fauour me.

To which the *Trifaldi* answered, You may recommend your selfe to God, or to whom you will; for *Malambruno*, though he bee an Enchanter, yet hee is a Christian, and performes his Enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Goe to then (quoth *Sancho*) God and the holy Trinity of *Gaeta* helpe me. Since the memorable Aduenture of the Full-mills (quoth *Don Quixote*) I neuer saw *Sancho* so fearefull as now, & if I were as superstitious as some, his pusillanimity would tickle my conscience: but harke thee, *Sancho*, by these Gentles leaues, I will speake a word or two with thee: and carrying *Sancho* amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, he sayd, Thou seest, Brother *Sancho*, the large voyage that we are like to haue, and God knowes when wee shall returne from it, nor the leisure that our affaires heereafter will giue vs. I prethee therefore, retire thy selfe to thy chamber, as if thou wentst to look for some necessary for

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the way, and giue thy ſelfe in a trice, of the three thouſand and three hundred laſhes, in which thou ſtandeſt engaged, but fiue hundred onely: ſo that the beginning of a buſineſſe is halfe the ending of it.

Verily (quoth *Sancho*) I thinke you haue loſt your wits, this is Iuſt: I am going, and thou art crying out in haſte for thy mayden-head, I am now going to ſit vpon a bare piece of wood, and you would haue my bumme ſmart. Beleeue mee, you haue no reaſon, let's now goe for the ſhauing theſe Matrons, and when we returne, Ile promiſe you to come out of debt: let this content you, and I ſay no more. *Don Quixote* made anſwer, Well, with this promiſe, *Sancho*, I am in ſome comfort, and I beleeue thou wilt accompliſh it; for though thou beeſt a foole, [a] yet I thinke thou art honeſt.

[a] Heere I left out a line or two of a dull conceit; ſo it was no great matter; for in Engliſh it could not be expreſſed.

Hood-wink

So now they went to mount *Clauileno*, and as they were getting vp, *Don Quixote* ſayd, Hud-winke thy ſelfe, *Sancho*, and get vp: for hee that ſends from ſo farre off for vs, will not deceiue vs; for hee will get but ſmall glory by it, and though all ſhould ſucceede contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obſcure the glory of hauing vndergone this Aduenture. Lets goe, Maſter (quoth *Sancho*) for the beards & teares of theſe Gentle-women are nailed in my heart, & I ſhal not eat a bit, to doe me good, till I ſee them in their former ſmoothneſſe. Get you vp, Sir, and hudwinke you ſelfe firſt; for if I muſt ride behinde you, you muſt needes get vp firſt in the ſaddle.

Hood-wink.

Tis true indeede, ſayd *Don Quixote*, and taking a hand-kerchiefe out of his pocket, he deſired the Afflicted to hide his eyes cloſe: & when it was done, he vncouered himſelfe again, & ſaid; As I remember, I haue read in *Virgil* of the *Palladium*, that horſe of *Troy*, that was of wood, that the *Grecians* preſented to the Goddeſſe *Pallas*, with childe with armed Knights, which after were the totall ruine of all *Troy*, and ſo it were fit firſt to try what *Clauileno* hath in his ſtomacke.

You needs not (ſayd ſhe) for I dare warrant you, and know that *Malambruno* is neither traytor nor malicious, you may get vp without any feare, and vpon me be it, if you receiue any hurt. But *Don Quixote* thought, that euery thing thus ſpoken

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to

to his safety, was a detriment of his valour: so, without more exchanging of words, vp hee got, and tried the pin that easily turned vp and downe: so with his legs at length, without stirrups, hee looked like an Image painted in a piece of *Flanders Arras*, or wouen in some *Roman* triumph. *Sancho* got vp faire and softly, and with a very ill will, and settling himselfe the best hee could vpon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desired the Duke, that if it were possible, hee might haue a cushionet, or for failing, one of the Duchesses cushions of State, or a pillow from one of the Pages beds; for that horses crupper, he sayd, was rather marble then wood.

To this (quoth *Trifaldi*) *Clauileno* will suffer no kinde of furniture nor trapping vpon him: you may doe well for your ease, to sit on him woman-wayes, so you will not feele his hardnesse so much. *Sancho* did so, and saying farewell, hee suffered himselfe to be bound about the eyes, and after vncouered himselfe againe, & looking pittifully round about the garden with teares in his eyes, he desired that they would in that dolefull trance ioyne with him each in a *Pater-noster*, and an *Aue Maria*, as God might prouide them some to doe them that charitable office when they should be in the like trance.

To which (quoth *Don Quixote*) Rascall, are you vpon the Gallowes, trow? or at the last gaspe, that you vse these kinde of supplications? Art thou not, thou soule-lesse cowardly creature, in the same place, where the faire *Magalona* sate, from whence she descended not to her graue; but to bee Queene of *France*, if Histories lie not? and am not I by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous *Pierre*, that pressed this seat, that I now presse? Hudwinke, hudwinke thy selfe, thou dis-heartned Beast, and let not thy feare come forth of thy mouth, at-least in my presence. Hudwinke mee (quoth *Sancho*) and since you will not haue me pray to God, nor recommend me, how can I chuse but be afrayd, lest some legion of Deuils bee heere, that may carry vs headlong to destruction.

Now they were hudwinked, and *Don Quixote* perceiuing that all was as it should be, layd hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it, when all the Wayting-women, and as many as

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were

were preſent, lifted vp their voyces, ſaying; God be thy ſpeed, Valorous Knight; God be with thee, Vndaunted Squire: now, now you fly in the aire, cutting it with more ſpeede then an arrow: now you begin to ſuſpend, and aſtoniſh as many as behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous *Sancho*; for now thou goeſt wauing in the aire, take heede thou fall not; for thy fall will be worſe then the bold Youths, that deſired to gouerne his father, the Suns, charriot.

Sancho heard all this, and getting cloſe to his Maſter, hee girt his armes about him, and ſayd; Sir, why doe they ſay we are ſo high, if wee can heare their voyces? and mee thinkes they talke heere hard by vs. Ne're ſtand vpon that (quoth *Don Quixote*) for as theſe kindes of flying are out of the ordinary courſe of thouſands of leagues, thou mayſt heare and ſee any thing, and doe not preſſe me ſo hard; for thou wilt throw me downe: and verily, I know not why thou ſhouldeſt thus tremble and bee afrayd; for I dare ſweare, in all my life, I neuer rode vpon an eaſier-paced horſe, he goes as if hee neuer mooued from the place. Friend, baniſh feare; for the buſineſſe goes on ſucceſſe-fully, and we haue winde at will. Indeede tis true, quoth *Sancho*: for I haue a winde comes ſo forcibly on this ſide of mee, as if I were blowed vpon by a thouſand paire of bellowes: and it was true indeede, they were giuing him aire, with a very good paire of bellowes.

This Aduenture was ſo well contriued by the Duke, the Ducheſſe, and the Steward, that there was no requiſite wanting, to make it perfect. *Don Quixote* too feeling the breath, ſayd: Vndoubtedly, *Sancho*, wee are now come to the middle Region, where haile, ſnow, thunder and lightning, and the thunder-bolt are ingendred in the third Region, & if we mount long in this manner, we ſhall quickly be in the Region of fire, and I know not how to vſe this Pin, that wee mount not where wee ſhall be ſcorcht.

Now they heated their faces with flax ſet on fire, and eaſie to be quencht, in a caue a far off: and *Sancho*, that felt the heat, ſaid; Hang me, if we be not now in that place where the fire is; for a great part of my beard is ſindged: Ile vnblind-fold my ſelfe, Ma-

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ſter,

ſter, and ſee where-abouts we are. Doe not (quoth *Don Quixote*) and remember that true tale of the Scholler *Toralua*, whom the Deuill hoyſted [a] vp into the aire a horſe-backe on a reede, with his eyes ſhut, and in twelue houres hee arriued at *Rome*, and lighted at the Towre of *Nona*, which is one of the ſtreets of the City, & ſaw all the miſ-chance, the aſſault & death of *Borbon*, and the morrow after returned backe to *Madrid*, where he related all that he had ſeene: who alſo ſayd, that as hee went in the aire, the Deuill bid him open his eyes, which he did, and ſaw himſelfe, as he thought, ſo neere the body of the Moon, that he might haue touched her with his hands, and that he durſt not looke toward the earth, for feare to be made giddy. So that, *Sancho*, there is no vncouering vs; for hee that hath the charge of carrying vs will looke to vs, and peraduenture wee goe doubling of poynts, and mounting on high to fall euen with the Kingdome of *Candaya*, as doth the Sacar or Hawke vpon the Heron to catch her, mount ſhee neuer ſo high; and, though it ſeeme to vs not halfe an houre, ſince we parted from the garden, beleeue me, we haue trauelled a great way.

[a] A Story beleeued in Spaine as Goſpell.

I know not what belongs to it (quoth *Sancho*) but this I know, that if your Lady *Magallanes*, or *Magalona* were pleaſed with my ſeat, ſhe was not very tender-breecht. All theſe diſcourſes of the two moſt valiant were heard by the Duke and Ducheſſe, and them in the garden, which gaue them extraordinary content: who willing to make an end of this ſtrange and well-compoſed Aduenture, clapt fire with ſome flax at *Clauileno's* taile, and ſtraight the horſe, being ſtuffed with Crackers, flew into the aire, making a ſtrange noyſe, and threw *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* both on the ground, and ſindged. And now all the bearded Squadron of the Matrons vaniſhed out of the garden, and *Trifaldi* too and all, and they that remained, counterfeited a dead ſwound, and lay all along vpon the ground.

Don Quixote and *Sancho*, ill-intreated, roſe vp, and looking round about, they wondred to ſee themſelues in the ſame garden, from whence they had parted, and to ſee ſuch a company of people layd vpon the ground: and their admiration was the more increaſed, when on one ſide of the garden, they

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they saw a great lance fastned in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchment hanging at it, with two twisted strings of greene silke, in which the following words were written with letters of gold.

THe famous & valorous Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, *finisht and ended the Aduenture of the Countesse* Trifaldi, *otherwise called*, The Afflicted Matron, *and her Company, onely with vndertaking it.*

Malambruno *is satisfied and contented with all his heart, and now the Wayting-womens chins are smooth and cleane, and the Princes* Don Clanixo *and* Antonomasia *are in their pristine being, and when the Squires whipping shall bee accomplished, the white Pigeon shall be free from the pestiferous Ier-Falcons that persecute her, and in her loued Lullers armes; for so it is ordained by the sage* Merlin, *Prote-Enchanter of Enchanters.*

When *Don Quixote* had read these letters of the parchment, he vnderstood plainely, that they spoke of the dis-enchanting of *Dulcinea*, and giuing many thankes to Heauen, that with so little danger he had ended so great an exployt, as reducing the faces of the venerable Wayting-women, to their former smoothnesse, that were now gone: he went towards the Duke and the Duchesse, who were not as yet come to themselues, and taking the Duke by the hand, hee sayd; Courage, courage, noble Sir, all's nothing, the Aduenture is now ended, without breaking of barres, as you may plainely see by the writing there in that Register.

The Duke (like one that riseth out of a profound sleepe) by little and little came to himselfe, and in the same *Tenor* the Duchesse, and all they that were downe in the garden, with such shewes of maruell and wonderment, that they did euen seeme to perswade, that those things had happened to them in earnest, which they counterfeited in iest. The Duke read the scrowle with his eyes halfe shut; and straight, with open arme, hee went to imbrace *Don Quixote*, telling him he was the braueſt Knight that euer was. *Sancho* looked vp and downe for the Afflicted,

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to

to see what manner of face shee had, now shee was dis-bearded, and if shee were so faire, as her gallant presence made shew for: but they told him, that as *Clamleno* came downe burning in the aire, and lighted on the ground, all the Squadron of Waiting-women with *Trifaldi* vanished, and now they were shaued and vnfeathered.

The Duchesse asked *Sancho*, how he did in that long voyage? To which he answered, I, Madam, thought (as my Master told me) we passed by the Region of fire, and I would haue vncouered my selfe a little; but my Master (of whom I asked leaue) would not let me: but I that haue certaine curious itches, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being perceiued, drew vp the handkerchiffe that blinded me, a little aboue my nose, and there I saw the earth, and me thoughts it was no bigger then a graine of Mustard-seed, and the men that walked vpon it, somewhat bigger then Hazel-nuts, that you may see how high we were then. To this (sayd the Duchesse) Take heede, friend *Sancho*, what you say; for it seemes you saw not the earth, but the men that walked on it: for it is plaine, that if the earth shewed no bigger then a graine of Mustard-seede, and euery man like a Hazel-nut, one man alone would couer the whole earth.

Tis true indeede (quoth *Sancho*) but I looked on one side of it, and saw it all. Looke you, *Sancho* (quoth the Duchesse) one cannot see all of a thing by one side. I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing. Madam (quoth *Sancho*) but you must thinke, that since wee flew by Enchantment; by Enchantment, I might see the whole earth and all the men, which way soeuer I looked: and if you beleeue not this, neither will you beleeue, that vncouering my selfe about my eye-browes, I saw my selfe so neere heauen, that betwixt it and me there was not a handfull and a halfe; and I dare sweare, Madam, that 'tis a huge thing: and it hapned that we went that way where the seuen Shee-goat-starres were, and in my soule and conscience, I hauing been a Goat-heard in my youth, as soone as I saw them, I had a great desire to passe some time with them; which had I not done, I thought I should haue burst. Well, I come then, and I take;

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I take; What doe I do? without giuing notice to any body? no, not to my Maſter himſelfe: faire and ſoftly I lighted from *Clauileno*, and playd with the Goates that were like white Violets, and ſuch pretty flowers, ſome three quarters of an houre, and *Clauileno* moued not a whit all this while.

And while *Sancho* was playing with the Goats all this while, quoth the Duke, what did Signior *Don Quixote*? To which (quoth *Don Quixote*) As all theſe things are quite out of their naturall courſe, tis not much that *Sancho* hath ſayd: onely for me, I ſay, I neither perceiued my ſelfe higher or lower, neither ſaw I Heauen, or Earth, or Seas, or Sands. True it is, that I perceiued I paſſed thorow the middle Region, and came to the fire: but to thinke we paſſed from thence, I cannot beleeue it; for the Region of fire being betweene the Moone, and Heauen, and the latter Region of the aire, wee could not come to Heauen, where the ſeuen Goats are, that *Sancho* talkes of, without burning our ſelues: which ſince wee did not, either *Sancho* lies or dreames.

I neither lie nor dreame, quoth *Sancho*; for aske mee the ſignes of thoſe Goats, and by them you ſhall ſee whether I tell true or no. Tell them, *Sancho*, quoth the Ducheſſe. Two of them (quoth *Sancho*) are greene, two bloud-red, two blew, and one mixt-coloured. Heere's a new kinde of Goats (quoth the Duke) in our Region of the earth wee haue no ſuch coloured ones. Oh, you may bee ſure (quoth *Sancho*) there's difference betweene thoſe and theſe. Tell mee, *Sancho* (quoth the Duke) did you ſee amongſt thoſe Shee's [a] any He-goat? No, Sir (quoth *Sancho*) for I heard ſay that none paſſed the hornes of the Moone.

[a] An equiuocall queſtion; for in *Spaine* they vſe to call Cuckolds, *Cabrones*, Hegoats.

They would aske him no more touching his voyage; for it ſeemed to them, that *Sancho* had a clew to carry him all Heauen ouer, and to tell all that paſſed there, without ſtirring out of the garden. In concluſion, this was the end of the Aduenture of the Afflicted Matron, that gaue occaſion of mirth to the Dukes, not onely for the preſent; but for their whole life-time, and to *Sancho* to recount for many ages, if he might liue ſo long. But *Don Quixote* whiſpering *Sancho* in the eare, told him; *Sancho*,

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ſince

since you will haue vs beleeue all that you haue seene in Heauen, I pray beleeue all that I saw in *Montesino's* Caue, and I say no more.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the aduice that Don Quixote *gaue* Sancho Pansa, *before he should goe to gouerne the Iland, with other matter well digested.*

THe Dukes were so pleased with the happy and pleasant successe of the Aduenture of *The Afflicted*, that they determined to goe on with their iests, seeing the fit subiect they had, to make them passe for earnest; so hauing contriued and giuen order to their seruants & vassals, that they should obey *Sancho* in his Gouernment of the promised Iland, the next day after the iest of *Clauileno's* flight, the Duke bade *Sancho* prepare, and put himselfe in order, to goe to be Gouernor; for that now his Ilanders did as much desire him, as showres in May.

Sancho made an obeysance to him, and sayd; Since I came downe from Heauen, and since from on high I beheld the earth, and saw it so small, I was partly cooled in my desire to be a Gouernor; for what greatnes can there be, to command in a graine of Mustard-seede? or what dignity or power to gouerne halfe a doozen of men about the bignesse of Hazel-nuts? for to my thinking, there were no more in all the earth. If it would please your Lordship to giue mee neuer so little in Heauen, though twere but halfe a league, I would take it more willingly then the biggest Iland in the world. Looke yee, friend *Sancho* (quoth the Duke) I can giue no part of Heauen to no body, though it be no bigger then my nayle: for these fauours and graces: are onely in Gods disposing. What is in my power, I giue you, that is, an Iland, right and straight, round and well-proportioned, and extraordinarily fertill and abundant, where, if you haue the Art, you may with the riches of earth, hoord vp the treasure of Heauen.

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Well then (quoth *Sancho*) giue vs this Iland, and in ſpight of Raſcals Ile go to heauen; and yet for no couetouſneſſe to leaue my poore Cottage, or to get me into any Palaces, but for the deſire I haue to know what kinde of thing it is to bee a Gouernour.

If once you proue it, *Sancho*, quoth the Duke, you will be in loue with gouerning; ſo ſweet a thing it is to command, and to be obeyed. I warrant, when your Maſter comes to be an Emperour, for without doubt he vvill be one (according as his affaires goe on) that he vvill not bee drawne from it, and it will grieue him to the ſoule, to haue beene ſo long otherwiſe.

Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) I ſuppoſe 'tis good to command, though it be but a head of Cattell.

Let me liue and die with thee, *Sancho*, (quoth the Duke) for thou knoweſt all, and I hope thou wilt be ſuch a Gouernour as thy diſcretion promiſeth, and let this ſuffice; and note, that to morrow about this time thou ſhalt goe to the Gouernment of thy Iland, and this afternoone thou ſhalt be fitted with conuenient apparell to carry with thee, and all things neceſſary for thy departure.

Clad mee (quoth *Sancho*) how you vvill, for howſoeuer ye clad me, Ile be ſtill *Sancho Panſa*.

You are in the right (quoth the Duke) but the Robes muſt be ſutable to the Office or dignity which is profeſſed; for it were not fit that a Lawyer ſhould be clad like a Souldier, or a Souldier like a Prieſt. You, *Sancho*, ſhall bee clad, partly like a Lawyer, and partly like a Captaine: for in the Iland that I giue you, Armes are as requiſite as Learning.

I haue little learning (quoth *Sancho*) for as yet I ſcarce know my A. B. C. but 'tis enough that I haue my Chriſts Croſſe ready in my memory to bee a good Gouernour Ile manage my weapon till I fall againe, and God helpe mee. With ſo good a memory (quoth the Duke) *Sancho* cannot doe amiſſe.

By this time *Don Quixote* came, and knowing what paſſed, and that *Sancho* vvas ſo ſpeedily to go to his Gouernment, with the Dukes leaue, hee tooke him by the hand, and carried him aſide, with a purpoſe to aduiſe him how hee ſhould behaue himſelfe

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ſelfe in his Office. When they came into Don *Quixote's* chamber, the doore beeing ſhut, hee forced *Sancho*, as it vvere to ſit downe by him, and vvith a ſtayed voyce ſaid:

I giue infinite thankes, friend *Sancho*, that before I haue receiued any good fortune, thou haſt mette vvith thine: I that thought to haue rewarded thy ſeruice with ſome good lucke of mine to haue ſaued that labour, and thou ſodainely paſt all expectation haſt thy deſires accompliſhed, others bribe, importune, ſollicit, riſe earely, intreat, grow obſtinate, and obtaine not what they ſue for; and another comes hab-nab, and goes away vvith the place or Office, that many others ſought for, & heere the Prouerbe comes in and ioynes well; that, Giue a man luck, and caſt him in the Sea. Thou, that in my opinion art a very Gooſe, without early riſing, or late ſitting vp, without any labour, onely the breath of Knight-Errantry breathing on thee, without any more adoe art Gouernour of an Iland, a matter of nothing. All this I ſay, *Sancho*, that thou attribute not this happineſſe to thy deſerts, but that thou giue God thankes, that ſweetly diſpoſeth things; next, thou ſhalt impute them to the greatneſſe of the profeſſion of Knight Errantry. (Thy heart then diſpoſed to beleeue what I haue ſaid) be attentiue, oh my ſonne, to this thy *Cato*, that will aduiſe thee, be thy North-ſtarre and guide to direct and bring thee to a ſafe port, out of this troubleſome Sea where thou goeſt to ingulfe thy ſelfe in; for your Offices and great charges are nothing elſe but a profound gulfe of confuſions.

Firſt of all, O ſonne, thou muſt feare God: for to feare him, is wiſedome, and being wiſe, thou canſt erre in nothing.

Secondly, thou muſt conſider who thou art, and know thy ſelfe, which is the hardeſt kinde of knowledge that may be imagined: from this knowledge thou ſhalt learne not to be ſwolne like the frogge, that would equall himſelfe with the Oxe, for if thou doe this, thou ſhalt (falling downe the wheele of thy madneſſe) come to know thou wert but a hogge-keeper.

That's true (quoth *Sancho*) but 'twas when I was a boy: but after, when I grew to be ſomewhat manniſh, I kept Geeſe, and not Hogges: but this me thinkes is nothing to the purpoſe, for

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all they that gouerne, come not from the loynes of Kings.

Tis true (ſaid *Don Quixote*) therefore theſe that haue no noble beginnings, muſt mixe the grauity of their charge they exerciſe, with milde ſweetneſſe, which, guided with wiſedome, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no ſtate or calling is free.

Reioyce, oh *Sancho*, in the humility of thy linage, & ſcorne not to ſay, thou comneſt of labouring men, for when thou art not aſhamed thy ſelfe, no body will ſeeke to make thee ſo, and alwaies ſtriue to be held meane and vertuous, rather then proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings haue come to great riſings, as Pontificiall and Imperiall dignities: and to confirme this, I could bring thee ſo many examples as ſhould weary thee.

Note, *Sancho*, that if you follow Vertue for your meane, and ſtriue to doe vertuous deeds, you need not enuy thoſe that are borne of Princes and great men, for bloud is inherited, but vertue is atchieued, vertue is of worth by it ſelfe alone, ſo is not birth.

Which being ſo, if perchance any of thy kindred come to ſee thee when thou art in thy Iland, refuſe him not, nor affront him, but entertaine, welcome, and make much of him, for with this, God will be pleaſed, that would haue no body deſpiſe his making, and thou ſhalt alſo in this correſpond to good nature.

If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that thoſe who are to gouern long, ſhould be without them) teach her, inſtruct her, refine her naturall rudeneſſe: for many times all that a diſcreet Gouernour gets, a clowniſh fooliſh woman ſpills and loſes.

If thou chance to be a widdower (a thing that may happen) and deſire to marry againe, take not ſuch a one as may ſerue thee for a baite and fiſhing rodde to take bribes: for let me tell thee, the husband muſt giue an account of all that (being a Iudge) his wife receiues, and at the generall reſurrection, ſhall pay fourefold what he hath beene accuſed for in his life-time.

Neuer pronounce iudgement raſh or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant Iudges, that preſume to be skilfull.

Let

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Let the teares of the poore finde more compassion (but not more iustice) then the informations of the rich.

Seeke as well to discouer the truth, from out the promises and corruptions of the rich, as the sobs and importunities of the poore.

When equity is to take place, lay not all the rigour of the law, vpon the delinquent; for the fame of the rigorous Iudge, is not better then of the compassionate.

If thou slacken Iustice, let it not be with the waight of a bribe; but with the waight of pitty.

When thou happenest to iudge thine enemies case, forget thy iniury, and respect equity.

Let not proper passion blinde thee in another mans cause, for the errors thou shalt commit in that, most commonly are incureable, or if they be helped, it must be with thy wealth and credit.

If any faire woman come to demand iustice of thee, turne thy eyes from her teares, and thy eares from her lamentations, and consider at leisure the summe of her requests, except thou mean that thy reason be drowned in her weeping, and thy goodnesse in her sighes.

[a] Him that thou must punish with deeds, reuile not vvith words, since to a wretch the punishment is sufficient, vvithout adding ill language.

[a] A good Item to our Iudges of the Commō Law.

For the delinquent that is vnder thy iurisdiction, consider that the miserable man is subiect to the temptations of our depraued nature, and as much as thou canst, without grieuance to the contrary party, shew thy selfe milde & gentle, for although Gods attributes are equall, yet to our sight his mercy is more precious and more eminent then his iustice.

If *Sancho*, thou follow these rules and precepts, thy daies shall be long, thy fame eternall, thy rewards full, thy happinesse indelible, thou shalt marry thy children how thou wilt, they shall haue titles, and thy grand-children, thou shalt liue in peace and loue of all men, and when thy life is ending, death shall take thee in a mature old age, and thy Nephewes shall close thy eyes with their tender and delicate hands.

Those I haue told thee hitherto, are documents, concerning

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thy ſoule; to adorne it, hearken now to thoſe that muſt ſerue for the adorning thy body.

CHAP. XLIII.

Of the ſecond aduice that Don Quixote *gaue* Sancho Panſa.

WHo could haue heard this diſcourſe, and not held *Don Quixote* for a moſt wiſe Perſonage, and moſt honeſt? But as it hath beene often told in the progreſſe of this large Hiſtory, he was onely beſotted, when he touched vpon his Cauallery, and in the reſt of his talke hee ſhewed a cleere and currant apprehenſion: ſo that euery foot his works bewrayed his iudgement, and his iudgement his workes. But in theſe ſecõd documents he gaue now to *Sancho*, he ſhew'd a great deale of lenity, and ballanced his iudgement and his madneſſe in an equall Scale. *Sancho* harkenẽd moſt attentiuely vnto him, and ſtroue to beare in minde his inſtructions, as thinking to obſerue them, and by them to be very well deliuered of his big-ſwolne Gouernment. *Don Quixote* proceeded, ſaying;

Touching the gouerning thine owne perſon and houſhold, *Sancho*, the firſt thing I enioyne thee to, is to be cleanly, and to paire thy nailes, not letting them grow, as ſome doe, whoſe ignorance hath made them thinke 'tis a fine thing to haue long nailes, as if that excrement and ſuperfluity that they let grow, were onely their nailes, rather the clawes of a lizard-bearing Caſtrell, and a foule abuſe it is.

Goe not vn-girt or looſe, for a ſlouenly garment is a ſigne of a careleſſe minde, if ſo be this kinde of ſlouenly looſeneſſe be not to ſome cunning end, as it was iudged to be in *Iulius Ceſar*.

Conſider with diſcretion vvhat thy Gouernment may bee worth, & if it will afford thee to beſtow liueries on thy ſeruants, giue them decent and profitable ones, rather then gawdie or ſightly, and ſo giue thy cloth amongſt thy ſeruants & the poore, I meane, that if thou haue ſixe Pages, giue three of them liueries, and

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and three to the poore, so shalt thou haue Pages in earth, and in heauen: and your vaine-glorious haue not attained to this kinde of giuing liueries.

Eat not Garlicke or Onions, that thy Pesantry may not bee knowne by thy breath: walke softly, and speak stayedly, but not so as if it appeared thou hearkenedst to thy selfe, for all kinde of affectation is naught.

Eat little at dinner, but lesse at supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the forge of the stomake.

Be temperate in drinking, considering that too much wine neyther keepes secret, nor fulfils promise.

Take heede, *Sancho*, of chewing on both sides, or to ruct before any body.

I vnderstand not your ructing, quoth *Sancho*: to ruct (quoth he) is as much as to belch, and this is one of the fowlest words our language hath, though it be very significant; so your more neat people haue gotten the Latin word, and call belching, rueting, & belchers, ructers: and though some perhaps vnderstand not this, tis no great matter, for vse and custome will introduce them that they may easily be vnderstood, and the power that the vulgar and custome hath, is the enriching of a language.

Truly (said *Sancho*) one of your aduices that I meane to remember, shall be not to belch, for I am vsed to do it often. Ruct, *Sancho*, not belch, quoth *Don Quixote*. Ruct I will say, quoth he, hence-forward, and not forget it.

Likewise, *Sancho*, you must not intermixe your discourse vvith that multiplicity of Prouerbs you vse; for though Prouerbs be witty short sentences, yet thou bringest them in so by head and shoulders, that they are rather absurdities then sentences. This (quoth *Sancho*) God Almighty can onely helpe, for I haue more Prouerbs then a booke will hold, & when I speake, they come so thick to my mouth, that they fall out, & striue one with another, who shall come out first: but my tongue casts out the first it meetes withall, though they bee nothing to the purpose, but I will haue a care heereafter, to speake none but shall be fitting to the grauity of my place; for where there is plenty, the ghests are not empty, and he that works, doth not care for

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play, and he is in safety that stands vnder the bels, and his iudgement's rare, that can spend and spare.

Now, now, quoth *Don Quixote*, glue, thred, fasten thy prouerbs together, no body comes: the more thou art told a thing, the more thou dost it; I bid thee leaue thy prouerbs, and in an instant thou hast cast out a Letany of vm, that are as much to the purpose, as, To morrow I found a horse-shoo. Looke thee *Sancho*, I finde not fault with a prouerbe brought in to some purpose, but to load and heap on Prouerbs huddling together, makes a discourse wearisome and base.

When thou getst on horse-backe, doe not goe casting thy body all vpon the crupper, nor carry thy legges stiffe downe, and straddling from the horses belly, nor yet so loosely, as if thou wert still riding on thy Dapple, for your horse-riding makes some appeare Gentlemen, others Groomes.

Let thy sleepe be moderate, for hee that riseth not with the Sunne, loseth the day: and obserue, *Sancho*, that diligence is the mother of good Fortune, and sloth the contrary, that neuer could satisfie a good desire.

This last aduice that I meane to giue thee, though it be not to the adorning of the body, yet I would haue thee beare it in thy memory; for I beleeue it will bee of no lesse vse to thee, then those that I haue hitherto giuen thee, and it is,

That thou neuer dispute of Linages, comparing them together, since of necessity amongst those that are compared, one must be the better, and of him thou debasest thou shalt bee abhorred, and of him ennoblest, not a whit rewarded.

Let thy apparell be a pained hose, and long stockings, a long-skirted iacket, and a cloake of the longest: but long hose by no meanes, for they become neyther Gentlemen nor Gouernours.

This is all, *Sancho*, I will aduise thee to for the present; as the time and occasions serue hereafter, so shall my instructions bee, so that thou be carefull to let me know how thou dost.

Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) I see well that you haue told me nothing but what is good, holy, and profitable: but to what purpose, if I remember nothing? True it is that, that of not letting my nailes grow, and to marry againe if need be, I shall not forget; but

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but your other ſlabber-ſawces, your tricks and quillets, I cannot remember them, nor ſhall not, no more then laſt yeeres clouds: therefore I pray let me haue them in writing, for though I can neyther write nor read, Ile giue them to my Confeſſor, that he may frame them into me, and make me capable of them at time of need.

Wretch that I am, quoth *Don Quixote*, how ill it appeares in a Gouernour, not to write or reade! for know, *Sancho*, that for a man not to read, or ~~not~~ to be left-handed, argues that eyther he was a ſonne of meane Parents, or ſo vnhappy and vntoward-ly, that no good would preuaile on him.

I can ſet to my name, quoth *Sancho*, for when I was Conſtable of our Towne, I learnt to make certaine letters, ſuch as are ſet to marke truſſes of ſtuffe, which they ſaid ſpelt my name: Beſides now, Ile faine that my right hand is maimed, and ſo another ſhall firme for me; for theres a remedy for euery thing but death; and ſince I beare ſway, Ile doe what I liſt: for according to the Prouerb, * He that hath the Iudge to his Father, &c. and I am Gouernour, which is more then Iudge. I, I, let vm come and play at boo-peepe, let vm backe-bite me, let vm come for wooll, and Ile ſend them backe ſhorne; whom God loues, his houſe is ſauoury to him, and euery man beares with the rich mans follies, ſo I being rich, and a Gouernour, and liberall too, as I meane to be, I will be without all faults. No, no, pray be dainty, and ſee what will become on't, haue much, and thou ſhalt be eſteemed much, quoth a Grandame of mine, and might ouercomes right.

* A troope of abſurd ſpeeches ſtill to *Sancho's* part.

Oh, a plague on thee, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) three-ſcore thouſand Satans take thee and thy Prouerbs, this howre thou haſt beene ſtringing them one vpon another, and giuing me tormenting potions with each of them: I aſſure thee, that one of theſe dayes theſe Prouerbs will carry thee to the gallows, for them thy vaſſalls will bereaue thee of thy Gouernment, or there will be a community amongſt them. Tell mee, ignorant, Where doſt thou finde them all? or how doſt thou apply them, Ninny-hammer? for, for me to ſpeake one and apply it well, it makes me ſweat and labour, as if I had digged.

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Assuredly, Master mine, quoth *Sancho*, a small matter makes you angry: why the Deuill doe you pine that I make vse of my owne goods? for I haue no other, nor any other stocke but Prouerbs vpon Prouerbs: and now I haue foure that fall out iump to the purpose, like Peares for a working basket: but I wil say nothing, for now *Sancho* shall be called Silence: Rather babling, quoth *Don Quixote*, or Obstinacy it selfe; yet I would faine know what foure Prouerbs they be that came into thy minde, so to the purpose; for I can think vpon none, yet I haue a good memory.

What better) said *Sancho*) then Meddle not with a hollow tooth: And, Go from my house, What will you haue vvith my wife? There's no answering: and, If the pot fall vpon the stone, or the stone on the pot, ill for the pot, ill for the stone; all which are much to the purpose. That no body meddle with their Gouernour, nor with their Superiour, lest they haue the worst, as he that puts his hand to his teeth (so they be not hollow, tis no matter if they be teeth) Whatsoeuer the Gouernour saies, there is no replying, as in saying, Get you from my house, and, What will you haue with my wife? and that of the pot and the stone, a blinde man may perceiue it: so that he that sees the moate in another mans eye, let him see the beame in his owne, that it may not be said by him, The dead was afraid of her that was flayd. And you know, Sir, that the foole knowes more in his owne house, then the wise man dothin anothers.

Not so, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*:) for the foole, neyther in his owne house nor anothers, knowes ought, by reason that no wise edifice is seated vpon the increase of his folly: and let vs leaue this, *Sancho*, for if thou gouerne ill, thou must beare the fault, and mine must be the shame; but it comforts mee that I haue done my duty in aduising thee truly, and as discreetly as I could, and with this I haue accomplisht with my obligation, and God speed thee *Sancho*, and gouerne thee in thy Gouernment, and bring mee out of the scruple I am in, that thou wilt turne thy Gouernment with the heeles vpwards, which I might preuent, by letting the Duke knovv thee better, and telling him, that all that fatnesse, and

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little

little corps of thine, is nothing but a sack of Prouerbs and knauerie.

Sir (quoth *Sancho*) if you thinke I am not fit for this Gouernment, from henceforward I loſe it: I had rather haue a poore little ſcrap of the naile of my ſoule, then my whole body: and I can as well keepe my ſelfe with, plaine *Sancho*, a Loafe and an Onyon, as a Gouernour with Capons & Partridges: and whilſt we are aſleepe, all are alike: great and ſmall, poore and rich: and if you conſider on't, you ſhall finde, that you onely put me into this veine of gouerning: for I know no more what belongs to gouerning of Ilands then a Vulture, and rather, then in being a Gouernour, the Diuell ſhall fetch my ſoule; I had rather be *Sancho*, and goe to heauen, then a Gouernour and go to hell. Truely, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: for theſe laſt words thou haſt ſpoken, I deeme thee worthy to gouern a thouſand Ilands; thou haſt a good naturall capacitie, without which no ſcience is worth ought; ſerue God, and erre not in thy maine intentions, I meane that thou alwayes haue a firme purpoſe and intent, to be ſure in all buſineſſes that ſhall occurre, becauſe Heauen alwayes fauours good deſires, and let's goe dine: for I beleeue now the Lord expect vs.

CHAP. XLIV.

How Sancho Panſa *was carried to his Gouernment, and of the ſtrange Aduenture that befell* Don Quixote *in the Caſtle.*

IT is ſayd, that in the originall of this Hiſtory, it is read, that when *Cid Hamete* came to write this Chapter, the Interpreter tranſlated it not as he had written it, which was kinde a of complaint of himſelfe, that he vndertooke ſo dry and barren a ſtory, as this of *Don Quixote*, becauſe it ſeemed that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were the ſole ſpeakers, and that he durſt not enlarge himſelfe with other digreſſions, or grauer accidents and more delightfull: and he ſayd, That to haue his inuention,

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uention, his hand and his quill, tyed to one ſole ſubiect, and to ſpeake by the mouthes of few, was a moſt inſupportable labor, and of no benefit to the Author: ſo that to auoyd this inconuenience, in the firſt part he vſed the Art of Nouels, as one, of *The Curious Impertinent*, another of *The captiu'd Captaine*, which are (as it were) ſeparated from the Hiſtory, though the reſt that are there recounted, are matters that happened to *Don Quixote*, which could not but be ſet downe: he was of opinion likewiſe, as he ſayd, that many being carried away with attention to *Don Quixotes* exployts, would not heede his Nouels, and skip them, either for haſte or likeſomneſſe, without noting the cunning worke-manſhip, and framing of them, which would be plainely ſhewne, if they might come to light by themſelues alone, without *Don Quixotes* madneſſe, or *Sancho's* ſimplicities; therefore in this ſecond part, hee would not engraffe looſe Nouels, or adioyning to the Story, but certaine accidents that might bee like vnto them, ſprung from the paſſages that the truth it ſelfe offers, and theſe too ſparingly, and with words only proper to declare them: and ſince, he is ſhut vp and contained in the limits of this narration, hauing vnderſtanding, ſufficiency and ability to treat of all, his requeſt is, that his labour bee not contemned, but rather that hee bee commended, not for what hee writes, but for what he hath omitted to write: ſo he goes on with his Hiſtory, ſaying;

That when *Don Quixote* had dined, the ſame day that hee gaue *Sancho* his inſtructions, in the after-noone he let him haue them in writing, that he might ſeeke ſome body to read them to him: but as ſoone as euer he had giuen him them, he loſt them, and they came to the Dukes hands, who ſhewed them to the Ducheſſe; and both of them afreſh admired at *Don Quixotes* madneſſe, and his vnderſtanding together: and ſo going forward with their ieſts, that afternoone they ſent *Sancho* well accompanied to the place, that to him ſeemed an Iland.

It fell out then that the charge of this buſineſſe was laid vpon a Steward of the Dukes, a good wiſe fellow, and very conceited; for there can be no wit that is not gouerned with diſcretion; hee it was that playd the Counteſſe *Trifaldis* part, with the cun-

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ning

ning that hath beene related, with this and with his Masters instructions how he should behaue himselfe towards *Sancho*, hee performed his taske maruellously. I say then, that it hapned, that as *Sancho* saw the Steward, the very face of *Trifaldi* came into his minde, and turning to his Master, hee said: Sir, the Diuell beare me from hence iust as I beleeue, if you doe not confesse, that this Steward of the Dukes heere present, hath the very countenance of the Afflicted.

Don Quixote earnestly beheld the Steward, and hauing thorowly seene him, said to *Sancho*: There is no need of the Diuels taking thee iust as thou beleeuest (for I know not what thou meanest) for the Afflicteds face is iust the same that the Stewards is: but for all that, the Steward is not the Afflicted; for to bee so, were a manifest contradiction, and now tis no time to sift out these things, which were to enter into an intricate Labyrinth: beleeue me, friend; 'twere fit to pray to God very earnestly, to deliuer vs from these damned Witches and Enchanters. Tis no iesting matter, quoth *Sancho*, for I heard him speak before, and me thought the very voice of *Trifaldi* sounded in my eares.

Well, I will bee silent: but yet I will see henceforward, if I can discouer any signe to confirme or forgoe my iealousie. You may doe so, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*; and you shall giue me notice of all that in this businesse you can discouer, and of all that shall befall you in your Gouernment.

Sancho, in conclusion departed with a great troope, clad like a Lawyer, & vpon his backe he had a goodly tawny riding Coat of watred Chamlet, and a Hunters Cap of the same, he rode vpon a Hee Moyle [a] after the Ginet fashion, and behinde him, by the Dukes order, his Dapple was ledde, with trappings and Asse-like ornaments all of silke: *Sancho* turned his head now and then to looke vpon his Asse, with whose company he was so well pleased, that he would not haue changed to haue beene Emperour of *Germany*. At parting he kissed the Dukes hands, and receiued his Masters benediction, who gaue it him with teares, and *Sancho* receiued it with blubberings.

[a] The Stirrops short, and his legges trussed vp.

Now, Reader, let honest *Sancho* part in peace and in good time,

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time, and expect two bushels of laughter, which his demeanour in his Gouernment will minister to thee: and in the meane time, marke what befell his Master, that very night: for if it make thee not laugh outright, yet it will cause thee shew thy teeth, and grin like an Ape: for *Don Quixotes* affaires must either bee solemnized with admiration or laughter.

Tis said then, that *Sancho* was scarce departed, when *Don Quixote* resented his solitarinesse, and if it had been possible for him to haue reuoked his Commission, or taken away his Gouernment, he would haue done it.

The Duchesse knew his Melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: for if it were for *Sancho's* absence, shee had Squires, and Waiting-women, and Damozels in her house, that would doe him all seruice.

True it is, Madam, quoth *Don Quixote*, that I resent *Sancho's* absence: but that is not the principall cause, that makes me appeare sad: and of those many kindnesses, that your Excellency offers me, I onely accept and make choyse of the good will with which they are offered, and for the rest, I humbly beseech your Excellencie, that you giue me leaue in my Chamber to serue my selfe.

Truely, Signior *Don Quixote*, quoth the Duchesse, it must not be so: for foure of my Damozels shall waite vpon you, as faire as flowers. They shall be no flowers to mee (quoth he) but very thornes, that pricke my soule. They shall fly as soone as enter into my Chamber, or come neere me. If your Greatnesse will continue in your fauours towards me, let this be one, that I may serue my selfe within mine owne doores, that I may put a wal in midst of my desires and honesty; and I will not forgoe this custome, for all the liberalitie that your Highnesse will shew vnto. To conclude, I will rather sleepe in my cloathes, then yeeld that any body shall help to vndresse me.

Enough, enough, Signior *Don Quixote* (quoth the Duchesse) for my part, Ile giue order that not so much as a Fly, shall come within your distance, much lesse a Damozell: I am none of those that would make Signior *Don Quixote* transcend his decency: for as I haue a kind of glimmering, one of Signior *Don Quixotes*

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most eminent vertues, is his honestie. Vndresse your selfe, and goe to bed alone after your owne fashion how you will, and no body shal hinder you, & in your chamber you shal haue al things necessary, and locke your doore to you: your vessels shall be ready, that no naturall cause make you rise to open your doore.

Long liue the Grand *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and her name farre extended vpon the Globe of the earth, since she deserued to bee beloued of so honest and valiant a Knight: and the gracious heauens infuse into *Sancho Pansa* our Gouernour his heart, a desire to finish the disciplining of himselfe quickly, that the world may re-enioy the beauty of so great a Lady.

To which (quoth *Don Quixote*) your Highnesse hath spoken like your selfe: for no ill thing can proceed from the mouth of so good a Lady, and *Dulcinea* shall be the more happie, and more esteemed in the world, in that your Greatnesse hath praised her, then if she had had the praises of the best Rhetoricians in the world.

Well: Goetoo, Signior *Don Quixote* (quoth the Ducheſſe) tis now supper time, and the Duke expects vs; come, Sir, let's sup, and to bed betimes: for your voyage yesterday from *Candaya*, was not so short, but it hath left some wearinesse in you.

None at all, Lady (quoth he:) for I may sweare to your Excellencie, that in my life time I neuer rode vpon a gentler nor bettter-paced Beast then *Clauileno*; and I know no reason why *Malambruno* should lose so swift and so gentle a horse, and so burne him without more adoe.

You may imagine (quoth she) that hee repenting him of the hurt he had done *Trifaldi* and her company, and many others; and of the wickednes, that as a Witch & Enchanter he had committed) would destroy the instruments of his office, and so burnt *Clauileno* as the chiefest of them; and that which did most disquiet him, rouing vp and downe; and so with his burnt ashes, and the trophy of the scrowle, *Don Quixotes* valour is eternalized.

Don Quixote afresh gaue fresh thankes to the Ducheſſe: and when hee had supt, he retyred to his Chamber alone, without permitting any body to serue him, he was so afraid to meet with

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occasions that might induce him to forget the honest *Decorum* due to his Lady *Dulcinea*, *Amadis* his goodnes being alwayes in his imagination, the flower and Looking-glasse of Knights Errant.

The doore he shut after him, and vndressed himselfe by the light of two Waxe Candles, as he pulled off his stockings (Oh ill lucke vnworthy such a personage) there broke from him, not sighs or any such thing that might discredit his cleanely neatnesse, but some foure and twenty stitches and a halfe, that made his stocking looke like a Lettice-window: the good Knight was extremely afflicted, and would haue giuen for a dram of greene silke, an ounce of siluer: greene silke, I say, for his stockins were greene: and here *Benengeli* exclaimed, saying: Oh Pouertie, pouertie, I know not what moou'd that famous *Cordouan* Poet, to call thee holy thankelesse gift. For I that am a Moore, know very well, by the communication I haue had with Christians, that holinesse consists in Charitie, Humilitie, Faith, Obedience and pouertie: but yet a man had need haue a speciall grace from God, that can be contented, being poore, except it be with such a kinde of pouertie, as one of the greatest Saints speakes of: Esteeme of all things as if you had them not, and this is called poorenesse of Spirit. But thou, second pouertie, (of that kinde that I meane) why do'st thou mixe thy selfe with Gentlemen, and those that be well borne? Why dost thou make them cobble their shoes; and that the Buttons of their Ierkins, be some Silke, others Hayre, others Glasse? Why must their Ruffes for the most part be vnset Lettice-wayes, and not set with the sticke? (and by this you may perceiue how ancient the vse of Starch is, and of setting Ruffes. He proceeds: Vnhappy he, that being well borne, puts his credit to shifts, as by ill faring, wth his doore locked to him, [a] making his Tooth-picker an Hypocrite, with which he comes to the street doore picking his teeth, though he haue eate nothing that should require such cleanelinesse. Vnhappy he, I say, whose credit is skarred, and thinkes that a patch vpon his shoo is spied a League off, or the thorow sweating of his Hat, or the thred-bareness of his Cloke, or the hunger of his Maw. All this was reuied in *Don Quixote* by

[a] He describes the right custome of his hungry countrey men in generall.

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by the breach of his Stocking: but his comfort was, that *Sancho* had left him a payre of Bootes, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to bed hee went heauy and pensiue, as well for want of *Sancho's* company, as for the irreparable misfortune of his Stocking, whose stitches he would haue taken vp, though it had beene with silke of another colour, which is one of the greatest signes of misery, that may befall a Gentleman in the Progresse of his Prolixe necessitie. He put out the lights, twas hot, and he could not sleepe; so he rose from his bed, and opened a little the lidde of an Iron window that looked toward a faire garden; and opening it, hee perceiued and heard people stirring and talking in the Garden; they below raised their voices; insomuch, that these speeches might be heard:

Be not so earnest with me, O *Emerencia*, to haue mee sing: for thou knowest that euer since this stranger hath beene in the Castle, and that mine eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep: besides, my Ladies sleepe is rather short, then sound; and I would not that she should know we were heere, for al the goods in the world: and though she should sleepe, and not wake, my singing yet were in vaine, if this new *Æneas* sleepe, and wake not to giue eare to it, this, that is come into my Kingdome to leaue me scorned and forsaken.

Thinke not of that, friend *Altisidora* (said they) for doubtlesse the Duchesse and euery body else in the house is asleepe, except the Master of thy heart, and thy soules alarum; for now I heard him open his window, and he is certainly awake: sing poore grieued wretch, in a low and sweet tune, to the sound of thy Harpe, and if the Duchesse should perceiue it: our excuse shall be, that we are heere by reason tis so hote within doores.

Tis not for our being here, O *Emerencia*, quoth *Altisidora*, but that I am not willing my Song should discouer my heart; and that I should bee held by those that haue no notice of the powerfull force of loue, for a longing and light huswife: but come what will on it, better shame in the face, then a spot in the heart: and with this shee heard a Harpe most sweetly playd on. Which when *Don Quixote* heard, it amazed him: and in the instance an infinite company of Aduentures came into his minde,

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of Windowes, Grates, Gardens, Muſick, Courting, and foppe-ries, that he had read in his ſottiſh bookes of Knighthood; and ſtraight he imagined that ſome Damozell of the Ducheſſes was enamored on him, and that her honeſty enforced her to con-ceale her affection, he was afraid leſt he ſhould yeeld, but firm e-ly purpoſed not to be vanquiſhed; ſo recommending himſelfe, heart and ſoule, to his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, he determined to hearken to the Muſick: and that they might know hee was there, he fained a ſneeze which not a little pleaſed the Damo-zels, that deſired nothing elſe: ſo *Altiſidora* running on, and tu-ning her Harpe, began this Song:

Thou that in thy bed do'ſt lye,
In midſt of Holland ſheetes;
Sleeping with thy legges Out-ſtretcht,
All night long vntill the morne,

Oh thou Knight the valianteſt,
That all Mancha *hath produc't,*
More honeſt, and more bleſt withall,
Then the fin'ſt Arabia *gold,*

Heare a Dam'zell ſorrowfull,
Tall of growth; but ill ſh' hath thriu'd:
That, with light of thy two ſunnes,
Feeles her ſoule enflam'd and ſcorcht.

Thou thy Aduentures followeſt,
Others mis-aduentures find'ſt,
Thou giu'ſt wounds; and yet deeny'ſt,
To giue healing remedy.

Tell me, O thou valiant youth:
(God increaſe thy maladies)

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Wert

wert thou bred in Africa,
Or in Iaca *Mountainous?*

Serpents nourish thee with milke,
Or perhaps thy Nurses were
Th' vncouth thickneſse of the woods,
Or the Mountaines horrible?

Well may Dulcinea, *ſhe*
That ſame damzell plump and ſound,
Bragge that ſhe hath conquer'd a
Tyger and a ſaluage Beaſt.

For which ſhe ſhall famous be,
From Henares *to* Xarama,
Tagus, Manſanares, *and*
Piſuerga, *and* Arlanza *too.*

Oh that I might change with her,
I would giue my Coat to boote;
And the gaudy'ſt that I haue,
All bedawb'd with golden fringes

Oh that I were in thy armes,
If not ſo, but neere thy bed,
That I might but ſcratch thy head
And the Dand-roffe rid from thee.

Much I aske, but not deſerue
Fauours ſo remarkeable:
Let me then but touch thy foote
Fit for my humilitie.

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Oh what night-caps I would giue,
And what ſiluer ſocks to thee,
What Damaska breeches eke,
And what cloakes of Holland too?

Likewiſe of the fineſt Pearles
Each as bigge as any Gall,
Which, if that there were but one,
Might be call'd, The eye alone.

Do not from thy Tarpey *view*
This ſame fire that doth me ſcorch
Manchegan Nero *of the world,*
Nor kindle 't with thy cruelty.

Young I am, a tender chicke,
Not yet my age is paſt fifteene,
Fourteene am I, three moneths more
I ſweare to thee in Conſcience.

I doe not limpe, I am not lame,
Nothing about me maim'd;
And my Lookes like Lillies are
That doe dragge vpon the ground.

And although my mouth be wide,
Yet my noſe is ſomething flat,
And my teeth are Topaces:
Beauty lifts me to the clowds.

My voice you ſee, if that you harke,
To the ſweeteſt equall is,

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And my disposition too,
Lesse then reasonable is.

These and other graces more,
Of thy Quiuer are the spoiles,
Of this house I Damzell am,
And Altisidora *call'd.*

Here the sore wounded *Altisidora* ended her song, and the fright of the required *Don Quixote* began, who fetching a deepe sigh, said within himselfe, That I must be so vnhappy an Errant, that no Damozell that sees me, but is enamoured on mee? that, *Dulcinea del Toboso* should be so vnfortunate, that they will not let her alone enioy my incomparable firmenesse? Queens, What meane you toward her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damozels of fourteene or fifteene yeeres, why doe you baite her? Leaue, leaue the poore creature, let her triumph, ioy, and reioyce, with the lot that Loue gaue her, in yeelding her my heart, and deliuering her my soule. Look, ye enamoured troop, for *Dulcinea* onely am I of paste and sugar-pellets, and for all else of Flint; for her I am hony, for you bitter Aloes: *Dulcinea* only is to me, faire, discreet, honest, gallant, well-born; and others, foule, foolish, light, and worse-borne. Nature threw mee into the world to bee onely hers, and no-bodies else: let *Altisidora* weepe or sing, [a] let the Lady despaire for whom I was banged in the Castle of the Enchanted Moore; for sod or roasted, I am *Dulcinea's*, cleane, well-nurtured and honest, in spight of all the power full witch-crafts of the earth: and with this he clapt to the window sodainely, and all angry and despiteous, as if some disgrace had befalne him, hee got him to bed: where for the present we will leaue him, for the Grand *Sancho Panza* calls vpon vs, who meanes to begin his famous Gouernment.

[a] His aduenture in the first part with the Carrier & *Moritornes* in the Vente.

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CHAP. XLV.

How the Grand Sancho Panſa *tooke poſſeſsion of his Iland, and the manner of his beginning to gouerne.*

O Perpetuall diſcouerer of the Antipodes, Torch to the world, Eye of Heauen, ſweet ſtirrer of wine-cooling veſſels, one while *Titan*, another *Phœbus*, ſometimes an Archer, other-whiles a Phyſician, Father of Poeſie, Inuenter of Muſicke, thou that alwaies riſeſt, and (though it ſeemes ſo) yet neuer ſetteſt. To thee I ſpeake, O Sunne, by which man begets man: to thee I ſpeake, helpe me, and lighten my obſcure wit, that I may punctually rnnne thorow the narration of the Grand *Sancho Panſa's* Gouernment; for without thee I am dull, vnmolded, and confuſed. I proceed then thus:

Sancho with all his troope came to a Towne, which had in it about a thouſand Inhabitants, which was one of the beſt the Duke had, they told him the Iland was called *Barataria*, eyther becauſe the town was called *Barataria*, or elſe becauſe he had obtained his Gouernment ſo cheap. When he came to the Towne-gates (for it was walled) the Officers came out to welcome him, the bells rung, and all the Inhabitants made ſhew of a generall gladneſſe, and they carried him in great pompe to the high Church, to giue God thankes: and ſtraight after ſome ridiculous ceremonies, they deliuered him the keyes, and admitted him for perpetuall Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*. His apparell, his beard, his fatneſſe, and the ſhortneſſe of this new Gouernour, made all the people admire, that knew not the ligge of the matter, and thoſe alſo that knew it, which were many.

Finally, when he came out of the Church, they carried him to the Iudgement ſeat, and ſeated him in it, and the Dukes Steward told him, It is an olde cuſtome, Sir Gouernour, in this Iland, that he that comes to take poſſeſſion of this famous Iland, muſt anſwer to a queſtion that ſhall be asked him, that muſt be ſomewhat hard and intricate, by whoſe anſwere the Towne gheſſeth and taketh the pulſe of their new Gouernours capacity, and accordingly,

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cordingly, is either glad, or sorry at his comming.

Whilst the Steward said this to *Sancho*, he was looking vpon certaine great Letters that were written vpon the wall ouer-against his seat, and because he himselfe could not reade, hee asked what painting that was in the wall? It was answered him: Sir, the day is set downe there in which your Honor tooke possession of this Iland, and the Epitaph saies thus, *This day, such a day of the Moneth and Yeere, Signior Don Sancho Pansa tooke possession of this Iland, long may hee enioy it.* And whom call they *Don Sancho Pansa*, said *Sancho*? Your Honor (quoth the Steward:) for no other *Pansa* hath come into this Iland, but he that is seated in that seat. Well, marke you, Brother, quoth *Sancho*, there belongs no *Don* to mee, neyther euer was there any in all my Linage, I am plaine *Sancho*, my Father was called *Sancho*, my Grandfather and all were *Pansa's*, without any additions of *Dons* or *Donnas*, and I beleeue this Iland is as full of *Dons*, as stones: but 'tis enough, God knowes my meaning, and perhaps, if my Gouernment last but foure daies to an end, Ile weed out these *Dons*, that with their multiplicity doe weary and trouble like *Mosquitos*. On with your question, Master Steward, Ile answer you as well as I can, let the towne be sorry or not sorry.

At this instant two men came into the iudgement-place; the one clad like a husbandman, and the other like a Taylor, hauing sheeres in his hand; the Taylor sayd, Sir Gouernor, I and this Husbandman are come before you for this cause: This honest man came yesterday to my shop, and I, sauing your reuerence, am a Taylor, and a free-man, God be thanked, and shewing mee a piece of cloth, asked mee; Sir, will there bee enough heere to make me a Capouche? I measuring the cloth, answered him, Yes: hee thought as I did, and I thought true, that I would steale some of his cloth, being maliciously bent, and out of the ill opinion he had of Taylors: and hee replied againe, that I should tell if there were enough to make two: I smelt his drift, and told him, I; and my Gallant in his first knauish intention, went adding more Capouches, and I answered with more yes-ses, till we came to fiue, and euen now hee came for them, I giue them him, but he will not pay me for the

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making,

making, rather he demands that I pay him, or returne him his cloth. Is it true this (quoth *Sancho*)? Yes, said the fellow; but pray, Sir, let him shew his fiue Capouches that hee hath made me. With a very good will, (quoth the Taylor:) and incontinently taking his hand from vnder his cloake, hee shewed fiue Capouches in it, vpon each finger one, and said; Behold heere the fiue Capouches that this man would haue me make, and in my soule and conscience I haue not a iot of cloth left, as any workeman shall iudge.

All the by-standers laughed at the number of the Capouches, and the strange contention. *Sancho*, after a little consideration, said; Me thinkes, in this suit there need no delayes, but a quicke and plaine iudgement; My sentence therefore is, that the Taylor lose his labour, and the Husbandman his cloth, and that the Capouches be carried to the poore in the prison, without any more adoe.

If the sentence that passed of the Grazier bredde admiration in the by-standers, this moou'd them to laughter; but what the Gouernour commanded, was fulfilled: before whom, two ancient men were now presented; the one had a hollow Cane, in stead of a staffe, the other had none; hee without the staffe, said, Sir, I lent this honest man long since, tenne Crownes in good Gold, to doo him a kindnesse: I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me, then hee had to borrow them of mee; but because I saw him carelesse of the payment, I haue asked him more then once or twice for my money, which hee not onely doth not returne me, but denies, and sayes, hee neuer receiued the tenne Crownes I lent him, or that if I did lend them him, he hath payd me: I haue no witnesses, neyther of the lending, or of the payment: I pray, Sir, will you take his Oath? and if he will sweare that hee hath payd mee, I giue him an acquittance from henceforth, and before God. What say you to this, honest olde man with the staffe (quoth *Sancho*?) Sir, I confesse that hee lent them mee, and [a] hold downe your rodde, and since he will haue mee sweare, I will, that I haue payd him really and truely. The Gouernour held out his rod, and in the meane time, he with the

[a] The custome in Spaine being, that hee who is to sweare, makes a crosse ouer the rod of Iustice.

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the ſtaffe, gaue it to the other old man to hold, whileſt hee was to ſweare, as if it had hindred him: ſo with his hand he made a croſſe ouer the rod of Iuſtice, ſaying, Twas true that he had lent him the ten crownes that he demanded; but that hee had truely reſtored them to him againe, and that his forgetting of it, made him continually demand them. Which when the Grand Gouernour ſaw, hee asked the Creditor what hee could ſay againſt his Aduerſary? He ſaid, that ſurely his debter ſaid true, for hee held him to be an honeſt man, and a good Chriſtian, and that it might be he had forgotten, how or when he payd him, and that from henceforward hee would neuer demand him ought. The debtor tooke his ſtaffe againe, and making an obeyſance, was going out of the iudgement place: Which when *Sancho* ſaw, and that he was going without any more adoe, and ſeeing likewiſe the others patience, hee nodded with his head on his breſt, and clapt the Index of his right hand, vpon his noſe & eye-browes, and a pretty while was as it were conſidering, and by and by lifted vp his head, and commanded that the olde man with the ſtaffe ſhould be brought to him: and *Sancho* ſeeing him, ſaid, Honeſt man, giue me that ſtaffe; for I haue vſe for it. With a very good will, quoth the olde man; heere tis, Sir, and gaue it him. *Sancho* tooke it, and giuing it to the other olde man, ſayd, Goe on Gods name, now you are payd. I Sir, ſaid the old man? why, can this Cane be worth ten crownes? Yes, ſaid the Gouernour, or elſe I am the verieſt block-head in the world: and now you ſhall ſee whether I haue a braine or no to gouerne a vvhole kingdome: ſo hee commanded that before them all the Cane ſhould be broken, which was done, and in the midſt of it, they found the ten crownes.

All of them admired at this, and held their Gouernour for a ſecond *Salomon*. They asked him, how hee gathered that the ten crownes was in the Cane? He anſwered, That becauſe hee ſaw the old man that was to ſweare, giue his Aduerſary the ſtaffe whileſt he tooke his oath, and that hee ſwore he had giuen him the money truely and really; and that when he had ended his oath, he demanded his ſtaffe of him againe, it came into his imagination, that within it the money was hidden: whereby it may

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be collected, that although many Gouernours are ſtarke Aſſes, yet ſometimes it pleaſeth God to direct them in their Iudgements; for beſides, hee had heard the Vicar of his pariſh tell of ſuch an accident as this, and that he had a ſpeciall memory, for if it were not for forgetting all he deſired to remember, there were not ſuch a memory in the whole Iland.

At laſt one of the old men aſhamed, and the other payd his money, they departed, and thoſe that were preſent, were aſtoniſht; and he that wrote downe *Sancho's* words, deeds, and behauiour, could not reſolue, whether he ſhould ſet him downe, A foole or a wiſe-man.

As ſoone as this ſute was ended, there came a woman into the place of iudgement, laying hold ſtrongly on a man clad to ſee to, like a rich Grazier, who came crying aloud, and ſaying, Iuſtice, Lord Gouernour, Iuſtice, and if I haue it not on earth, I will ſeeke it in heauen. Sweet Gouernour, this wicked man met me on the high way, and hath abuſed my body, as if it had beene an vnwaſhed ragge; and, vnhappy that I am, he hath gotten that, that I haue kept theſe three and twenty yeeres, defending it from Moores and Chriſtians, from home-bred ones and ſtrangers; I haue beene as hard as a Corke-tree, and kept my ſelfe as entire as the Salamander in the fire, or as the wooll amongſt the Briars, and this man muſt come now with a vvaſht hand and handle mee. This is to be tried yet (quoth *Sancho*) whether this gallants hands be waſht or no; and turning to the fellow, he ſaid, What anſwer you to yonder womans complaint? who all in a fright anſwered: Sir (quoth he) I am a poor Grazier, and deale in ſwine, and this morning I went (with pardon be it ſpoken) from this towne to ſell foure hogges, and the tallage and other fees coſt me little leſſe then they were worth: as I went homeward, by the way I met with this good Matron, & the Deuill the Author of all miſchiefe, yoak'd vs together: I gaue her ſufficient pay, but ſhe not ſatisfied, lay'd hold on me, and would not let me goe till ſhee had brought mee hither: ſhe ſayes that I forced her, and I ſweare ſhe lies, and this is true euery iot of it. Then the Gouernour asked him, if he had any mony about him? who anſwered him, Yes; that he had in a lethern purſe in his boſome,

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some, some twenty Crownes in siluer. He commanded him to take it out, & to deliuer it iust as it was to the plaintife; which he did trembling: the woman receiu'd it, and making a thousand Moorish ducks to the company, & praying to God for the Gouernors life and health, that was so charitable to poore Orphans & Maidens, she went out frō the place of Iudgement, laying fast hold with both her hands on the purse, though first she looked whether twere siluer within or no. She was scarce gone, when *Sancho* said to the Grazier, that had teares standing in his eyes, & his heart going after his purse; Honest fellow, run after yonder woman, and take her purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither. He spoke not to a foole or a deafe man, for straight he parted like lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All that were present were in suspence, & expectation of the end of that suite, and a little after, both man and woman returned together, more fastned and clung together then formerly, she with her coat vp, and her purse in her lappe, and he striuing to get it from her, which was not possible, she did so resist, crying out and saying, Iustice of God & the world: looke you, Sir Gouernour, marke the little shame or feare of this desperate man, that in the middest of a congregation, and in the midst of a street, would take away my purse that you commanded him to giue me.

And hath he got it, said the Gouernor? Got it (said she?) I had rather lose my life then the purse. I were a pretty childe y faith then; you must set other manner of Coltes vpon mee then this poore nasty sneake-vp: Pincers, hammers, beetles, scraping tooles, shall not get it out of my clawes, out of my Lyons pawes; they shall rather get one halfe of my soule out of my flesh. Shee sayes right (quoth the fellow) I yeeld to her, I haue no more power, I confesse my force is not sufficient to take it away.

Then said the Gouernour to the woman; You, honesty, Virago, giue me that purse hither: which shee did: and the Gouernor restored it againe to the man, & said to the forcible woman, but not forced, Do you heare, sister? if you had shewed but halfe your valor & breath to defend your body, that you did for your purse, *Hercules* his force could not haue forced you: get you gon

with

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with a Pox; come not into this Iland, nor in sixe Leagues round about it, on paine of two hundreth lashes: get you gone straight (I say) make-bate, shamelesse coozener: the woman was affrighted, and away she went like a sheepe-biter, and melancholy, and the Gouernour said to the man, Honest fellow, get you home on Gods name with your money, and henceforward if you meane not to lose it, pray haue no minde to yoake with any body. The man as clownishly as he could, thanked him, and went his way: the by-standers admired afresh at the iudgement, and sentences of their new Gouernour. All which noted by his Chronicliſt, was straight written to the Duke, that with much desire expected it. And leaue we honest *Sancho* here: for his Master hastens vs now, that was all in a hurly-burly with *Altisidora's* Musick.

CHAP. XLVI.

Of the fearefull Low-Bell-Cally horrour, that Don Quixote *receiued in Processe of his Loue, by the enamoured* Altisidora.

WE left the Grand *Don Quixote* enueloped in the imaginations, which the Musicke of the enamoured Damozell *Altisidora* had caused in him: to bed hee went with them, and as if they had beene Fleas; they gaue him no rest or quiet, and to these were added those of his corne Stockings: but as time is swift, and no stumbling blocke will stay him, he went on horse-backe on the houres, and the morning came on speedily. Which when *Don Quixote* saw, hee left his soft bed, and nothing lazie, put on his Chamoized apparell and his Boores, to hide the hole of his Stockings; he cast his Scarlet Mantle vpon him, and put on his head his hunters Cap of green Velure, laced with siluer Lace, his Belt he hung at his shoulder, with his trusty cutting Blade, hee layd hold on a Rosary which he vsed still to carry with him; and with goodly representation and gate, he went towards an out-roome, where the Duke and Duchesse were ready drest, and as it were expecting him: and as

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he

he was to passe thorow a Gallery, *Altisidora* and the other Damozell her friend, were greedily expecting him: And as soone as *Altisidora* saw him, shee fained a swounding; and her friend got her into her lappe, and in all haste went to vnlace her.

Don Quixote that saw it, comming neere them, said, Now I know from whence these fits proceed.

I know not from whence (said her friend) for *Altisidora* is the healthiest Damozell in all this house, and I neuer perceiued so much as a sigh from her, since I haue knowne her: a mischiefe on all Knights Errant in the world, if all be so vngratefull: pray Signior *Don Quixote*, get you gone; for as long as you are here, this poore Wench will not come to her selfe.

To which said *Don Quixote*, Get me, Mistris, a Lute into my Chamber soone at night, and Ile comfort this afflicted Damozell as well as I can: for in amorous beginnings plaine dealing is the most approoued remedy; so he went away, becausse they that passed by, should not note or obserue him: he was no sooner gone, when the dismayed *Altisidora* comming to her selfe, said to her cõpanion, By all meanes let him haue the Lute: for vndoubtedly *Don Quixote* will giue vs Musicke, and being his, it cannot bee bad.

Straight they went to let the Ducheſſe know what passed, and of the Lute that *Don Quixote* required: and she iocund aboue measure, plotted with the Duke and her Damozels, to play a trick with him that should be more pleasant then hurtful; and so with much longing they expected till it should be night, which came on speedily as the day had done, wch the Dukes passed in sauoury discourse with *Don Quixote*: and that day the Ducheſſe indeed dispatcht a Page of hers, that in the wood acted the enchanted *Dulcinea's* part, to *Tereſa Panſa*, with her Husband *Sancho's* Letter, and with the bundle of stuffe that he had left to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true Relation of all that he passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleuen of the clocke at night, *Don Quixote* found a Vyoll in his Chamber: hee tuned it, opened the window, and heard people walke in the Garden, and

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and hauing runne ouer the frets of the Violl, and ordering it as well as he could, he ſpit and cleared his breſt, and ſtraight vvith a voyce ſomewhat hoarceiſh, though tuneable, he ſung the enſuing Romant, which the ſame day he had compoſed.

[a] *The powerfull force of Loue*
Oft doth vnhindge the ſoule,
Taking for his Inſtrument
Euer careleſſe Idleneſſe.

To vſe to ſow and worke,
And to be euer occupied,
Is the onely Antidote
Gainſt the poyſon of Loues griefes.

Damzels that liue retir'd,
With deſire of marriage,
Honeſty their portion is,
And the Trumpet of their praiſe.

They that Knights Errant be,
They that in Court doe liue
Court the looſer ſort of maides,
And the honeſt make their wiues.

Some Loues are of the Eaſt,
Loues that are held with Oaſteſſes,
That ſtraight ſet in the Weſts
End when the parting is.

The Loue that new come is,
Comes to day, to morrow parts,

[a] These verſes & the former of *Altiſidora*, are made to bee ſcuruy on purpoſe by the Author, fitting the occaſions and the ſubiects, ſo he obſerues neyther verſe nor rime.

Neuer

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Neuer leaues the Images,
In the ſoules imprinted well.

Picture vpon picture drawne,
Shewes not well, nay leaues no draught;
Where a former beauty is,
Second needs muſt loſe the tricke.

Painted, Dulcinea, *I,*
Del Toboſo, *ſo well haue*
In ſmooth Tablet of my ſoule,
That ther's nought can blot her out.

Conſtancie in Louers is
The part moſt to be eſteem'd;
For which loue doth miracles,
And doth raiſe vs vp aloft.

Here *Don Quixote* ended his Song, which was hearkened to by the Duke, Ducheſſe, *Altiſidora*, and almoſt all the folke of the Caſtle; when ſuddenly from the toppe of an open Turret, there fell heauily downe vpon *Don Quixotes* window, by the letting downe of a Cord, a great ſacke of Cats with little Low-bels tyed at their tayles, the noiſe of which was ſo great, and the mewing of the Cats, that although the Dukes were the inuenters of the Ieſt, yet they themſelues were euen affrighted, & *Don Quixote* was timorous and amazed: and ſuch was his ill lucke, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabbin, and leaping vp and downe on euery ſide, it ſeem'd to him that there were a Region of Diuels in his Chamber: they put out the Candles that were burning there, and now they ſought how to get out: the riſing and falling of the cord, at which the Low-bels were hanged, ceaſed not; and the moſt of the people in the Caſtle, that knew not the certaintie of the buſineſſe, were aſtoniſht.

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Don Quixote got him on his legges, and laying hold on his ſword, began to thruſt and ſlaſh at the window, crying out aloud: Auant, ye wicked Enchanters, auant, yee haggiſh ſcum; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, againſt whom your wicked plots cannot preuaile, or haue any power: and turning to the Cats that were in his Chamber, hee ſtrucke many blowes at them; they got to the Iron window, and there got out: but one of them that ſaw himſelfe ſo baited with *Don Quixotes* ſlaſhes, leapt vpon his face, and with his nayles and teeth, layd hold on his noſe with the pawe. *Don Quixote* roared out as lowd as hee could. Which when the Duke and Ducheſſe heard, and conſidering what it might bee, they ranne vp in all haſte to his Chamber, and opening it with a Maſter Key, they found the poore Knight ſtriuing with all his might, to vnroote the Cat from his face: they called for lights, and ſaw the vnequal Combate: The Duke came to part the fray, and *Don Quixote* cryed alowd, Let him alone, leaue mee hand to hand with this Diuell, this Witch, this Enchanter: for Ile make him know the difference betwixt me and him; and who *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is: but the Cat careleſſe of theſe threats, purred and held faſt.

But at length the Duke vnlooſed him, and flung him out of the window. *Don Quixotes* face was ſifted ouer, and his noſe was not very ſound; yet hee was very angry, that they would not let him finiſh the battell, that was ſo long drawne out betwixt him, and that curſed Enchanter. They made ſome oyle of Aparice to be brought, and *Altiſidora* her ſelfe with her faire hands bound vp the wounds; and laying to the cloathes, ſhe told him in his eare, All theſe mis-haps befall thee, flinty Knight, for the ſinne of thy hard-hearted obſtinacy: and God grant that *Sancho* thy Squire may forget to whip himſelfe, that thy beloued *Dulcinea* may ſtill be enchanted, neither maiſt thou enioy her, or come to her bed, at leaſt whilſt I liue, that adore thee.

To all this *Don Quixote* anſwered not a word; but fetcht a deepe ſigh, and ſtraight layd him downe on his bed, thanking the Dukes for their courteſie; not for that he was afraid of that

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Cat-

Cattish-Low-Belly Enchanting crue: but that hee was perswaded of their goodwils to come to retire him.

The Dukes left him to his rest, and went away sorrowfull for the ill successe of the iest; for they thought that Aduenture would not haue lighted so heauily on *Don Quixote*, which cost him fiue dayes retirement and keeping his bed, where another Aduenture befell him more pleasing then the former, which the Historian will not recount yet, because of repayring to *Sancho Pansa*, that was very carefull and conceited in his Gouernment.

CHAP. XLVII.

How Sancho *demeaned himselfe in his Gouernment.*

THe Story tels vs, that *Sancho* from the Iudgement Seat was carried to a sumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall was spred a Royall and plentifull Table: the winde-Musick played, and foure Pages came in to minister water to him, which he vsed with much state: the winde-Instruments ceased, and *Sancho* sate him downe at the vpper end of the Table, because there was no other seate, nor no other Napkin layd but that.

At his elbow there stood a certaine Personage, that after shewed to be a Physician, with a Whale-bone rod in his hand: then they tooke off a rich white Towell, which couered many sorts of fruits, and a great varietie of seuerall dishes of meates: One that serued to be a kinde of Student, said grace; and a Page put a laced Bib vnder *Sancho's* chinne: and another that playd the Caruers part, set a dish of fruit before him: but he had no sooner eaten a bit, when he with the rod touching the dish, it was very suddenly taken from before him: but the Caruer set another dish of meate before him. *Sancho* would haue tasted of it; but before he could touch it, he with the rodde was at it, and a Page set it away with as much celeritie as the fruit: which, when

when *Sancho* saw, he began to be in suspence, and beholding all that were by, asked if that meat were to be eaten like [a] your children Corall.

[a] Onely to be toucht, but not swallowed.

To which, he with the Rod made answere, It must bee eaten, Sir Gouernor (quoth he) according to the vse & custome of Gouernours in other Ilands. I, Sir, am a Physician, and am stipended in this Iland to bee so to the Gouernours of it: and I am much more carefull of their health, then of mine own; studying night & day, and weighing the complexion of the Gouernour, that I may hit the better vpon the curing him, whensoeuer hee falls sicke: and the principall thing I doe; is, to be present with him at meates, and to let him eate what I thinke fit for him, and to take away, what I imagine may doe him hurt, or bee naught for his stomake: and therefore I now commanded the dish of Fruit to be taken away, because it is too moyst; and the other dish, because it was too hote, and had much spice, that prouoked thirst; and he that drinkes much, kilies and consumes his *humidum radicale*, wherein life consists. So that (quoth *Sancho*) yon dish of Partridges there rosted, and in my opinion well seasoned, will doe me no hurt at all.

To which (said the Physician) You shall not eate of them, Sir, as long as I liue.

Why so (quoth *Sancho*?) the Physician answered, Because *Hypocrates* our Master, North-starre and light of Physick, sayes in an Aphorisme of his: *Omnis saturatio mala, Perdicis autem pessima*: the meaning is: All surfet is ill, but that of a Partridge is worst of all.

If it be so (quoth *Sancho*) pray see, Master Doctor, which of all these dishes will be most holesome for me, and doe mee least hurt, and let me eate of that, without banging of it with your Rod: for in good sadnesse, I tell you plaine, I am ready to dye with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, in spight of Master Doctor, let him say what he will, is rather to take away my life, then to increase it.

You say true, Sir Gouernour (quoth the Physician) and therfore my opinion is, that you touch not those boyld Conies, nor that Veale, for it is watrish meate: if it were roasted or powdred?

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dred? but twere much about one. Then (quoth *Sancho*) that great dish that stands fuming there before me, me thinkes 'tis an [b] *Olla Podrida*, and by reason of the diuersities of things it hath in it, I cannot but meet with something that will doe mee good. *Abst*, quoth the Physician, farre be such an ill thought from vs, quoth the Physician: there is nothing in the world that yvorse nourisheth then an *Olla Podrida*, fit only for your Prebends and Rectors of Colledges, or for your Country marriages: Let your Gouernours Tables be without them, and let them be furnished with all prime dainties and quaintnesse: And the reason is, because alwaies, and whersoeuer, and by whomsoeuer, your simple medicines are in more request then your compounds; because in simples there can be no error, in compounds there are many, altring the quantity of things of which they are composed, but that that I know is fit for the Gouernour to eat at present, to preserue his health, and corroborate it, is, some hundred of little hollow Wafers, and some pretty slice or two of Quince Mermelad, that may settle his stomacke, and help his digestion.

[b] A pot of all kinde of flesh sod together.

When *Sancho* heard this, hee leaned himselfe to the backe of his chaire, and by fits now and then looked at the Physician, and with a graue voyce, asked him his name, and where he had studied.

To which he answered, My name, Sir Gouernor, is Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agnero*, I was borne in a Towne called *Tirte a fuera*, which is betweene *Caraguel* and *Almodonar del Campo*, vpon the right hand, and I tooke my degree of Doctor in the Vniuersity of *Osuna*. To which (quoth *Sancho*) all enflamed with choller; Well, Master Doctor *Pedro Rezio* of *Agnero*, borne at *Tirte a fuera*, a towne on the right hand as we goe from *Caraguel* to *Almodonar del Campo*, Graduated in *Osuna*, get you strait out of my sight, or I vow by the Sunne, Ile get me a cudgell, and with bangs begin with you, and so forward, till I leaue not a Physician in all the Iland, at least such as I know to bee ignorant; for your wise, prudent, & discreet Physicians, I will hug them, and honor them as Diuine persons. I say againe, *Pedro Rezio*, get you gone, or else Ile take the chaire I sit vpon, and dash it vpon your head, and let me be called in question for it, when

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when I giue vp my Office; for I can discharge my selfe, by saying that I did God seruice to kill such a Physician, the commonwealths hang-man: and let me eat, or else take your Gouerument againe; for an Office that will not afford a man his victuals, is not worth two Beanes.

The Doctor was in an vprore to see the Gouernor so cholerike, & would haue gone out of the Hall, but that at that instant a posting-horne sounded in the street, and the Caruer peeping out of the window, turned backe, saying; A Post is come from my Lord the Duke, that brings some important dispatch. The Post came straight in, sweating and amazed, and drawing a Packet out of his bosome, he deliuered it to the Gouernor. *Sancho* gaue it to the Steward, and bade him read the superscription, which was this, *To Don Sancho Pansa*, Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*, to his owne hands, or to his Secretary. Which when *Sancho* heard, he said, Who is here my Secretary? and one that was by, answered, I, Sir: for I can write and reade, for I am a Biscayner. With that addition, quoth *Sancho*, you may well be Secretary to the Emperour himselfe; open your Packet, and let's heere the Contents.

The new-borne Secretary did so, & hauing viewed the Contents, said, that it was a businesse to be imparted in priuate. *Sancho* commanded those in the Presence to auoid, and onely the Steward and the Caruer to remaine, and the rest, with the Physician went out, and presently the Secretary read the Letter following,

I am giuen to vnderstand, Signior *Don Sancho Pansa*, that certaine enemies of mine, and of that Iland, meane one of these nights to giue it a furious assault: twere fit you caused watch & ward to be kept, that they take you not vnprouided: I know also by faithfull spies, that foure persons haue entred there the Iland disguised to kill you; for they stand much in awe of your abilities: haue a care to see who comes to speake to you, and eat of nothing that shall be presented vnto you; I will be carefull to send you ayd, if you be in necessity, and in the rest I hope you will proceed, as is expected from your vnderstanding. From hence, the 4. of *August*, at foure of the clocke in the morning.

Your friend, *The Duke*.

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Sancho was astonisht, and the standers by seemed to be no otherwise; and turning to the Steward, he said, Ile tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently; Clappe mee Doctor *Rezio* into dungeon; for if any body kill me, it is hee, and with so vile and triuiall a death as hunger: Me thinks too, said the Caruer, you should doe well to eat nothing of all this meat vpon the Table; for this dinner was presented by Nunnes, and it is an olde saying, The neerer the Church, the farther from God. I grant ye so (quoth *Sancho*) and therefore for the present giue me only a piece of bread, and some foure pound of grapes; for in them there can be no poyson, and indeed I cannot liue without eating: for if we must prouide our selues for these wars that threaten vs, twere fit to be well victualled; for the guts vphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, Secretary, answere my Lord the Duke, tell him that his commands shall be fulfilled most punctually: and commend mee to the Duchesse, and say that I request her, that she forget not to send my letter by a speciall messenger, and likewise the fardell to my wife *Teresa Pansa*, and in it shee shall doe mee a particular fauour, and I will bee carefull to serue her to the vttermost of my power: And by the way you may clappe in a commendation to my Master, Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may see I am thankefull for his bread; and you like a good Secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the rest adde what you will, or shall thinke fitting. And take away here, and yet leaue me something to eat, and let these Spies, these Murderers and Enchanters come vpon me and my Island, Ile deale with them well enough.

And now a Page came in, saying, Heere's a Husbandman, a suiter that would speake with your Honor in a businesse of importance (as hee sayes.) Tis a strange thing of these suiters (quoth *Sancho*) Is it possible they should be so foolish as not to perceiue that these be not times for them to negotiate in? belike, we that gouerne, wee that are Iudges, are not men of flesh and bloud: and is it not fit that we should ease our selues, when necessity requires, except they thinke wee should be made of marble? Verily, and in my Conscience if my Gouernment last, (as I haue a glimmering it will not) Ile lay one of these fellowes

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vp for it. Well, bid this honeſt fellow come in for this once; but ſee firſt that hee be none of the Spies, or any of my murderers: No, Sir (quoth the Page) for he is a very dull ſoule to ſee to, eyther I know little, or he hath no more harme then a piece of good bread. There's no fearing him (ſaid the Steward) for wee all are heere.

Caruer (quoth *Sancho*) were it not poſſible, now that Doctor *Rezio* is not here, that I might eat a bit of ſome ſubſtantiall meat, though 'twere but a cruſt and an Onion? To night at Supper (quoth the Caruer) your dinner ſhall bee amended, and your Honor ſhall be ſatisfied. God grant it (quoth *Sancho*) and now the Husbandman came in, one of a very goodly preſence, and that you might ſee a thouſand miles off, was a good hurtleſſe ſoule. The firſt thing that he ſaid, was, Which is my Lord the Gouernour? Who ſhould it be (quoth the Secretary) but he that ſits there in the Chayre? I humble my ſelfe to his Preſence then (quoth the Husbandman) and kneeling on his knees, deſired his hand to kiſſe. *Sancho* denied it, and commanded him to riſe, and to ſay what he would haue. The Husbandman did ſo, and ſaid;

I, Sir, am a Husbandman, borne in *Miguel Turra*, a towne ſome two leagues from *Cindarcal*. Here's another *Tirte afuera*, quoth *Sancho*: Say on brother, for let mee tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not farre from my towne. The buſineſs, Sir, is this, quoth the Husbandman; I by Gods bleſſing, & the full conſent of the Catholike Romane Church, am married, haue two ſonnes that be Students; the yongeſt ſtudies to be Bachelor, and the eldeſt to be Maſter. I am a Widdower, for my wife died, or to ſay truſier, a wicked Phyſician killed her, that purged her when ſhe was great with childe: and if it had pleaſed God that ſhe had beene deliuered, and it had beene a ſonne, I would haue ſet him to ſtudy to haue beene Doctor, that hee might not haue enuied his brothers, the Bachelor and Maſter. So that (quoth *Sancho*) if your wife had not beene dead, or if they had not killed her, you had not now beene a Widdower? No, Sir, by no meanes (quoth the Husbandman.) We are much the neerer (quoth *Sancho*:) forward, brother, tis time to ſleepe, haue you any more to ſay? I ſay (quoth the Husbandman) that my

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my ſonne that was to be the Bachelor, fell in loue in the ſame town with a Maiden, called *Clara Perlerina*, daughter to *Andrew Perlerina* a rich Farmer: & this name of *Perlerina's* comes not to them by any off-ſpring or diſcent, but that all of this race and name are *Palſigiſte*, and to better the name, they were called *Perlerina's*; and indeed, the maide is as faire as an Orientall Pearle: and looking vpon her right ſide, ſhe is like a flower in the field, but on her left, otherwiſe; for there ſhee vvants an eye, that flew out of her head vvith the ſmall pockes: and though ſhee haue many holes left ſtill in her face, many ſay that loue her vvell, that thoſe are not holes, but graues vvhere her Louers ſoules are buried.

Shee is ſo cleanely, that becauſe ſhee vvill not bewray her face, ſhee weares her noſe (as you would ſay) tucked vp, as if it fledde from her mouth, and for all that, it becomes her paſſing vvell; for ſhee hath a vvide mouth: and vvere it not that ſhe vvanted tenne or twelue teeth and her grinders, ſhee might paſſe, and ſet a marke for the vvell-fauouredſt to come to. For her lippes I ſay nothing, for they are ſo thinne and delicate, that if they did vſe to reele lippes, they might make a skeine of hers: but becauſe they are of a more different colour then vve ſee ordinarily in lippes, they are miraculous; for they are Iaſpered vvith blue and greene, and *Berengena*-coloured, and vnder correction, Sir Gouernour, ſince I paint out the parts of her that I meane to make my daughter ſo exactly, it is a ſigne I loue her, and that I doe not diſlike her.

Paint vvhat you will (quoth *Sancho*) for I recreate my ſelfe with the painting: and if I had dined, there were no better diſh of fruit to me then your picture.

I humbly thanke you, ſir, for that (quoth the Husbandman:) but time will come that I may be thankefull, if I be not now, and if I ſhould paint out to you her gentleneſſe, and the height of her body, 'twould admire you: but that cannot be, for ſhe is crooked, her knees and her mouth meet, and for all that 'tis well ſeene, that if ſhee could ſtand vpright, ſhee would touch the roofe with her head, and long ere this, ſhee would haue

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giuen

giuen her hand to my ſonne to be his ſpouſe, but that ſhee cannot ſtretch it out, tis ſo knotted and crumpled vp; for all that her goodneſſe and good ſhape appears in her long and guttured nailes.

Tis very well (quoth *Sancho*) and make account, Brother, that now you haue painted her from head to foot. What would you now? come to the matter without fetches, or lanes, or digreſſions, or additions. I would deſire you (quoth the Huſbandman) to giue me a Letter of fauour to my brother by marriage, her father; to deſire him to conſent that this mariage may goe forward, ſince our fortunes be equall and our births; for to ſay true, Sir Gouernour, my ſonne is poſſeſſed with the Deuill, and there's not a day paſſeth, but the wicked ſpirits torment him, and once falling in the fire, hath made his face as wrinkled as a piece of parchment, and his eyes are ſomewhat bleered and running, and hee is as ſoft conditioned as an Angell; for if it were not for buffeting of himſelfe now and then, he were a very Saint.

Will you any thing elſe, honeſt friend, quoth *Sancho*? One thing more (quoth he) but that I dare not tell it; but let it out, it ſhall not rotte in my breſt, ſpeed how it will. I deſire, Sir, that you would giue me three hundred, or ſixe hundred Dukats to helpe my Bachelors portion, I meane to helpe him to furniſh his houſe, for they will liue by themſelues, without being ſubiect to the impertinencies of fathers in Lawes.

Will you haue any thing elſe (quoth *Sancho*?) and be not abaſhed or aſhamed to tell it. No truly (quoth the Husbandman:) and he had ſcarce ſayd this, when the Gouernor riſing vp, layd hold on the chayre that he ſate on, ſaying; I vow to you, goodman ſplay-foot, vnmannerly clown, if you go not ſtrait & hide your ſelfe out of my preſence, Ile breake your head vvith this chayre here, ye whoor-ſon Raſcall, the Deuils painter: commeſt thou at this time of day to aske mee ſixe hundred Ducats? and where haue I them, ſtinkard? and if I had them, why ſhould I giue them thee, ſottiſh knaue? What a poxe care I for *Miguel Turra*, or all the linage of the *Perlerinas*? Get thee out of my ſight, or I ſweare by my Lord the Dukes life, that Ile doe as I

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haue

haue ſaid, Thou art not of *Miguel Turra*, but ſome crafty knaue, ſent from hell to tempt me: Tell me, deſperate man! 'tis not yet a day and a halfe ſince I came to the Gouernment: how wouldſt thou haue mee haue ſixe hundreth Ducats? The Caruer made ſignes to the Husbandman, to get him out of the Hall; who did ſo like a ſheepe-byter, and to ſee to very fearefull, leſt the Gouernour ſhould execute his choller on him: for the cunning knaue very wel knew what belonged to his part: but leaue we *Sancho* to his choller, and peace be in the Quire, and returne we to *Don Quixote*; for we left his face bound vp, and dreſſed for his Cattiſh wounds, of which hee was not ſound in eight daies: in one of which this befel him, that *Cid Hamete* promiſeth to recount with all the punctualitie, & truth that he vſually doth in the moſt triuiall matters of this Hiſtory.

CHAP. XLVIII.

What hapned to Don Quixote *with* Donna Rodriguez, *the Ducheſſes Waiting-woman; with other ſucceſſes, worthy to bee written, and had in eternall remembrance.*

THe ill-wounded *Don Quixote* was exceeding muſty and melancholy, with his face bound vp, and ſcarred not by the hand of God, but by the nayles of a Cat (misfortunes annexed to Knight Errantry) ſixe dayes paſt ere hee came abroad: in one of which, in a night, when he was awake and vvatching, thinking vpon his mis-haps, and his being perſecuted by *Altiſidora*, he perceiued that ſomebody opened his Chamber doore with a Key; and ſtraight he imagined that the inamored Damozell came to ſet vpon his honeſtie, and to put him to the hazzard of forgoing his loyaltie due to his Miſtris *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. No ſaid he, beleeuing in his imagination, & this ſo lowd that he might eaſily bee heard) no beauty in the world ſhall make mee leaue her that is graued and ſtamped in the midſt of my heart, and in my innermoſt entrailes: be thou,

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Miſtris

Mistris mine, either transformed into an Onion-like husband-woman, or into a Nimph of the Golden *Tagus*, weauing webs made of silke and gold twist: be thou in *Merlins* power, or in *Montesino's* his, where ere they will haue thee: for whersoeuer thou art, thou art mine; and whersoeuer I am, I will be thine His speech ended, and the doore opened both together.

Vp he stood vpon the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt of yellow Sattin, a woollen cap vpon his head, his face and Mustachos bound vp: his face for his scratches; his Mustachos, because they should not dismay or fall downe: in which posture, hee lookt like the strangest apparition, that can bee imagined.

He nayled his very eyes vpon the doore: and whereas hee thought to haue seene the vanquished and pittifull *Altisidora* enter, he saw that it was a most reuerend Matron, with a long white gathered Stole, so long that it did couer and bemantle her from head to foot: betwixt her left hand fingers she had halfe a Candle lighted, and with her right hand shee shaddowed her selfe, to keepe the light from her eyes, which vvere hid vvith a great payre of spectacles: she came treading softly, and mouing her feet gently.

Don Quixote from his Watch-towre beheld her: and vvhen he saw her furniture, and noted her silence, hee thought it had beene some Hagge or Magician, which came in that shape to doe him some shrewd turne; and hee beganne apace to blesse himselfe.

The Vision came somewhat neerer: but being in the midst of the Chamber, she lifted vp her eyes, and saw with what haste *Don Quixote* was crossing himselfe: and if he were afraid to see such a shape, she was no lesse affrighted with his: for seeing him so lanke, and yellow in the quilt, and with the bends that dis-figured him, she cryed out, saying, Iesus, What's this? and with the sodaine fright, the Candle dropt out of her hand, and being in the darke, she turned her back to be gone; but for feare stumbled vpon her Coats, and had a sound fall.

Don Quixote timorous, began to say, I coniure thee, Apparition! Or whatso'ere thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what

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thou

thou wilt haue with me: If thou bee'ſt a ſoule in Purgatory, tell me, and I will doe what I am able for thee: for I am a Catholike Chriſtian, and loue to doe good to all the world: for, for this cauſe I tooke vpon me the order of Knight Errant, which I profeſſe (whoſe practice extends euen to doe good to the ſoules in Purgatorie.) The broken Matron that heard her ſelfe thus coniured, by her feare gheſſed at *Don Quixote*, and with a low and pitifull voice ſhe anſwered him, Signior *Don Quixote*, (if you be he I meane) I am no Apparition, nor Viſion, nor ſoule of Purgatory, as you haue thought: but *Donna Rodriguez*, my Lady the Ducheſſes honour'd Matron, that come to you vvith a caſe of neceſſitie of thoſe that you vſually giue redreſſe to.

Tell me, *Donna Rodriguez*, quoth *Don Quixote*, come you happely about ſome piece of brokage? For let me tell you, if you doe, ther's no good to bee done with mee for any body; thankes to the peereleſſe beauty of my Miſtris *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. So that let me tell you, *Donna Rodriguez*, ſetting aſide all amorous meſſages, you may goe light your Candle againe, and returne, and impart what you will command mee, and any thing you pleaſe, excepting I ſay, all kinde of inciting nicities. I Sir, meſſages from any body? You know not me, yfaith: I am not ſo ſtale yet, that I ſhould fall to thoſe trifles: for God bee praiſed, I haue life and fleſh, and all my teeth and my grinders in my mouth, except ſome few, that the Catarres which are ſo common in this countrey of *Aragon*, haue vſurped on: but ſtay a little, Sir, Ile goe out and light my Candle, and Ile come in an inſtant, and relate my griefes to you, as to the redreſſer of all ſuch like in the world: and ſo without ſtaying for an anſwere, ſhe left the roomes where *Don Quixote* remained ſtil and penſatiue expecting her: but ſtraight, a thouſand imaginations came into his minde touching this new Aduenture, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worſe imagined, to endanger the breach of his vowed loyaltie to his Miſtris, and ſaid to himſelfe, Who knowes whether the Diuell, that is ſo ſubtill and craftie, may deceiue me now with this Matron? which hee hath not beene able to doe with Empreſſes, Queenes, Ducheſſes, Marqueſſes: and I haue heard ſay often by many well experienced

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men,

men, that he will rather make a man ſinne with a foule, then a faire one: and who knowes whether this priuacie, this opportunitie and ſilence, may not awake my deſires now ſleeping? and that now in my old age I may fall, where I neuer ſtumbled in ſuch like chances? 'tis better fly, then try the combate: but ſure I am out of my wits, ſince I talke thus idlely; and ſure it is not poſſible, that a white-ſtoled lanke-ſpectacled Matron ſhould mooue or ſtirre vp a laſciuious thought in the vngodlieſt breſt in the world: Is there any Matron in the world that hath ſoft fleſh? Is there any that is not fooliſh, nice and coy? Auant then, you Matronly troopes, vnprofitable for mans delight.

How well did that Lady, of whom it was obſerued that ſhe had two Matrons Statue-wayes of wood, with their ſpectacles and Pin-pillowes at the end of her Seate of State, as if they had been at vvorke? and thoſe Statues ſerued as well to authorize her roome, as if they had beene reall Matrons. And this ſaid, he flung from the bed to haue ſhut the doore, and not haue let Miſtris *Rodriguez* come in: but as he was going to doe it, ſhe vvas come back with her Candle lighted of white Waxe: and when ſhe ſaw *Don Quixote* neere her, wrapped in his Quilt, his Bends, his woollen Cap, and a thicke cloth about his neck, ſhe began to feare againe: and ſtepping two or three ſteppes backward, ſhe asked, Am I ſafe, Sir Knight? For I hold it not a very honeſt ſigne that you are vp from your bed. Twere fit I asked that queſtion of you, quoth *Don Quixote*; and therefore let mee know, vvhether I ſhal be free from rauiſhing? By vvhom, quoth ſhe? By you (ſaid *Don Quixote*) for neither am I of Marble, or you of Braſſe; neither is it now ten a clocke at day time, but mid-night and ſomething more, as I thinke: and wee are in a more ſecret and cloſe couch, then the Caue, in vvhich the bold Traiterous *Æneas* enioyed the faire and pitying *Dido*: but giue me your hand, Miſtris, and Ile haue no other aſſurance, then mine owne continencie and warineſſe: and in ſaying this, hee kiſſed her right hand, and ſhe layd hold of his, which ſhee gaue him with the ſame ſolemnitie.

Here *Cid Hamete* makes a Parentheſis, and earneſtly proteſteth,

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resteth, he would haue giuen the best Coat he had, to haue seene them both goe so ioyned and linked from the Chamber doore to the bed.

In fine, *Don Quixote* vvent to his bed, and *Donna Rodriguez* sate downe in a Chaire a pretty vvay from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting downe the Candle.

Don Quixote crowded vp together, and couer'd himselfe all ouer, leauing nothing but his face vncouered: so both of them being quiet: the first that broke off their silence, was *Don Quixote*, saying, Now, Mistris *Rodriguez*, you may vnrip your selfe, and dis-maw all that you haue in your troubled heart, and grieued entrailes, which shall be heard by my chaste eares, and relieued with my pious vvorkes.

I beleeue no lesse, said the Matron: for from your gentle and pleasing presence, there could not bee but a Christian answere expected.

Thus then it is; Signior *Don Quixote*, that though you see me set in this Chaire, and in the midst of the Kingdome of *Aragon*, in the habit of a poore and way-beaten Matron; I vvas borne in the [a] *Asturias* and Kingdome of *Oniedo*, and of a linage allied to the best of that Prouince: but my hard fortune, and my fathers lauishing, that grew to be a Begger before his time (God knowes how) brought me to the Court at *Madrid*, vvhere very quietly, and to auoid other inconueniencies, my friends plac't mee to serue as a Chamber-maid to a worthy Lady: and though I say it, that for white-worke, hemming and stitching, I was neuer yet put downe in all my life. My friends left me at seruice, and returned homeward, and not long after went (in likelihood) to heauen, for they were wonderfull good Catholike Christians: thus was I an Orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and hard allowance, that at Court is giuen to such kinde of seruants: and at that time (I not giuing any occasion thereto) a Squire of the house fell in loue with me, somewhat an elderly man, bigge-bearded, and personable, and aboue all, as good a Gentleman as the King: for hee was of the mountaines; we kept not our loues so close; but that they came to my Ladies eares: who without any more a-

[a] A barren Mountainous countrey in Spaine, like our Wales.

doe.

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doe, with full consent of our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church, caused vs to be married, by which Matrimony to end my good fortune, if I had any; I had a Daughter, if I had any, I say it was ended, not that I dyed of childbed, for I miscarried not: but that my Husband not long after dyed of a fright he had, and had I time now to tell you of it, 'twould admire you: and with this, she began to weepe most tenderly, and said, Pardon me, Signior *Don Quixote*, for I cannot do withall; as often as I remember my vnfortunate husband, the teares trickle downe my eyes. Lord God! and how stately he would carry my Lady behinde him, vpon a lusty blacke Mule, as black as Ieat: for then they vsed no Coaches nor hand-Chaires, as now (they say they doe) and then Gentlewomen rode behind their Squires: and I cannot but tell you this Tale, that you may see the punctualnesse and good maners of my Husband.

As he was going in at Saint *Iaques* his street in *Madrid*, which was somewhat narrow, a Iudge of the Court, with two Sergeants before him, was comming out: and as soone as my honest Squire saw him, he turned his Mules reines, making shew as if he would waite vpon him: My Lady that rode behinde, asked him softly, What do'st thou, knaue? Do'st not see that I am heere? The Iudge very mannerly layd hold on his reine, and said, Keepe your way, Sir: for it were fitter for me to wait vpon my Lady, *Casilda*: for that was my Ladies name. Yet still my Husband was earnest with his Cap in his hand, and would haue waited on the Iudge: which when my Lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pulled out a great Pin; or rather, as I beleeue, a little Bodkin out of her Estoises, and thrust him into the rump; insomuch, that my Husband cryed out, and wriggling his body, my Lady and he came to the ground together.

Two of her Lackayes came to raise her; and the Iudge and the Sergeants likewise: the gate of *Guadalaxara* was in an vproare, I meane the idle people vp and downe there.

My Lady was faine to walke on foot, and my Husband got him to a Barbers house, saying, that he was runne quite thorow and thorow. This mannerlinesse of my Husbands, was bruted vp and downe; insomuch, that the very Boyes in the streets

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mocked

mocked him: so that for this, and because too he was somewhat pore-blind, my Lady the Duchesse turned him away: for griefe of which, I verily beleeue, he dyed, and I remained Widow, and succourlesse, with a childe to boote, that went on in increasing in beauty like the foame of the sea.

Finally, for as much as I had the report of an excellent Seamstresse, my Ladie the Duchesse that vvas newly married to my Lord the Duke, would needs bring mee with her here to this Kingdome of *Aragon* together with my Daughter; where in Processe of time shee grew vp, and with her all the prettinesse that could be: she sings like a Larke: she danceth in company as quick as thought, and alone, like a castaway, she writes & reads like a Schoolemaster, and casts account like a Vsurer: for her cleanlines, I say nothing, the water that runnes is not cleaner: and she is now (if I forget not) about sixteene yeeres old, fiue moneths, and three dayes, one or two more or lesse. In fine, a rich Farmers sonne fell in loue with my daughter, one that liueth in one of my Lord the Dukes Villages, not farre from hence: in effect I know not how: but they met, and vnder colour of marriage, he mocked my Daughter, and will not keepe his promise, and though the Duke know it: for I haue complained to him often of it, and beseeched him, to command the yong Farmer to marry my Daughter: but he hath a trades-mans eares, and will not heare mee: the reason is, because the coozening knaues father is rich, and lends him money, and lets him haue credit euery foote to goe on with his iuggling, and will by no meanes discontent or trouble him.

I beseech you, Sir, therefore, to take vpon you the redressing of this wrong, either by intreaties, or by force; since as all the world sayes, you were borne to right wrongs, and protect the needie; Consider that my Daughter is an Orphan; consider her gentlenesse, her youth, and al the good parts that I haue told you of: For in my soule & conscience, amongst all the Damozels that my Lady hath, there is none worthy to vntye her shoo: and one of them they call *Altisidora*, which is the lustiest and gallantest, in comparison of my daughter is no body. For let me tell you, Sir, All is not gold that glisters: for this *Altisidora* is

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more bold, then beauteous; more gamesome, then retired: besides, she is not very sound: for she hath a certain breath that annoyes, and you cannot endure her to stand by you a moment; and my Ladie the Duchesse too: but Mum: they say walls haue eares.

What ayles my Ladie Duchesse: by your life, Mistris *Rodriguez*? quoth *Don Quixote*, By that, said shee, I cannot but answere you with all truth.

Doe you marke, Sir, quoth she, that beauty of my Ladies, that smoothnesse of her face, that is like a polisht sword, those two cheekes of Milke and Vermillion, in one of which she hath the Sunne, in the other the Moone, and that state with which shee goes, trampling and despising the ground, as if shee went dealing of health vp and downe? Know, Sir, that first shee may thanke God for it: and next, two issues that she hath in both her legs, at which all the ill humour is let out, of which Physicians say she is full.

Saint *Mary*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and is it possible that my Ladie the Duchesse hath such out-lets? I should not haue beleeued it if bare-foot Fryers had told me so: but since *Donna Rodriguez* tels me, it is so: but from such issues, and such places, no ill humour, but liquid Amber is distilled. I now verily beleeue, that this making of issues is a thing very necessarie for the health.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* ended this speech, when at one pluck the Chamber doore was opened; and with the sodaine fright *Donna Rodriguez* Candle fell out of her hand, and the roome was as darke as Pitch, straight the Matron felt that they laid hands vpon her throat so hard, that they gaue her no time to yawle: and one of them very quickly lifting vp her Coats, with a Slipper (in likelihood) began to giue her so many ierkes, that 'twas pitie: and though *Don Quixote* had some compassion on her, yet he stirred not from his bed, and knew not what might be the matter: quiet was he, and silent; fearing lest the whipping task & tawing might light vpon him, & his feare was not needlesse: for when the silent executioners, had left the Matron well curried (who durst not cry out) they came to *Don Quixote*, and

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vnwrapping him from the Sheet and the Quilt, they pinched him so hard and so often, that hee could but goe to buffets to defend himselfe: and all this passed in admirable silence; the combate lasted some halfe an houre; the apparitions vanished; *Donna Rodriguez* tucked vp her Coats, and bewailing her mishap, got her out of the doore, not speaking a word to *Don Quixote*; who, heauy and all to bee pinched, sad and pensatiue, remained alone; where we will leaue him desirous to know, who was the peruerse Enchanter, that had so drest him: but that shall be told in due time. For *Sancho Pansa* calls vs, and the *Decorum* of this Historie.

CHAP. XLIX.

What hapned to Sancho *in walking the Round in his Iland.*

WEe left the famous Gouernour moodie and angry with the knauish Husbandman-painter: who, instructed by the Steward, and the Steward by the Duke; all made sport with *Sancho*: but he held them all tacke, though a Foole, a Dullard, and a blocke; and said to those about him, and to Doctor *Pedro Rezio*: for as soone as hee had ended the secret of the Dukes Letter, he came into the Hall againe.

Certainely (said he) I thinke now, Iudges and Gouernours had need bee made of Brasse, that they may haue no feeling of the importunities of suiters, that would that at all houres and all times they should giue them audience, and dispatch them, intending onely their businesse; let them haue neuer so much of their owne: and if the poore Iudge heare them not, or dispatch them not; either because he cannot, or because they come not in a fit time to haue audience; straight they back-bite and curse him, gnaw his bones, and vnbury his ancestors. Oh foolish Suter and idle, make not such haste: stay for a fit season and coniuncture to negotiate in, come not at dinner time, or bed time: for Iudges are flesh and bloud, and must satisfie nature, except it

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it be I, that giue my ſelfe nothing to eate, thankes to Maſter Doctor *Pedro Rezio Tirte a fuera* here preſent, that would haue me die for hunger, and yet ſtands in it, that this death is life: ſuch a life God grant him and all of his profeſſion: I meane ſuch ill Phyſicians; for the good deſerue Lawrell and Palme.

All that knew *Sancho*, admired him, when they heard him ſpeake ſo elegantly, and knew not to what they ſhould attribute it, except it were that Offices and great charges doe eyther ſeaſon the vnderſtanding, or altogether dull it.

Finally, the Doctor *Pedro Rezio Agnero de Tirte a fuera*, promiſed him he ſhould ſup that night, though he exceeded all *Hypocrates* his Aphoriſmes.

With this the Gouernour was well pleaſed, and very greedily expected the comming of the night and ſupper-time, and though time (as he thought) ſtood ſtill, not mouing a iot from his place, yet at length it came, ſo longed for by him; and hee had to ſupper a cold mince-meat of Beefe and Onions, with a Calues foot ſome-what ſtale, and fell to as contentedly, as if they had giuen him a God-wit of *Milan*, or a Pheaſant of *Rome*, or Veale of *Sorrentum*, or Partridges of *Moron*, or Geeſe of *Lanaxos*: and in the midſt of his Supper, he turned to the Doctor and ſaid, Looke ye, Maſter Doctor, hence-forward neuer care to giue me dainties, or exquiſite meates to eat; for you will plucke my ſtomacke quite off the hindges, which is vſed onely to Goat, Beefe and Bacon, Porke and Turneps, and Onions: and if you come to mee with your Court-diſhes, they make my ſtomacke ſqueamiſh, and many times I loath vm.

Caruer, let it be your care to prouide me a good *Olla podrida*, and the more *podrida* it is, the better, and more ſauourie; and in your *Olla's* you may boile and ballaſt in what you will, ſo it be victuals, and I will be mindfull of you, and make you amends one day: and let no man play the foole with me, for eyther wee are, or wee are not. Let's bee merry and wiſe when the Sunne ſhines, he ſhines vpon all: Ile Gouerne this Iland without looking my due, or taking Bribes; and therefore let all the world be watchfull, and looke to their bolt, for I giue vm to vnderſtand, there's rods in piſſe for them; and if they put mee to it,

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they

they shall see wonders: I, I, couer your selues with hony, and you shall see the flies will eat you.

Truly, Sir Gouernour, quoth the Caruer, you haue reason in all you speake; and let mee promise you in the behalfe of all the Ilanders of this Iland, that they will serue you with all diligence, loue, and good will: for the sweet and milde kinde of Gouerning that hitherto in the beginning you haue vsed, makes them neyther doe nor speake ought that may redound to your contempt.

I beleeue it, quoth *Sancho*, and they were very Asses if they did or thought otherwise; and therefore let me say againe, Let there be a care had for the maintenance of my Person and Dapples, which is very important, and to the matter: And so when tis time to walke the Round, let vs goe; for my purpose is, to clense this Iland from all kinde of filth, from vagamunds, lazy, and masterlesse persons: for know, friends, that slothfull, and idle people in a Common-wealth, are the same that Drones in Hiues, that eat the hony which the labouring Bees make. I purpose to cherish the husbandman, & to grant the Gentlemen their preeminencies, to reward the vertuous, & aboue all, to haue Religion in reuerence, & to honor religious persons.

What thinke ye of this, friends? Say I ought? or doe I talke idlely? So well Sir, said the Steward, that I wonder to see that a man so without learning as you, (for I thinke you cannot skill of a letter) should speake such sentences and instructions, so contrary to what was expected from your wit by all that sent you, and by all vs that came with you. Euery day we see noueties in the world, iests turn'd to earnest, and those that mocke, are mocked at.

Well, it was night, and the Gouernour supped, with Master Doctor *Rezio's* licence. They made ready to walke the Round, the Steward, the Secretary, and Caruer went with him, and the Chronicliſt, that was carefull to keepe a Regiſter of his actions, together with Constables and Notaries; so many, that they might well make a reasonable squadron. *Sancho* went in the midst of them with his rod of Iustice, which was the only chiefe sight: and when they had walkt some few streets of the town,

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they heard a noyse of slashing, thither they made, and found that they were two men onely that were together by the eares; who seeing the Iustice comming, stood still, and the one of them said;

Here for God and the King, shall I be suffered to be robbed in the midst of a towne? and that the midst of the streets be made the high way?

Softly, honest friend, (quoth *Sancho*) and tell me what's the reason of this fray, for I am the Gouernour.

The other, his contrary, said, Sir Gouernour, Ile tell you briefly the matter. You shall vnderstand Sir, that this Gentleman euen now at a Gaming-house here ouer the way, got a thousand Ryalls, (God knowes by what trickes) and I being present, iudged many a doubtfull cast on his side, contrary to what my conscience told me; he came away a winner, and when I thought he would haue giuen mee a Pistolet at least for recompence, according to the vse and custome [a] of giuing to men of my fashion, which stand by vpon all occasions, to order differences, and to take vp quarrels; he pursed vp his mony, and got him out of the house: I came hastily after him, yet with courteous language entreated him to giue me only a matter of foure shillings, since he knew me to be a good fellow, and that I had no other kinde of trade or liuing; for my friends brought me vp to nothing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning skabbe, no more Thiefe then *Caeus*, nor lesse Cheater then [b] *Andradilla*, would giue me but two shillings: So you may see, Sir Gouernor, how shameless and voyd of Conscience he is. But yfaith if you had not come, I would haue made him vomit out his winning, & he should haue knowne how many pounds he had had in the scale.

What say you to this (quoth *Sancho*?) And the other answered, That true it was which his contrary had said, that he would giue him but two shillings, because hee had often before giuen him, and they that expect what shall be giuen them in courtesie, must be mannerly, and take any thing that is giuen them, in good part, without standing vpon tearmes with the winner, except they knew him to be a Cheater, and that his money was vnlawfully gotten, and that it might be seene that he for his part was

[a] *Barato* signifies originally cheape, but amongst gamesters, *dar Barato*, is when a gamester by way of courtesie giues something to a stander by: and this in Spaine is so frequent, that from the King to the beggar, all both giue and take this *Barato*.

[b] Some famous Cheater in Spaine.

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was honeſt, and not a theefe, as the other ſaid, there was no greater ſigne, then his giuing ſo little; for your Cheaters are alwaies large Tributaries to the lookers on that know them.

He ſaies true, quoth the Steward, and therefore what is your pleaſure, Sir, to doe with theſe men?

Marry thus, quoth *Sancho*; you, Sir, that haue wonne, honeſt or knaue, or indifferent, giue your hackſter heere preſently, a hundreth Ryalls: beſides, you ſhall disburſe thirty more for the poore of the priſon. And you, ſir, that haue neyther trade nor liuing, and liue odly in this Iland, take your hundreth Ryals, and by to morrow get you out of the Iland, and I baniſh you for ten yeeres, on paine, that if you breake this order, you accompliſh it in another life, by being hanged vpon a gybbet, by me, or at leaſt, by the hangman, by my command.

The one diſburſed, and the other receiued; this went out of the Iland, and that home to his houſe: and the Gouernour that remained ſaid, Well, it ſhall coſt me a fall, but I will put downe theſe Gaming-houſes; for I haue a kinde of glimpſe that they are very preiudiciall.

This at leaſt, quoth one of the Notaries, you cannot remoue, becauſe it belongs to a man of quality, and hee loſeth a great deale more at the yeeres end then he gets by his Cards. Againſt other petty Gameſters you may ſhew your authority; for they doe more miſchiefe, and conceale more abuſes, then Gentlemen of qualities houſes, where your famous Cheaters dare not vſe their ſlights; and ſince the vice of play hath turned to ſo common a practice, 'tis better to ſuffer it in houſes of faſhion, then in poore mens, where they catch a poore ſnake, and from midnight till morning flay him quicke.

Well, Notary, (quoth *Sancho*) there's much to be ſaid in this caſe. And now one of the Sergeants Yeomen, came with a Youth which he had laid faſt hold on, and ſaid,

Sir, this Youth came towards vs, and as hee had a glimpſe of the Iuſtice, hee turned his backe, and began to ſcud away like a Deere, a ſigne he is ſome delinquent; I ranne after him, and had it not beene that hee ſtumbled and fell, I had neuer ouertaken him.

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Why ranſt thou, fellow, (quoth *Sancho*?) To which the young man anſwered, Sir, to auoid the many queſtions that your Conſtables vſe to aske. What trade are you of? A Weauer, ſaid he. And what weaue you? Iron pegs for Lances, with your Worſhips good leaue. You are a pleaſant companion, Sir, and you preſume to play the leſter: 'tis very well. And whither went you now? To take the Ayre, Sir. And where in this Iland would you haue taken the Ayre? Where it blowes. Good, you anſwer to the purpoſe, Youth; make account then that I am the Ayre, and that I blow a-ſterne on you, and ſteere you to the priſon. Goe to, lay hold on him, carry him for to night, Ile make him ſleepe without Ayre in the priſon. I proteſt (quoth the Youth) you ſhall as ſoone make me King, as make me ſleepe this night in priſon. Why (quoth *Sancho*) haue not I power to apprehend thee, and free thee when I pleaſe? For all your power, ſaid the Youth, you ſhall not make me ſleepe this night in Priſon. No? you ſhall ſee (quoth *Sancho*:) carry him preſently where he ſhall ſee his error; and leſt the Iayler ſhould for a bribe befriend him, Ile lay a penalty of two thouſand Crownes vpon him, if he let thee ſtirre a foot out of the priſon. All this is needleſſe, ſaid the Youth: the buſineſſe is, All the world ſhall not make me ſleepe this night in priſon. Tell me, fiend, quoth *Sancho*, haſt thou ſome Angell to free thee, or take thy ſhackles off that I meane to haue clapped on thee? Well, Sir, (quoth the Youth very pleaſantly) let's come to reaſon, and to the matter. Suppoſe you command mee to be carried to priſon, and that I haue ſhackles and chaines put vpon me, and that I be put into a dungeon, and that there be extraordinary penalties inflicted vpon the Iaylor if he let me out: for all that, if I mean not to ſleep, or to ioyne my eye-lids together all night; Can you with all your Authority make mee ſleepe againſt my will?

No indeed (ſaid the Secretarie) the fellow is in the right: ſo that (quoth *Sancho*) your forbearing to ſleepe, is onely to haue your owne will, but not to contradict mine. No otherwiſe, Sir, (quoth the Youth) not ſo much as in thought.

Well, God bee with you, (quoth *Sancho*) get you home to bed, and God ſend you good reſt, I meane not to diſturbe you; but

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but let me aduiſe you, that henceforward you be not ſo conceited with the Iuſtice; for you may meet with one that will clap your wit to your noddle.

The yong man went his way, and the Gouernour went on with his Rounding, and a while after there came two Yeomen with a man in hold, and ſaid, Sir, heeres one that ſeemes to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and not ill-fauoured, clad in a mans habit. Then they ſet two or three Lanthornes to his face, and perceiued a womans face, to looke to, of about ſixteen yeers of age; her haire plaited vp with a cawle of gold & greene ſilke, as faire as a thouſand Pearles: they beheld her all ouer, and ſaw that ſhe had on her a paire of Carnation ſilke ſtockins, & white Taffata garters fringed with gold, & embroidered with pearle; her long breeches were of cloth of gold, and the ground-worke greene, with a looſe Caſſocke or Ierkin of the ſame, opened on both ſides, vnder which ſhe had alſo a Doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white: her ſhooes were white mens ſhooes, ſhe had no ſword, but a very faire hatched dagger, with many rings vpon her fingers.

Finallie, ſhee pleaſed them all very well, but none of them knew her. The Inhabitants of the place ſaid, they could not gheſſe who ſhe ſhould be; and they that were the contriuers of the trickes againſt *Sancho*, were thoſe that moſt ſeemed to admire, becauſe that accident and chance was not purpoſed by them: ſo they were in ſuſpence, to ſee vvhat vvould be the iſſue of it.

Sancho was amazed at the maidens beautie, and hee askt her who ſhe was, whither ſhe would, and what occaſion had mooued her to clad her ſelfe in that habit?

She, with her eyes fixt vpon the earth, moſt ſhamefac'dly anſwered,

Sir, I cannot tell you in publike, what concernes me ſo much to be kept ſecret: onely this let me tell you; I am no thiefe nor malefactor, but an vnhappie maid, forced by ſome iealouſies to breake the *decorum* due to my honeſtie. Which when the Steward heard, he ſaid to *Sancho*; Sir, command the company aſide, that this Gentlewoman may tell her tale without being abaſhed.

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the Gouernour gaue his command, and all of them went aside, but the Steward, the Caruer, and Secretary. Being thus priuate, the maid proceeded, saying;

I, Sirs, am daughter to *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of this townes woolls, that often vseth to goe and come to my Fathers house. There's no likelihood in this, Gentlewoman, quoth the Steward; for I know *Pedro Perez* verie well, and know that he hath neuer a childe, neither Male nor Female: besides, you say he is your Father, and by and by you adde, that he vseth to goe often to your Fathers house. I thought vpon that too (quoth *Sancho*.) Why alas (quoth she) I am so frighted, that I know not what I say: but true it is, that I am daughter to *Diego de la Liana*, whom I beleiue, you all know. This may be (said the Steward) for I know *Diego de la Liana* to be an honest and a wealthie Gentleman, and that he hath a sonne and a daughter, and since he hath beene a widdower, there's none in this towne can say he hath seene his daughters face; for hee keepes her so close, that hee scarce giues the Sunne leaue to looke on her: and for all that, Fame sayes she is wondrous faire.

Tis true (quoth the Maid) and I am that daughter, whether Fame lie or no, concerning my beauty; now you are satisfied, since you haue beheld me; and with this she began to weep tenderly. Which when the Secretary saw, he whispered the Caruer in the eare, and told him; Doubtlesse some matter of consequence hath befalne this poore Virgin, since in this habit, and at this time of night, being so well borne, she is from her home. There's no doubt of that (quoth the Caruer) for her teares too confirme the suspition.

Sancho comforted her the best he could, and bad her without feare, tell what had befalne her; for that all of them would striue to giue her remedie with all possible diligence.

The businesse, Sirs, quoth she, is this: My Father hath kept me close these tenne yeeres; for so long it is since my Mother died: in the house wee haue a Chappell, where Masse is sayd, and I in all this time haue seene nothing but the Sunne by day, and the Moone and starres by night: neither know I what streets, or Market-places, or Churches are, nor men, except my Father,

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a Brother of mine, and *Pedro Perez* the former, vvho becauſe hee vſeth to come ordinarily to our houſe, it came into my minde to ſay hee vvas my father, becauſe I would conceale the right. This keeping mee cloſe, and denying mee to ſtirre not ſo much as to the Church, hath this good while diſcomforted me, and I had a deſire to ſee the world, at leaſt, the towne where I was borne, as thinking this longing of mine vvas not againſt the *Decorum* that Maidens of my birth ought to obſerue: when I heard talke of Bull-baitings, running with Reedes, and repreſenting Comedies: I asked my Brother that is a yeere yonger then I, what kinde of things thoſe were, and many others, vvhich I haue not ſeene; and he told mee as well as hee could: but all vvas to enflame my deſire the more to ſee.

Finally, to ſhorten my mis-fortune, I entreated my Brother, (I would I had neuer done it:) and then ſhee renued her teares.

Then ſaid the Steward, On, Gentlewoman, and make an end of telling vs what hath befalne you: for you hold vs all in ſuſpence, with your words, and your teares.

Few words haue I to ſay (quoth ſhee) but many teares to weepe: for they be the fruits of ill-placed deſires.

The Maids beauty was now planted in the Caruers heart, and he held vp his Lanthorne againe, to behold her afreſh; and it ſeemed to him, that ſhe wept not teares, but ſeed-pearle, or morning dew: and he thought higher, that they were liker orientall Pearles; and his wiſh was, that her mis-fortune might not bee ſuch, as the ſhewes of her mone and ſighing might promiſe.

The Gouernour was mad at the Wenches ſlowneſſe and delaying her Story; and bade her, ſhe ſhould make an end, and hold them no longer in ſuſpence, for that it was late, and they had much of the towne to walke. Shee betwixt broken ſobs, and halfe-fetcht ſighs, ſaid, My mis-fortune is nothing elſe, but that I deſired my Brother that he would cloath me in mans apparell, in one of his Sutes; and that ſome night or other he would carry me to ſee the towne, when my father ſhould be aſleepe; hee importuned by my intreaties, condiſcended to my requeſt: and

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putting this Sute on me; and hee putting on another of mine, that fits him, as if it were made for him; for he hath neuer a haire vpon his chin, and might bee taken for a moſt beautifull Maid: this night ſomewhat aboue an houre agoe, we went abroad; and rambling vp and downe, wee haue gone thorowout the whole towne: and going homeward, we ſaw a great troope of people comming towards vs; and my Brother ſaid; Siſter: this is the Round, Take you to your heeles, and put wings to them, and follow me, that we be not knowne: for it will bee ill for vs; and this ſaid, he turned his back, and began, I ſay not, to runne, but to flye: I within foure or fiue ſteppes fell downe for feare; and then came this Officer that brought me before you; where, for my vilde longing, I am ſhamed before ſo many people. So that, Gentlewoman, (qd. S*ancho*) no other mis-hap hath befalne you; neither was it iealouſie, as you ſaid in the beginning of your tale, that made you goe abroad? Nothing elſe (ſaid ſhee) nor iealouſies: but a deſire to ſee the world, and which extended no further, then to ſee this townes ſtreets; and the comming now of two other Yeomen with her Brother, confirmed this to bee true, whom one of them ouertook, when he fled from his Siſter; He had nothing on, but a rich Kirtle, and a halfe Mantle of blue Damaske, edg'd with a broad gold Lace: his head without any kinde of dreſſing or adornment, then his owne lockes; which by reaſon of their colour and curling, ſeemed to bee rings of gold. Aſide they went with the Gouernor, the Steward and the Caruer, and not letting his Siſter heere; they asked why hee came in that habit? And he with the ſame ſhamefac'd baſhfulnes told the ſame Tale that his Siſter had done: at which the enamoured Caruer was wonderfully pleaſed. But the Gouernour ſaid to them, Truely hoe, this hath been a great childiſhneſſe in you; and you needed not ſo many ſighs and teares, to tell ſuch a piece of fooliſh boldneſſe: for it had beene enough if you had ſaid, We ſuch and ſuch a one, went out of our fathers houſe, only for curioſitie to walke vp and down the towne; and there had beene an end, without your ſighing and your whining, on Gods name.

You ſay true, Sir, quoth the Maid: but you may think that I was

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ſo

ſo troubled, that I could not tell how to behaue my ſelfe.

There's nothing loſt (quoth *Sancho*) let's goe, and wee will leaue you in your fathers houſe; perhaps he wil not haue miſſed you: and from hence-forward bee not ſuch children, nor ſo longing to ſee the world: for the honeſt Maid better at home with a bone broken, then a gadding: the Woman and the Hen are loſt with ſtraggling: and let me tell you too; ſhee that deſires to ſee, hath a deſire likewiſe to bee ſeene, and I ſay no more.

The Youth thanked the Gouernour for the fauour hee did them, to let them goe home; whither they went for it was not farre from thence.

Home they came, and the Youth throwing a little ſtone at one of the Iron windowes, ſtraight there came a Maid-ſeruant downe, that ſate vp for them, and opened them the doore, and in they went, leauing thoſe without as well to admire her gentleneſſe and beauty; as the deſire they had to ſee the world by night, without ſtirring out of the towne: but they attributed all to their ſlender age.

The Caruers heart was ſtrucke thorow; and hee purpoſed the next day to demand her of her Father to wife; aſſuring himſelfe, hee would not deny her him, becauſe hee was the Dukes ſeruant: *Sancho* too had a certaine longing and inkling to marry the Youth with his Daughter *Sanchica*: and he determined to put the matter in practice betimes, as thinking that a Gouernours Daughter was fit for any Husband: and ſo the Round was ended for that night: and ſome two dayes after, his Gouernment too, vvith vvhich all his deſignes were lopped off, and blotted out, as hereafter ſhall be ſaid.

CHAP.

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CHAP. L.

Where is declared, who were the Enchanters, and Executioners, that whipped the Matron, pincht and scratcht Don Quixote, *with the successe the Page had that carried the Letter to* Teresa Pansa, Sancho's *wife.*

CID *Hamete*, the most punctuall Searcher of the very moats of this true History, sayes, that when *Donna Rodriguez* went out of her Chamber, to goe to *Don Quixotes* lodging, another Waiting-woman that lay with her, perceiued her: and as all of them haue an itch to smell after nouelties, she went after so softly, that the good *Rodriguez* perceiued it not: and as soone as the Waiting-woman saw her goe in to *Don Quixote*, that she might not be defectiue in the generall custome of make-bates; shee went presently to put this into the Duchesses head, and so told her that *Donna Rodriguez* was in *Don Quixotes* Chamber: the Duchesse told the Duke, and asked his leaue, that she and *Altisidora* might goe see what the Matron would haue with *Don Quixote*: the Duke granted, and both of them very softly came close to *Don Quixotes* doore, and so neere, that they heard all that was spoken within: and when the Duchesse heard that *Rodriguez* had set the *Aranzuez* of her springs a running in the streets, she could not suffer it, nor *Altisidora* neither: so, full of rage, and greedy to reuenge, they entred the chamber suddenly, & stabbed *Don Quixote* with their nailes, and banged the Woman, as hath beene related: for affronts that are directly done against beauty, doe awaken womens choller, and enflame in them a desire of reuenge.

The Duchesse told the Duke what had passed, which made him passing merry: and the Duchesse proceeding with her intention of mirth and pastime with *Don Quixote*, dispatcht the Page that playd the Enchanted *Dulcinea's* part (for *Sancho* had forgotten it, being busied in his Gouernment) to *Teresa Pansa* with her Husbands Letter, and another from her selfe, and a chaine of faire Corall for a token.

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The

The Story too tels vs, that the Page was very discreet and wittie, and with a desire to serue his Lords, hee went with a very good will to *Sancho's* towne: and before he entred into it, he saw a company of women washing in a brooke: whom he asked, if they could tell him, if there liued in that towne a woman, whose name was *Teresa Panſa*, wife to one *Sancho Panſa*, Squire to a Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: to which question, a litrle Girle that was vvashing there, stood vp and said, That *Teresa Panſa* is my Mother, and that *Sancho* my Father, and that Knight our Master.

Well then, Damozell, quoth the Page, Come and bring mee to your Mother; for I bring her a Letter and a present, from your said Father.

That I will with a very good will, Sir, said the Wench, that seemed to bee about a some fourteene yeeres of age, more or lesse: and leauing the clothes that she was vvashing, to another companion of hers, without dressing her head, or putting on stockings and shooes, (for she was barelegged, and with her hayre about her eares) she leaped before the Pages Beast he rode on, and said, Come, Sir, for our house is iust as you come in at the towne, and there you shall finde my Mother, with sorrow enough, because shee hath not heard from my Father this great while.

Well, I haue so good newes for her (quoth he) that she may thanke God for it.

At length, leaping, running, and iumping, the Girle got to the towne, and before she came into the house, she cryed out aloud at the doore: Come out, mother, *Teresa*, Come out, come out: for here's a Gentleman hath Letters and other things from my good Father: at which noise *Teresa Panſa* her Mother came out, spinning a rowle of Flax, with a Russet Petti-coat, and it seemed by the shortnesse of it, that it had beene cut off at the Placket; and she had Russet bodies of the same, and shee was in her smocke sleeues; she was not very old, for she lookt as if shee had beene about forty: but she was strong, tough, sinowie, and raw-boned; who seeing her Daughter, and the Page a horseback, said, What's the matter, child? What Gentleman is this?

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A seruant of my Lady *Teresa Pansa's* (quoth the Page:) so, doing and speaking, he flung himselfe from his horse, and vvith great humilitie went to prostrate himselfe before the Lady *Teresa*, saying, My Lady *Teresa*, giue mee your hands to kisse, as you are lawfull and particular Wife to my Lord *Don Sancho Pansa*, proper Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*.

Ah good Sir, forbeare I pray doe not do so, quoth *Teresa*: for I am no Court-noll, but a poore Husband-woman, a Ploughmans daughter, and wife to a Squire Errant, and not a Gouernour.

You are (quoth the Page) a most worthy wife, to an Archworthy Gouernour: and for proofe of what I say, I pray receiue this Letter, and this token; when instantly he plucked out of his pocket a Corall string, with the lac'd Beads of gold, and put it about her neck, and said, This Letter is from the Gouernour, and another that I bring; and these Corals are from my Lady the Duchesse that sends me to you.

Teresa was amazed, and her daughter also: and the Wench said, Hang mee, if our Master *Don Quixote* haue not a hand in this businesse; and hee it is that hath giuen my Father this Gouernment or Earledome, that he so often promised him.

You say true (quoth the Page) for, for Signior *Don Quixotes* sake, Signior *Sancho Pansa* is now Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*, as you shall see by this Letter.

Reade it, gentle Sir, said *Teresa*: for though I can spin, I cannot reade a iot; nor I neither, added *Sanchica*: but stay a little and Ile call one that shall; either the Vicar himselfe, or the Bachelor *Samson Carasco*, who wil both come hither with all their hearts to heare newes of my Father.

You need not call any body, said hee: for though I cannot spin, yet I can reade, and therefore I will reade it; so he did thorowout: which, because it was before related, it is not now set downe here: and then he drew out the Duchesses, which was as followeth:

Friend *Teresa*, your Husbands good parts of his wit and honesty, mooued and obliged me, to request the Duke my Husband, to giue him the Gouernment of one of the many Ilands

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he hath: I haue vnderstood, that he gouernes like a Ier-Falcon, for which I am very glad; and consequently my Lord the Duke: for which I render heauen many thankes, in that I haue not beene deceiued in making choise of him for the said Gouernment: for let mee tell, Mistris *Teresa*, it is a very difficult thing, to finde a good Gouernour in the world; and so God deale with me, as *Sancho* gouernes. I haue sent you (my beloued) a string of Corall Beads, with the tens of gold, I could wish they had beene Orientall Pearles; but something is better then nothing: time will come, that we may know and conuerse one with another; and God knowes what will become of it.

Commend me to *Sanchica* your Daughter, and bid her from me, that she be in a readinesse; for I meane to marry her highly when she least thinkes of it.

They tell me, that in your towne there, you haue goodly Acornes, I pray send me some two doozen of them, and I shall esteeme them much as cõming from you: and write me at large, that I may know of your health, & well-being, and if you want ought, there is no more to be done but mouth it, & your mouth shall haue full measure, so God keepe you. From this towne.

Your louing friend, *The Duchesse.*

Lord! qd. *Teresa*, whẽ she heard the Letter, What a good plain meeke-Lady 'tis! God bury me with such Ladies, and not with your stately ones that are vsed in this towne, who think, because they are Iantle-folks, the winde must not touch them: and they go so fantastically to Church, as if they were Queenes at least, & they thinke it a disgrace to vm to looke vpon a poore Countrey Woman: But looke you, here's a good Lady, that though shee be a Duchesse, calls me friend, and vseth mee as if I were her equall: equall may I see her with the highest Steeple in the *Mancha*: and concerning her Acorns, Signior mine, I will send her Ladyship a whole Pecke, that euery body shall behold, and admire them for their bignesse: and now, *Sanchica*, doe thou see that this Gentleman bee welcome: set his Horse vp, and get some Egges out of the Stable, and cut some Bacon: he shall fare like a Prince, for the good newes hee hath brought vs, and his good face deserues it all: in the meane time I will goe tell my neigh-

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neighbours of this good newes, and to our father Vicar, and Maister *Nicholas* the Barber, who haue beene, and ſtill are ſo much thy fathers friends.

Yes marry will I (quoth *Sanchica*:) but harke you: you muſt giue mee halfe that ſtring, for I doe not thinke my Ladie Ducheſſe ſuch a fooke, that ſhe would ſend it all to her.

Tis all thine, Daughter, ſaid *Tereſa*: but let me weare it a few dayes about my neck: for verily, it glads me to the heart.

You will be glad (quoth the Page) when you ſee the bundle that I haue in my Port-mantue, which is a garment of fine cloth, which the Gouernour onely wore one day a Hunting, which he hath ſent to Miſtris *Sanchica*. Long may he liue (quoth *Sanchica*) and he that brings it too.

Tereſa went out with her chaine about her neck, and playd with her fingers vpon her Letters, as if they had been a *Timbrel*: and meeting by chance with the Vicar, and *Samſon Carraſco*, ſhe began to dance, and to ſay, Ifaith now there is none poore of the kinne, we haue a little Gouernment; No, no. Now let the proudeſt Gentlewoman of vm all meddle with mee, and Ile ſhew her a new tricke.

What madneſſe is this, *Tereſa*, *Panſa*, and what papers are theſe? No madneſſe (quoth ſhe) but theſe are Letters from Ducheſſes and Gouernours: and theſe I weare about my neck are fine Corals; the *Aue-Maries* and *Pater-noſters* are of beaten gold, and I am a Gouerneſſe.

Now God ſhield vs, *Tereſa*: wee vnderſtand you not, neither know wve vvhat you meane.

There you may ſee (quoth *Tereſa*) and gaue vm the Letters.

The Vicar reads them that *Samſon Carraſco* might heare: ſo he and the Vicar looke one vpon the other, wondring at vvhat they had read.

And the Bachelor asked, Who brought thoſe Letters? *Tereſa* anſwered, that they ſhould goe home vvith her, and they ſhould ſee the Meſſenger; A yong Youth, as faire as a golden Pine-Apple, and that he brought her another Preſent twice as good.

The Vicar tooke the Corals from her neck, and beheld them againe and againe, and aſſuring himſelfe that they vvere right,

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he began to wonder afresh and said; By my Coat I sweare, I know not what to say or thinke of these Letters and Tokens: for on the one side, I see and touch the fineneſſe of these Corals; and on the other, that a Ducheſſe sends to begge two dozen of Acornes. Come cracke me this Nutte, quoth *Carrasco*. Well, let vs goe see the Bearer of this Letter, and by him wee will be informed of these doubts that are offered. They did so, and *Teresa* went backe with them: they found the Page sifting a little Barley for his Beast, & *Sanchica* cutting a Rasher to [a] paue it, with Egges for the Pages dinner, whose presence and attire much contented them both; and after they had courteously saluted him, and he them, *Samson* asked him for newes as well of *Don Quixote* as *Sancho*: for though they had read *Sancho* and the Lady Ducheſſes Letters, yet they were troubled, and could not gheſſe what *Sancho's* Gouernment should meane, especially of an Iland, since all or the most that were in the Mediterranean Sea belonged to his Maiesty.

To which the Page answered: That Signior *Sancho Pansa* is Gouernour, tis not to be doubted, but whether it be an Iland or no that he gouerns, I meddle not with it: tis enough that it is a place of aboue a thousand Inhabitants. And concerning the Acornes, let me tell you: My Lady the Ducheſſe is so plaine and humble, that her sending for Acornes to this Country-woman is nothing. I haue knowne when she hath sent to borrow a Combe of one of her neighbours, and let me tell you; The Ladies of Aragon, though they be as Noble, yet they stand not so much vpon their points, neither are so lofty as your Castilians, and they are much plainer.

Whileſt they were in the middeſt of this discourse, *Sanchica* came leaping with her lap full of Egges, and asked the Page; Tell me, Sir, doth my Father weare pained hose since his being Gouernour? I neuer marked it, quoth the Page, but sure hee doth. Oh God, quoth she, what a sight it would be, to see my Father in his linnen hose first! how say you? that euer since I was born I haue had a desire to see my Father in pain'd hose. With many of these you shal see him (quoth the Page) if you liue. And I proteſt, if his Gouernment laſt him but two Moneths longer, hee will

[a] *Para Empedarle.* A pretty Metaphor, for in Spain they vse to fry their Collops and Egges all together: not as we do, first Bacon, and then Egges, & therfore the Author calls it pauing.

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will be likely to weare a cap with a Beauer.

The Vicar and Bachelor perceiued very well, that the Page playd the Iacke with them; but the goodneſſe of the Corall-beades, and the hunting ſuit that *Sancho* ſent, made all ſtraight againe, for *Tereſa* had ſhewed them the apparell, and they could not but laugh at *Sanchica's* deſire, and moſt, when *Tereſa* ſaid, Maſter Vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be any bodie that goe toward *Madrid* or *Toledo*, that they may buy mee a Farthingale round and well made, iuſt in the faſhion, and of the beſt ſort, for intruth, intruth, I meane to credit my Husbands Gouernment as much as I can; and if I be angry, Ile to Court my ſelfe too, and haue my Coach as well as the beſt: for ſhe that hath a Gouernour to her Husband, may very well haue it, and maintaine it.

And why not Mother (quoth *Sanchica*?) and the ſooner the better, though thoſe that ſee mee ſet with my Mother in the Coach ſhould ſay, Looke ye on Miſtreſſe *Whacham*, good-man Garlicke-eaters daughter, how ſhe is ſet & ſtretcht at eaſe in the Coach, as if ſhe were a Pope *Ioane*: but let them tread in the durt, and let me goe in my Coach: a poxe on all backe-biters; the Foxe fares beſt when hee is curſed. Say I well, Mother mine? Very well (quoth ſhe) and my good *Sancho* foretold mee of all theſe bleſſings and many more; and thou ſhalt ſee, daughter, Ile neuer reſt till I am a Counteſſe; for all is but to begin well, and (as I haue often heard thy good father ſay, who is likewiſe the father of Prouerbs,) Looke not a giuen horſe in the mouth: when a Gouernment is giuen thee, take it; when an Earledome, gripe it; and when they [a] hiſt, hiſt, to thee with a reward, take it vp. No, no, be careleſſe, and anſwer not good fortune when ſhee knocks at your dores. And what care I (quoth *Sanchica*) what hee ſay that ſees mee ſtately and Maieſticall? there's a dogge in a doublet, and ſuch like.

[a] Hiſ, hiſ, as if it were the calling a dog, to giue him meat.

When the Vicar heard all this, he ſaid, I cannot beleeue but all the ſtocke of the *Panſa's* were borne with a buſhell of Prouerbs in their bellies, I neuer ſaw any of them that did not ſcatter vm at all times, and vpon all occaſions. You ſay true (quoth the Page) for Signior *Sancho* the Gouernour ſpeakes them euery foot:

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foot: and though many of them be nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my Lady the Duchesse, and the Duke do much celebrate them. That still you should affirme, Sir, that this of *Sancho's* Gouernment is true, & that there can be any Duchesse in the world that sends him Presents, and writes to him; for we, although we see them, and haue read the Letters, yet wee cannot beleeue it; and wee thinke that this is one of *Don Quixote* our Countriman his inuentions, who thinkes that all are by way of Enchantment: So that I am about to desire to feele and touch you, to see whether you bee an ayrie Ambassador, or a man of flesh and bloud.

Sir, (quoth the Page) all I know of my selfe, is, that I am a reall Ambassador, and that Signior *Sancho Panſa* is an effectiue Gouernour, and that my Lords the Duke and Duchesse may giue, and haue giuen the said Gouernment; and I haue heard say, that the said *Sancho Panſa* demeanes himselfe most robustiously in it. If in this there be any Enchantment, you may dispute it amongst your selues, for I know no more, by an oath I shall sweare, which is, By the life of my Parents, who are aliue, and I loue them very well.

It may very well be, quoth the Bachelor, but *dubitat Auguſtinus*. Doubt it whose will (quoth the Page) I haue told you the truth, which shall alwaies preuaile aboue lyes, as the oyle aboue the water: and if not *operibus credite & non verbis*, one of you goe with mee, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not beleeue with your eares. That iourney will I go, quoth *Sanchica*: you shall carry me, Sir, at your horses crupper, and Ile goe with a very good will to see my Father. Gouernours Daughters (quoth he) must not trauell alone, but accompanied with Carroches and horse-Litters, and good store of seruants. Marry (quoth *Sancha*) I can goe as well vpon a young Asse-Colt, as vpon a Coach; you haue a daintie piece of mee no doubt.

Peace wench, said *Tereſa*, thou knowest not what thou saiest; and this Gentleman is in the right; the times are altered: When thy Father was *Sancho*, then mightst thou be *Sancha*; but now he is Gouernour, Madam; and I know not whether I haue

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ſaid ought. Miſtreſſe *Tereſa* ſayes more then ſhee is aware of, (quoth the Page) and now pray let me dine, and be quickly diſpatcht, for I muſt returne this afternoone. Then, quoth the Vicar, you ſhall doe penance with me to day, for Miſtreſſe *Tereſa* hath more good will then good cheere to welcome ſo good a gheſt. The Page refuſed, but for his better fare, he was forced to accept of the kindneſſe; and the Vicar carried him the more willingly, that hee might haue time to aske at leyſure after *Don Quixote's* exploits. The Bachelor offered *Tereſa* to write the anſwers of her Letters, but ſhee would not that hee ſhould deale in her affaires; for ſhe held him to be a ſcoffer: and ſo ſhe gaue a little rowle of bread, and a couple of egges to a little Monke that could write, who wrote her two Letters, one for her Husband, and the other for the Ducheſſe, framed by her owne pate, and are not the worſt in all this grand Hiſtory, as you may ſee hereafter.

CHAP. LI.

Of Sancho's *proceeding in his Gouernment, with other ſucceſſes, as good as Touch.*

THe day appeared after the Gouernors Rounding night, in which the Caruer ſlept not a whit, being buſied in thinking vpon the face, feature, and beauty of the diſguiſed Damozell: and the Steward ſpent the remainder of it, in writing to his Lords, *Sancho Panſa's* words and actions, both which he equally admired; for both were mixt with certaine appearances of Diſcreet and Foole.

The Gouernour in fine was gotten vp, and by Doctor *Pedro Rezio's* appointment, hee broke his faſt with a little Conſerue, and ſome two or three ſpoonfulls of cold water, which *Sancho* would willingly haue changed for a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but ſeeing there was no remedy, hee paſſed it ouer, though with much griefe of mind, & wearines of ſtomack: for *Pedro Rezio* made him beliene, that few diſhes, and thoſe delicate,

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cate, did quicken the wit, which was the onely thing for persons that bore Rule, and weighty Offices; where they must benefit themselues, not onely with corporall force, but strength of vnderstanding too.

With this Sophistry *Sancho* was almost starued, so that in secret he cursed the Gouernment, and also him that gaue it him; but yet, with his hunger and his Conserue, he sate in iudgement that day, and the first thing that came before him, was a doubt that a stranger proposed vnto him, the Steward and the rest of the fraternity being present, and it was this:

Sir, a maine Riuer diuided two parts of one Lordship (I pray marke, for it is a case of great importance, and somewhat difficult) I say then, that vpon this Riuer there was a Bridge, and at the end of it a Gallowes, and a kinde of Iudgement Hall, in which there were ordinarily foure Iudges, that iudged according to the Law that the owner of the Riuer, Bridge, & Lordship had established, which was this: If any one be to passe from one side of this Bridge to the other, hee must first sweare whither he goes, and what his businesse is: if he sweare true, let him passe; if hee lye, let him be hanged vpon the gallowes that shewes there without remission. This Law being diuulged, and the rigorous condition of it, many passed by, and presently by their oathes it was seene whether they said true, and the Iudges let them passe freely. It fell out that they tooke one mans oath, who swore and said, that he went to be hanged vpon that gallowes, and for nothing else.

The Iudges were at a stand, and said, If we let this man passe, he lyed in his oath, and according to the Law hee ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die vpon the gallows, and hauing sworne truly, by the same Law he ought to be free. It is now, Sir Gouernor, demanded of you, what should be done with this man, for the Iudges are doubtfull and in suspence; and hauing had notice of your quicke and eleuated vnderstanding, they sent me to you, to desire you on their behalfs to giue your opinion in this intricate and doubtfull case.

To which (quoth *Sancho*:) Truely these Iudges that send you to me might haue saued a labour; for I am one that haue as much

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much wit as a Setting-dog: but howsoeuer, repeat me you the businesse once againe, that I may vnderstand it, and perhaps I may hit the marke.

The Demandant repeated againe, and againe, what hee had said before; and *Sancho* said, In my opinion it is instantly resolued, as thus:

The man sweares, that he goes to dye vpon the gallowes: and if he die so, he swore true; and so by the Law deserues to passe free: and yet if he be not hanged, he swore false; and by the same Law he ought to be hanged. Tis iust as Master Gouernor hath said, quoth the Messenger; and concerning the vnderstanding the case, there is no more to be required or doubted. I say then (quoth *Sancho*) that they let that part of the man passe that spoke truth, and that which told a lye, let them hang it, and so the condition of the Law shall be literally accomplished.

Why, Sir, said the Demandant, then the man must be diuided into two parts, lying and true; and if he be diuided, he must needs die, and so there is nothing of the Law fulfilled, and it is expresly needfull that the Law be kept.

Come hither, honest fellow (quoth *Sancho*) either I am a very Leeke, or this Passenger you spake of, hath the same reason to die, as to liue and passe the bridge; for if the truth saue him, the lye condemnes him equally: which being so as it is, I am of opinion, that you tell the Iudges that sent you to me, That since the reasons to saue or condemne him, be in one ranke, that they let him passe freely; for it is euer more praise-worthy to doe good, then to doe ill; and this would I giue vnder my hand, if I could write: and in this case I haue not spoken from my selfe, but I remember one precept amongst many others, that my Master *Don Quixote* gaue me the night before I came to be Gouernour, which was; That when Iustice might be any thing doubtfull, I should leaue, and apply my selfe to pitty: and it hath pleased God I should remember it in this case, which hath falne out par.

Tis right, quoth the Steward: and sure, *Licurgus* Law-giuer to the Lacedemonians, could not haue giuen a better sentence then that which the Grand *Sancho Pansa* hath giuen. And now this Mornings audience may end, and I will giue order that the Gouer-

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Gouernour may dine plentifully. That I desire (quoth *Sancho*) and let's haue faire play: Let mee dine, and then let Cases and Doubts raine vpon me, and Ile snuffe them apace.

The Steward was as good as his word, holding it to be a matter of Conscience, to starue so discreet a Gouernour: Besides, his purpose was to make an end with him that night, performing the last iest, which he had in Commission, towards him. It hapned then, that hauing eaten contrary to the prescriptions and orders of the Doctor *Tirtefuera*, when the cloth was taken away, there came in a Poste with a Letter of *Don Quixotes*, to the Gouernour. *Sancho* commanded the Secretary to read it to himselfe, and that if there came no secret in it, hee should read it aloud. The Secretary did so, and sodainely running of it ouer, said, It may well be read out, for this that *Don Quixote* writes to you, deserues to be stamped and written in golden letters, and thus it is.

Don Quixotes *Letter to* Sancho Pansa, *Gouernour of the Iland Barataria.*

WHen I thought (friend *Sancho*) to haue heard newes of thy negligence and folly, I heard it of thy discretion; for which I gaue to God particular thankes. I heare thou Gouernest as if thou wert a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast, such is thy humility thou vsest; yet let mee note vnto thee, that it is very necessary and conuenient many times, for the Authority of a place to goe against the humility of the heart: for the adornment of the person that is in eminent Offices, must be according to their greatnesse, and not according to the measure of the meeke condition, to which he is inclined. Goe well clad, for a Stake well dressed, seemes not to be so: I say not to thee that thou weare toyes, or gawdy gay things; not that being a Iudge thou goe like a Souldier, but that thou adorn thy selfe with such a habit as thy place requires; so that it be handsome and neat.

To get the good will of those thou Gouernest, amongst others, thou must doe two things: the one, to be courteous to all,

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which I haue already told thee of; and the other, to see that there be plenty of sustenance; for there is nothing that doth more weary the hearts of the poore, then hunger and dearth.

Make not many Statute-Lawes, and those thou dost make, see they be good, but chiefly that they be obserued and kept, for Statutes not kept, are the same as if they were not made; and doe rather shew that the Prince had Wisedome and Authority to make them, then valour to see that they should bee kept: and Lawes that onely threaten, and are not executed, become like the beame, King of frogs, that at first scarred them, but in time they despised, and gat vp on the top of it.

Be a Father of Vertue, but a father-in-law of Vice.

Be not alwaies cruell, nor alwaies mercifull, choose a meane betwixt these two extremes, for this is a point of discretion.

Visit the Prisons, the Shambles, and the Markets; for in such places, the Gouernours presence is of much importance.

Comfort the prisoners that hope to bee quickly dispatch'd.

Be a Bull-begger to the Butchers, and a scarre-Crow to the Huckster-women for the same reason.

Shew not thy selfe (though perhaps thou art, which yet I beliue not) Couetous, or a Whoore-monger, or a Glutton; for when the town, and those that conuerse with thee, know which way thou art inclined, there they will set vpon thee, till they cast thee downe head-long.

View and reuiew, passe and repasse thine eyes ouer the Instructions I gaue thee in writing, before thou wentest from hence to thy Gouernment, and thou shalt see, how thou findest in them, if thou obserue them, an allowance to helpe thee to beare & passe ouer the troubles that are incident to Gouernors.

Write to thy Lords, and shew thy selfe thankefull: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins that is: and hee that is thankefull to those that haue done him good, giues a testimony that he will be so to God too, that hath done him so much good; and daily doth continue it.

My Lady Duchesse dispatcht a Messenger a purpose vvith thy apparel: and another Present to thy wife *Teresa Pansa*; euery minute we expect an answer.

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I haue

I haue beene somewhat ill at ease of late with a certaine Carbusinesse that hapned to me not very good for my nose, but 'twas nothing: for if there be Enchanters that misuse me, others there be that defend me. Let me know if the Steward that is with thee, had any hand in *Trifaldis* actions, as thou suspectedst: and let me heare likewise of all that befals thee, since the way is so short; besides, I think to leaue this idle life ere long, for I was not borne to it.

Heere is a businesse at present, that I beleeue will bring mee in disgrace with these Nobles: but though it much concerne me, I care not: for indeede I had rather comply with my profession, then with their wils, according to the saying; *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. I write thee this Latine, because I thinke since thy being Gouernour thou hast learnt to vnderstand it. And so farewell, God keep thee and send that no man pitie thee.

Thy friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sancho heard the Letter very attentiuely, and those that heard it, applauded it for a very discreet one: and presently *Sancho* rose from the Table, and calling the Secretarie, lockt him to him in his lodging Chamber, and without more delay, meant to answere his Master *Don Quixote*: and therefore he bade the Secretarie, without adding or diminishing ought, to write what he would haue him; which he did: and the Letter in answere was of this ensuing tenour.

Sancho Pansa's *Letter to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

MY businesse and imployments are so great, that I haue not leisure either to scratch my Head, or pare my nayles, which is the reason they are so long (God help mee.) This I say (deare Signior mine) that you may not wonder, if

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hitherto I haue not giuen you notice of my well or ill being at this Gouernment; in which I am now more hungry, then when you and I trauelled in the Woods, and Wildernesse.

My Lord the Duke wrot me the other day, by way of aduice, that there were certaine Spies entred the Iland; to kill me: but hitherto, I haue discouered none but a certaine Doctor, who is entertained in this Town, to kill as many Gouernors as come to it: and his name is Doctor *Pedro Rezio*, born in *Tirteafuera*: that you may see what a name this is for me to feare lest he kill mee.

This aforesaid Doctor sayes of himselfe, that hee cures not infirmities when they are in present being, but preuents them before they come: and the Medicines hee vseth, are dyet vpon dyet, till he makes a man nothing but bare bones; as if leanenesse were not a greater sicknesse then a Calenture.

Finally, he hath euen starued mee, and I am ready to dye for anger: for when I thought to haue comen to this Iland to eate good warme things, and to drinke coole, and to recreate my body in Holland sheetes, and Feather-beds; I am forced to doe penance, as if I were an Hermite: and becausse I doe it vnwillingly, I beleeue at the vpshot the Diuell will haue me.

Hitherto haue I neither had my due, nor taken bribe, and I know not the reason: for heere they tell mee, that the Gouernours that vse to come to this Iland; before they come, they of the towne either giue or lend them a good summe of money: and this is the ordinarie custome, not onely in this Towne, but in many others also.

Last night as I walked the Round, I met with a faire Maid in mans apparell; and a Brother of hers in womans: my Caruer fell in loue with the Wench, and purposed to take her to Wife, as he sayes; and I haue chosen the Youth for my sonne in law: and to day both of vs will put our desires in practice with the Father of them both, which is one *Diego de la Lana*, a Gentleman and an old Christian, as much as you would desire. I visit the Market places (as you aduised mee) and yesterday found a Huckster, that sold new Hazel Nuts, and it was prooued against her, that she had mingled the new, with a bushell of old, that were rotten and without kernels; I iudged them all to be giuen

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to the Hospitall boyes, that could very well distinguish them; and gaue sentence on her, that shee should not come into the Market place in fifteene dayes after: 'twas told me, that I did most valourously; all I can tell you is, that it is the common report in this towne, that there is no worse people in the world then these women of the Market places: for all of them are impudent, shamelesse, & vngodly; and I beleeue it to be so, by those that I haue seene in other townes: That my Ladie the Dutchesse hath written to my Wife *Teresa Pansa*, and sent her a token, as you say, it pleaseth me very well, and I will endeuour at fit time to shew my selfe thankefull: I pray doe you kisse her hands on my behalfe, and tell her, her kindnesse is not ill bestowed, as shall after appeare.

I would not that you should haue any thwart-reckonings of dis-taste with those Lords: for if you be displeased with them, 'tis plaine it must needs redound to my dammage, and 'twere vnfit that, since you aduise mee not to be vnthankefull, you should be so to them that haue shewed you so much kindnesse, and by whom you haue been so well welcomed in their Castle.

That of your Cat-businesse, I vnderstand not: but I suppose tis some of those ill feates, that the wicked Enchanters are wont to vse toward you; I shall know of you, when we meet. I would faine haue sent you something from hence, but I know not what, except it were some little Canes to make Squirts, vvhich with Bladders too they make very curiously in this place: but if my Office last, Ile get something worth the sending.

If my wife *Teresa Pansa* write to mee, pay the Portage, and send me the Letter: for I haue a wonderfull desire to know of the Estate of my house, my wife and children: and so God keep you from ill-minded Enchanters, and deliuer mee well and peaceably from this Gouernment; for I doubt it, and thinke to lay my bones here, according as the Doctor *Pedro Rezio* handles me.

Your Worships Seruant,

Sancho Pansa the Gouernour.

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The Secretarie made vp the Letter, and presently dispatcht the Post; and so *Sancho's* Tormentors ioyning together, gaue order how they might dispatch him from the Gouernment. And that afternoone *Sancho* passed, in setting downe orders for the well-gouerning the Iland he imagined to be so: and he ordained there should bee no Hucksters for the Commonwealths prouisions; and likewise that they might haue Wines brought in from whencesoeuer they would; onely with this Prouiso, to tell the place from whence they came, to put prices to them according to their value, and goodnes: and whosoeuer put water to any wine, or chang'd the name of it, should die for it: he moderated the prices of all kinde of cloathing, especially of shooes, as thinking Leather was sold with much exorbitancie.

He made a taxation for seruants wages, who went on vnbrideled for their profit.

He set grieuous penalties vpon such as should sing bawdie or ribaldry songs, either by night or day.

He ordained likewise, that no blind-man should sing miracles in Verse, except they brought Authenticall testimonies of the truth of them: for he thought, that the most they sung, were false, and preiudiciall to the true.

He created also a Constable for the poore, not that should persecute, but examine them, to know if they were so: for vnder colour of fained maimenesse, and false sores, the hands are Theeues, and health is a Drunkard.

In conclusion, he ordered things so well, that to this day they are fam'd and kept in that place, and are called, The Ordinances of the Grand Gouernour, *Sancho Pansa*.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LII.

The Aduenture of the second Afflicted or straightned Matron, alias Donna Rodriguez.

CID *Hamete* tels vs, that *Don Quixote* being recouered of his scratches, he thought the life he led in that Castle, was much against the order of Knighthood he profest: so he determined to craue leaue of the Dukes to part towards *Saragoza*, whose Iusts drew neere, where hee thought to gaine the Armour that vseth to bee obtained in them. And being one day at the Table with the Dukes, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to aske leaue: Behold, vnlookt for, two women came in at the great Hall doore, clad (as it after appeared) in mourning from head to foot: and one of them comming to *Don Quixote*, she fell downe all along at his feet with her mouth sowed to them; and she groaned so sorrowfully, and so profoundly, that she put all that beheld her into a great confusion: and though the Dukes thought it was some tricke their seruants would put vpon *Don Quixote*; notwithstanding, seeing with what earnestnesse the woman sighed, groaned and wept, they were a little doubtfull and in suspence, till *Don Quixote* in great compassion raised her from the ground, and made her discouer her selfe, and take her Mantle from her blubber'd face. She did so, and appeared to be (what could not be imagined) *Donna Rodriguez* the Waiting-woman of the house: and the other in mourning was her wronged Daughter, abused by a rich Farmers sonne. All were in admiration that knew her, especially the Dukes: for though they knew her to be foolish, and of a good mould that way; yet not to bee so neere mad.

Finally, *Donna Rodriguez* turning to the Lords, she said, May it please your Excellencies, to giue mee leaue to impart a thing to this Knight: for it behooues me to come out of a businesse, into which the boldnesse of a wicked Raskall hath thrust me.

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The Duke said, he gaue her leaue, and that she should impart what she would to Signior *Don Quixote*. She directing her voice and her gesture to *Don Quixote*, said, Some dayes since, valorous Knight, I related to you the wrong and trecherie that a wicked Farmer hath done to my beloued Daughter, the vnfortunate one heere now present; and you promised me to vndertake for her to right this wrong that hath beene done her: and now it hath come to my notice, that you meane to part from this Castle, in quest of your Aduentures (God send them) and therefore my request is, that before you scowre the wayes, you would defie this vntamed Rusticke, and make him marry my Daughter, according to the promise he gaue her before he coupled with her: For to thinke that my Lord the Duke will doe me iustice, is to seeke Peares from the Elme, for the reason that I haue plainely told you; and so God giue you much health, and forsake not vs.

To these reasons, *Don Quixote* answered with great grauity and *Prosopopeia*:

Good Matron, temper your teares, and saue your sighs, and I will engage my selfe to right your Daughter; for whom it had beene much better, not to haue beene so easie of beleeuing her Louers promises, which for the most part are light in making, but heauy in accomplishing: and therefore with my Lord the Dukes leaue, I will presently part in search of this vngodly yong man, and finde and challenge him, and kill him, if he deny to accomplish his promise. For the chiefe ayme of my profession is, to pardon the humble, and to chastize the proud; I meane, to succour the wretched, and to destroy the cruell.

You need not (quoth the Duke) be at the paines of seeking the Clowne, of whom the good Matron complaines; neither need you aske me leaue to defie him, 'tis enough, that I know you haue done it; and let it be my charge to giue him notice that he accept the challenge, and come to my Castle to answere for himselfe, where safe lists shall be set vp for you both, obseruing the conditions that in such Acts ought to bee obserued; and both your Iustices equally, according as Princes are obliged to doe, that grant single combate to those that fight within their

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their Dominions. Why, with this securitie and your Greatnesses licence (quoth *Don Quixote*) here I say that for this once I renounce my Gentry, and doe equalize my selfe to the meanenesse of the Offender: and so qualifie him to combate with me: and so though he be absent, I challenge and defie him, for that hee did ill to defraude this poore creature that vvas a Maid, and now by his villany is none, and that hee shall either fulfill his word he gaue her to marry her, or die in the demand.

And straight plucking off his Gloue, he cast it into the midst of the Hall, and the Duke tooke it vp, saying, That hee (as had beene said) in his Vassals name accepted the challenge, and appointed the prefixt time sixe dayes after, and the Lists to be in the Court of that Castle, and the vsuall Armes of Knights, as Lance and Shield, and laced Armour, with all other pieces, without deceit, aduantage, or superstition, seene and allowed by the Iudges of the Lists: but first of all 'tis requisite, that this honest Matron, and this ill Maid commit the right of their cause into Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* hands: for otherwise there will be nothing done; neither will the said challenge be put in execution.

I doe (quoth the Matron) and I too (said the Daughter, all blubber'd and shamefac'd) and in ill taking.

This agreement being made, and the Dukes imagining what was to be done in the businesse, the mourners went their wayes, and the Duchesse commanded they should be vsed not as their seruants, but like Lady-Aduenturers, that came to their house to aske iustice, and serued as strangers, to the wonderment of other seruants that knew not, what would become of the madnesse and leuity of *Donna Rodriguez*, and her Errant Daughter.

Whilst they were in this businesse, to adde more mirth to the Feast, and to end the Comedy: behold where the Page comes in, that carried the Letter and tokens to *Teresa Pansa*; whose arriuall much pleased the Dukes, desirous to know what befell him in his voyage, and asking him, The Page answered, that he could not tell them in publike, nor in few words; but that their Excellencies would bee pleased to reserue it for a priuate time, and that in the meane time, they would entertaine themselues

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ſelues with thoſe Letters; and taking them out, he gaue two to the Ducheſſe, the ſuperſcription of the one was, to my Lady Ducheſſe, I know not whence: and the other, To my Husband *Sancho Panſo*, Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*, whom God proſper longer then me.

The Ducheſſe could not be quiet, till ſhe had read her Letter; ſo opening it, and reading it to her ſelfe, & ſeeing that ſhe might reade it aloud, ſhee did ſo, that the Duke and the by-ſtanders might heare it, as followeth.

Tereſa Panſa's *Letter to the Ducheſſe.*

LAdy mine: Your Greatneſſes Letter you wrote me, did much content mee, for I did very much deſire it: Your ſtring of Corals was very good; and my Husbands hunting ſuite comes not ſhort of it: That your Honour hath made my Conſort Gouernour, all this Towne reioyceth at it, though there is none that will beleeue it: eſpecially, the Vicar, Maſter *Nicholas* the Barber, and *Samſon Carraſco* the Bachelor: but all is one to mee, ſo it bee true, as it is; let each one ſay what hee will: but if you goe to the truth, had it not beene for the Corall and the Sute I ſhould not haue beleeued it neither: for all in this Towne hold my Husband for a very Leeke; and taking him from his gouerning a Flocke of Goats, they cannot imagine for what gouernment elſe hee ſhould bee good: God make him ſo, and direct him as hee ſees beſt; for his children haue need of it. I, Lady of my life; am determined with your Worſhips good leaue, to make vſe of this good fortune in my houſe; and to goe to the Court to ſtretch my ſelfe in a Coach, to make a thouſand-enuious perſons blinde that looke after me. And therefore I requeſt your Excellencie to command my Husband to ſend me ſome ſtocke of money to purpoſe, becauſe I heare, the Court-expences are great, that a loafe is worth ſixe-pence; and a pound of Mutton fiue-pence, that tis wonderfull: and that if he meane not that, I ſhall goe, hee let mee know in time: for my feet are dancing till I be iogging vpon the way; for my friends and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daugh-

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ter goe glistering and pompously in the Court, my Husband will be knowne by me more then I by him; for that of necessity, many will aske, What Gentlewomen are these in the Coach? Then a seruant of mine answers, The Wife and Daughter of *Sancho Pansa*, Gouernour of the Iland *Barataria*; and by this meanes, *Sancho* shall be knowne, and I shall be esteemed, and to Rome for all. I am as sorry, as sorrow may be, that this yeere we haue gathered no Acornes, for all that I send your Highnesse halfe a pecke, which I culled out, and went to the mountaine on purpose, and they were the biggest I could finde. I could haue wished they had beene as big as Eastritch Egges. Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and Ile haue a care to answer and aduize you of my health, and all that passeth here where I remaine; praying to God to preserue your Greatnesse, and forget not me; my daughter *Sancha* and my sonne kisse your hands. She that desires more to see, then to write to your Honour,

[a] A Phrase vsed by her to no purpose, but tis a vsuall thing in Spain among ill liuers to cry, *a Roma per todo*, there to get absolution for their villanies

Your Seruant, *Teresa Pansa*.

Great was the content that all receiued to heare *Teresa Pansa's* Letter, principally of the Dukes; and the Duchesse asked *Don Quixote's* aduice, if it were fit to open the Letter that came for the Gouernour, which shee imagined was most exquisite. *Don Quixote* said, that to pleasure them, he would open it: which he did, and saw the Contents, which were these.

Teresa Pansa's *Letter, to her Husband* Sancho.

I Receiued thy Letter, my *Sancho* of my soule, and I promise and sweare to thee, as I am a Catholike Christian, there wanted not two fingers breadth of making me mad for ioy; looke you Brother, when I came to heare that thou art a Gouernour, I thought I should haue falne downe dead with gladnesse; for thou knowest that 'tis vsually said, That sodaine ioy as soon kils as excessiue griefe. The water ran downe thy daughter *Sanchica's* eies, without perceiuing of it, with pure content. The suite thou sentest me I had before me, and the Corals my Lady

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the Ducheſſe ſent, and the Letters in my hands, and the bearer of them preſent, and for all this I beleeued and thought that all I ſaw or felt, was a dreame: For who could thinke that a Goat-heard ſhould come to be a Gouernour of Ilands? & thou knoweſt, friend, that my Mother was vſed to ſay, That twas needfull to liue long, to ſee much. This I ſay, becauſe I thinke to ſee more, if I liue longer; for I hope I ſhall not haue done, till I ſee thee a Farmer or Cuſtomer, which are Offices, that though the Deuill carry away him that diſchargeth them badly, yet in the end good ſtore of coyne goes thorow their hands. My Lady the Ducheſſe will let thee know what a deſire I haue to go to the Court, conſider of it, and let mee know thy minde: and I will doe thee honor there, going in my Coach. The Vicar, Barber, Bachelor nor Sexton cannot beliue that thou art a Gouernour, & ſay that 'tis all iuggling or Enchantment, as all thy Maſter *Don Quixote's* affaires are; and *Samſon* ſayes, he will finde thee out, and put this Gouernment out of thy noddle, and *Don Quixote's* madneſſe out of his Cox-combe. I doe nothing but laugh at them, and looke vpon my Corall chaine, and contriue how to make my daughter a Gowne of the ſuit thou ſentſt me. I ſent my Lady the Ducheſſe ſome Acornes, I would they had beene of gold: I prethee ſend me a ſtring of Pearles, if they be vſed in that Hand.

The newes of this towne is, that *Berneca* married her daughter to a ſcuruy Painter that came to this towne to paint at randome. The Burgers of the towne willed him to paint the Kings Armes ouer the gate of the Towne-Hall; hee demanded two Ducats, which they gaue him before-hand: he wrought eight daies, in the end painted nothing, and ſaid; he could not hit vpon painting ſuch a deale of Pedlery ware: ſo hee returned them their money, and for all this, hee married vnder the name of a good workeman; true it is, that he hath left his Pencill, and taken the Spade, and goes to the field moſt Gentleman-like. *Pedro de Lobo's* ſonne hath taken Orders, and ſhaued his head, with purpoſe to be a Prieſt. *Mingimtſa Mingo Silueſtos* nere knew of it, and ſhe hath put a bill againſt him for promiſing her mariage: malicious tongues will not ſticke to ſay, that ſhe is great by him, but he denies it ſtiffely.

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This yeere we haue had no Oliues, neither is there a drop of Vineger to be had in all the town. A Company of Souldiers paſſed by heere, and by the way they carried three wenches from this towne with them, I will not tell thee who they are, for perhaps they will returne, and there will not want ſome that will marry them for better for worſe. *Sanchica* makes bone-lace, & gets her three-halfepence a day cleere, which ſhe puts in a boxe with a ſlit, to helpe to buy her houſhold-ſtuffe: but now that ſhe is a Gouernours daughter, thou wilt giue her a portion, that ſhe needs not worke for it. The ſtone-fountain in the market-place is dried vp, a Thunder-bolt fell vpon the Pillory, there may they fall all. I expect an anſwer of this, and thy reſolution touching my going to the Court; and ſo God keepe thee longer then me, or as long; for I would not leaue thee in this world behinde me.

Thy Wife, *Tereſa Panſa*.

Theſe Letters were extolled, laughed at, eſteemed and admired: and to mend the matter, the Poſt came that brought one from *Sancho* to *Don Quixote*, which was likewiſe read aloud; which brought the Gouernours madneſſe in queſtion. The Ducheſſe retired with the Page, to know what had befalne him in *Sancho's* towne, who told her at large, without omitting circumſtance: he gaue her the Acornes, and a Cheeſe too which *Tereſa* gaue him for a very good one, much better then thoſe of *Trenion*; the Ducheſſe receiued it with great content, in which we will leaue her, to tell the end that the Gouernment of the Grand *Sancho Panſa* had, the flower and Mirror of all Ilandiſh Gouernours.

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CHAP. LIII.

Of the troubleſome end and vp-ſhot that Sancho Panſa's *Gouernment had.*

TO thinke that the affaires of this life ſhould laſt euer in one being, is needleſſe; for it rather ſeemes otherwiſe: the Summer followes the Spring, after the Summer, the Fall, and the Fall, the Winter, and ſo Time goes on in a continuated wheele. Onely mans life runnes to a ſpeedy end, ſwifter then Time, without hope of being renued, except it be in another life, which hath no bounds to limit it.

This ſaid *Cid Hamete*, a Mahometicall Philoſopher; for many without the light of Faith, onely with a naturall inſtinct haue vnderſtood the ſwiftneſſe and vncertainty of this life preſent, and the laſting of the eternall life which is expected. But heere the Author ſpeakes it, for the ſpeedineſſe with which *Sancho's* Gouernment was ended, conſumed and vndone, and vaniſhed into a ſhade and ſmoake, who being a-bed the ſeuenth night after ſo many daies of his Gouernment, not cloyed with bread or wine, but with iudging and giuing ſentences, making Proclamations and Statutes, when ſleepe, maugre and in deſpite of hunger, ſhut his eye-lids, hee heard ſuch a noyſe of bells and out-cryes, as if the whole Iland had beene ſunke: he ſate vp in his bed, and was very attentiue, hearkening if he could gheſſe at the cauſe of ſo great an vprore, but he was ſo farre from knowing it, that a noyſe of a world of Drums and Trumpets added to that of the bells and cries, made him more confuſed, & more full of feare and horror; and riſing vp, he put on a paire of ſlippers for the moyſtneſſe of the ground, and without any night-gowne vpon him, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber doore, at ſuch time as hee ſaw at leaſt twenty perſons come running thorow the entries, with Torches in their hands lighted, and ſwords vnſheathed, crying all out aloud; Arme, Arme, Sir Gouernour, Arme; for a world of enemies are entred the Iland, and we are vndone, if your skill and valour helpe vs not.

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With this fury, noyse and vp-rore, they came where *Sancho* was, astonisht & embesseld with what he heard & saw: and when they came to him, one of them sayd, Arme your selfe strait, Sir, if you meane not to be destroyd, and that all the Iland be lost.

I arme my selfe (quoth *Sancho?*) Know I any thing vvhat belongs to Armes or Succours? twere better leaue these things to my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, hee will dispatch and put them in safety in an instant; for I (sinner that I am) vnderstand nothing of this quicke seruice. Ha, Sir Gouernour, said another, what faint-heartednesse is this? Arme your selfe, for here wee bring you Armes offensiue and defensiue. March to the Market-place, and be our Guide and Captaine, since you ought (being our Gouernour) to be so. Arme mee on Gods Name (quoth *Sancho.*) And strait they brought him two shields, of which they had good store, and they clapt them vpon his shirt, without letting him take any other clothes; one they put before, and the other behinde, and they drew out his armes at certaine holes they had made, and bound him very well vvith cords, so that he was walled and boorded vp straight like a spindle, not able to bend his knees, or to moue a step. In his hands they put a Lance, on which hee leant to keepe himselfe vp. When they had him thus, they bad him march, and guide them, and cheere them all; for that hee being their Lanthorne, North, and Morning starre, their matters would be well ended. How should I (wretch that I am) march, quoth *Sancho?* for my knee-bones will not mooue, since these boords that are so sowed to my flesh, doe hinder me: your onely way is to carry me in your armes, and to lay me a-thwart, or let me stand vp at some Posterne, which I will make good, eyther with my Lance or my body. Fie, Sir, said another, 'tis more your feare then the boords that hinder your pace; make an end for shame, and bestir your selfe; for it is late, and the enemies increase, the cries are augmented, and the danger waxeth more and more. At whose persvvasions & vitupery, the poore Gouernour tried if he could mooue himselfe: so he fell to the ground, and had such a fall, that he thought he had broken himselfe to pieces; and now hee lay like a Tortoise, shut in, and couered with his shell, or like a

Flitch of Bacon clapped betweene two boords, or like a Boate ouerturned vpon a flatte; and for all his fall, those scoffers had no compassion at all on him, but rather putting out their Torches, they began to re-enforce their cryes, and to reiterate their Arme, Arme, so fast running ouer poore *Sancho*, giuing him an infinite company of slashes vpon his Shields, that if he had not withdrawne himselfe, and shrunke his head vp into them, the poore Gouernour had beene in wofull plight; who being thus shrugged vp in this strait, he was in a terrible sweat and beraied, and recommended himselfe heartily to God Almighty to deliuer him from that danger. Some stumbled vpon him, others fell, and another would get vpon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch tower, gouerned the Army, and cried aloud, Heere on our side, heere the enemies are thickest: make this breach good, keepe that gate shut, downe with those ladders, wilde-fire balls, pitch and Rosin, and kettles of scalding Oyle: Trench the streets with beds; In fine, he named all manner of ware, instruments, and furniture of warre for the defence of a City assaulted: and the bruised *Sancho*, that heard and suffered all, said to himselfe; Oh that it would please the Lord that this Iland were once lost, or that I were dead or deliuered from this strait! Heauen heard his petition, and when he least expected, he heard this cry, Victory, Victory, the foes are vanquished. Ho, Sir Gouernour, rise, rise, enioy the conquest, and diuide the spoyles that are taken from the enemies, by the valour of your inuincible arme.

Raise me, quoth the grieued *Sancho*, with a pittifull voyce. They helpt to raise him, and being vp, hee said; Euery enemy that I haue vanquished, naile him in my forehead: Ile diuide no spoyles of enemies, but desire some friend, if I haue any, to giue me a draught of wine, that may dry vp this sweat, for I am all water. They wiped him, brought him wine, and vnbound the Shields from him: he sate vpon his bedde, and vvith the very anguish of the sodaine fright, and his toyle, hee fell into a swound; and they that playd that tricke with him, were sorry it fell out so heauily: but *Sancho's* comming straight to himselfe, tempered their sorrow.

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He

He asked them what a clocke it was? They answered him, it grew to be day.

Hee held his peace, and without more words, began to cloath himselfe, all buried in silence, and all beheld him, expecting what would bee the issue of his hasty dressing himselfe.

Thus by little and little, he made himselfe ready, for by reason of his wearinesse he could not doe it very fast, and so went toward the stable (all they that were there following him) and comming to Dapple, hee embraced and gaue him a louing kisse on the forehead, and not without teares in his eyes, sayd:

Come thou hither, companion mine and friend, fellow-partner of my labours and miseries; when I consorted with you, no other cares troubled me, then to mend thy furniture, and to sustaine thy little corps: happy then were my houres, dayes, and yeeres: but since I left thee, and mounted on the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toyles, foure thousand vnquietnesses haue entred my soule. And as hee vvas thus discoursing, he fitted on the pack-saddle, no body saying ought vnto him. Dapple being thus pack-saddled, with much adoe he got vpon him, and directing his speeches and reasons to the Steward, the Doctor and many others there present, he said,

Giue me roome, sirs, & leaue to return to my former liberty; let mee seeke my ancient life, to rise from this present death: I was not borne to be a Gouernour, nor to defend Ilands nor Cities from enemies that would assault them: I can tell better how to plow, to digge, to prune, and plant Vineyards, then to giue Lawes, or defend Prouinces & Kingdomes; tis good sleeping in a whole skinne: I meane, tis fit that euery man should exercise the Calling to which he was born: a Sickle is better in my hand, then a Gouernours Scepter. I had rather fill my selfe with a good dish of *Gaspachos*, then be subiect to the misery of an impertinent Physician, that would kill me with hunger: I had rather solace my selfe vnder the shade of an Oake in Summer, and couer my selfe with a double sheepe-skinne in Winter quietly, then lay me downe to the subiection of a Gouernment

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in fine Holland sheets, and be clothed in Sables: fare you vvell Sir, and tel my Lord the Duke, Naked was I borne, naked I am, I neyther winne nor lose: I meane, I came without crosse to this Gouernment, and I goe from it without a crosse, contrary to what Gouernours of other Ilands are vsed to doe. Stand out of the way, and let me go, for I must seare-cloth my selfe; for I beleeue all my ribs are bruised, I thanke the enemy that trampled ouer me all this night.

You shall not doe so, Sir Gouernour, quoth Doctor *Rezio*, for I will giue you a drinke good against falls and bruises, that shall straight recouer you: and touching your diet, I promise you to make amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you list. Tis too late (quoth *Sancho*) Ile as soon tarry as turne Turke: these iests are not good the second time: you shall as soone get me to stay heere, or admit of any other Gouernment, (though it were presented in two platters to me) as make me flye to heauen without wings. I am of the linage of the *Panſa's*, and vve are all head-strong, and if once wee cry odde, odde it must be (though it be euen) in spight of all the world. Heere in this stable let my Ants wings remaine that lifted me vp in the ayre, to be deuoured by Martlets and other birds, and now let's goe a plaine pace on the ground: and though wee weare no pinked Spanish-leather shoos, yet we shall not want course pack-thread Sandals. Like to like, quoth the Deuill to the Collier, and let euery man cut his measure according to his cloth, and so let mee goe, for it is late.

To which qd. the Steward, With a very good wil you should goe, though we shall be very sorry to lose you: for your iudgement and Christian proceeding oblige vs to desire your company: but you know, that all Gouernours are obliged, before they depart from the place which they haue gouerned, to render first an account of their place, which you ought to doe for the tenne daies you haue gouerned; and so Gods peace be with you.

No man can aske any account of me, said he, but hee whom my Lord the Duke will appoint; to him I goe, and to him Ile giue a fitting account: besides, I going from hence so bare as I doe, there can be no greater signe that I haue gouerned like an Angell.

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I proteſt (quoth Doctor *Rezio*) the Grand *Sancho* hath a great deale of reaſon, and I am of opinion that we let him goe; for the Duke will be infinitely glad to ſee him. So all agreed, and let him goe, offering firſt to accompany him, and whatſoeuer he had need of for himſelfe, or for the commodiouſneſſe of his Voyage.

Sancho told them, hee deſired nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and halfe a Cheeſe and a loafe for himſelfe; for that by reaſon of the ſhortneſſe of the way, hee needed no other prouiſion. All of them embraced him, and he with teares embraced them, and left them aſtoniſhed, as well at his diſcourſe, as his moſt reſolute and diſcreet determination.

CHAP. LIV.

That treats of matters concerning this Hiſtory, and no other.

THe Duke & Ducheſſe were reſolued that *Don Quixote's* Challenge that hee made againſt their Vaſſall for the aforeſaid cauſe, ſhould go forward; & though the yong man were in Flanders, whither hee fled becauſe hee would not haue *Donna Rodriguez* to his Mother in Law, yet they purpoſed to put a Gaſcoigne Lackey in his ſtead, which was called *Toſilos*, inſtructing him firſt very well in all that he had to doe.

Some two daies after, the Duke ſaid to *Don Quixote*, that within foure daies his contrary would be preſent, and preſent himſelfe in the field like an armed Knight, and maintaine that the Damozell lied in her throat, if ſhe affirmed that he had promiſed her marriage. *Don Quixote* was much pleaſed with this newes, and promiſed to himſelfe to worke miracles in this buſineſſe, and he held it to be a ſpeciall happineſſe to him, that occaſion was offered, wherein thoſe Nobles might ſee how far the valor of his powerfull arme extended: and ſo with great iocundneſſe and content, he expected the foure daies, which in the reckoning of his deſire, ſeemed to him to bee foure hundred

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Ages. Let we them paſſe (as we let paſſe diuers other matters) and come to the Grand *Sancho*, to accompany him, who betwixt mirth and mourning, vpon Dapple went to ſeeke out his Maſter, whoſe company pleaſed him more then to be Gouernour of all the Ilands in the world.

It fell out ſo, that he hauing not gone very farre from the Iland of his Gouernment (for he neuer ſtood to auerre vvhether it were Iland, City, Village, or Towne which he gouerned) he ſaw that by the way he went, there came ſixe Pilgrimes vvith their walking ſtaues, your ſtrangers that vſe to beg almes ſinging, who when they came neere, beſet him round, and raiſing their voyces all together, began to ſing in their language, what *Sancho* could not vnderſtand, except it were one word, which plainely ſignified Almes, which hee perceiued they begged in their ſong. And hee (as ſaith *Cid Hamete*) being very charitable, tooke halfe a Loafe, and halfe a Cheeſe out of his wallet, of which he was prouided, & gaue it them, telling them by ſignes he had nothing elſe to giue them: they receiued it very willingly, and ſaid, *Guelte, Guelte*. I vnderſtand you not what you would haue (good people) quoth *Sancho*. Then one of them took a purſe out of his boſome, and ſhewed it to *Sancho*, whereby he vnderſtood they asked him for money; but hee putting his thumbe to his throat, and his hand vpward, gaue them to vnderſtand he had not a *Denier*; and ſpurring Dapple, he broke thorow them: and paſſing by, one of them looking wiſhly vpon him, layd hold on him, and caſting his armes about his middle, with a loud voyce, and very good Spaniſh, ſayd, God defend me, and what doe I ſee? is it poſſible I haue my deare friend in my armes, my honeſt neighbour *Sancho Panſa*? Yes ſure I haue, for I neyther ſleepe, nor am drunke.

Sancho wondred to heare himſelfe ſo called by his name, and to ſee himſelfe embraced by a Pilgrime-ſtranger: and after hee had beheld him a good while, without ſpeaking a word, and with much attention, yet he could neuer call him to minde: but the Pilgrime ſeeing his ſuſpenſion, ſaid,

How now, is it poſſible, Brother *Sancho Panſa*, thou knoweſt not thy neighbour *Ricote* the *Moriſco* Grocer of thy towne?

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Then

Then *Sancho* beheld him more earnestly, and began to remember his fauour, and finally knew him perfectly: and so without alighting from his Asse, hee cast his armes about his neck, and said, Who the Diuell, *Ricote*, could know thee, in this vizardly disguize? What's the matter? who hath made such a [2] *Franchote* of thee? and how darest thou returne back againe into Spaine? where, if thou bee'st catcht or knowne, woe bee to thee? If thou reueale me not, *Sancho*, I am safe, quoth the Pilgrim: for in this disguise no body will know me: Come let's goe out of the high-way, into yonder Elme Groue, for there my companions meane to dine, and repose themselues, and thou shalt eate with them, for they are very good people, and there I shall haue leisure to tell thee what hath befalne me, since I departed from our Towne, to obey his Maiesties Edict, which so rigorously threatened those vnfortunate ones of our Nation, as thou heard'st.

[2] A word of disgrace the Spaniard vseth to all strangers, but chiefely to the French.

Sancho consented, and *Ricote* speaking to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went to the Elme Groue that appear'd a pretty way distant from the High-way, they flung downe their Staues, and cast off their Pilgrims weeds, and so remained in Hose and Doublet: and all of them were yong, and handsome fellowes, except *Ricote*, who was well entred in yeeres: all of them had Wallets, which were (all to see to) well prouided at least vvith incitatiues that prouoked to drinke two miles off.

They sate vpon the ground, and making Table-clothes of the Grasse; they set vpon it, Bread, Salt, Kniues, Wal-nuts, slices of Cheese, and cleane Gammon of Bacon-bones: vvhich though they would not let themselues be gnawed, yet they forbade not to be sucked.

They set downe likewise a kinde of blacke meat, called *Caviary*, made of Fishes Egges; a great Alarum to the bottle, there wanted no Oliues, though they were dry without any Pickle; yet sauoury, and made vp a dish: but that which most flourisht in the field of that banquet was; sixe bottles of Wine, which each of them drew out of his Wallets; euen honest *Ricote* too, who had transformed himselfe from a *Morisco* into a *Germane*, or *Dutch-man*; hee drew out his, that for quan-

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titie

title might compare with the whole fiue.

Thus they beganne to eate with great content; and very leisurely, rellishing euery bit which they tooke vpon a knifes point, and very little of euery thing: and straight all of them together would lift their armes and bottles vp into the ayre, putting their own mouthes to the Bottles mouthes, their eyes nailed in heauen, as if they had shot at it: and in this fashion mouing their heads from one side to the other, signes of their good liking of the Wine, they remained a good while, straining the entrailes of the Vessels in their stomacks.

Sancho marked all, and was grieued at nothing; rather to fulfill the Prouerbe, that he very well knew, [a] When thou goest to Rome, &c. hee desired the Bottle of *Ricote*, and so tooke his ayme as well as the rest, and with no lesse delight then they: thus the Bottles suffered themselues to be hoisted on end foure times but it was not possible the fift; for they were now as soake and dry as a Matteresse, which made their ioy hitherto shewne, now very muddy: now and then one of them would take *Sancho* by the right hand, and say, Spaniard & Dutchman all one, *bon compagno*. And *Sancho* answered: *Bon compagno*, [b] *intro a di*: and with that dischargeth such a laughter as lasted a long houre; not remembring as then ought that had befalne him in his Gouernment; for cares are wont to haue little Iurisdiction vpon leisure and idlenesse, whilest men are eating and drinking.

[a] *Cum fueris Romæ, &c.*

[b] Sweares in a broken language.

Finally, the ending of their Wine, was the beginning of a drowsinesse that seyzed vpon them all, so they euen fell to sleepe where they sat; only *Ricote* and *Sancho* watched it out, for they had eaten more, and drunke lesse: So *Ricote* taking *Sancho* apart, they sate at the foote of a Beech, leauing the Pilgrims buried in sweet sleepe, and *Ricote* without stumbling at iot into his *Morisco* tongue, in pure *Castillian* language, vttered to him this ensuing Discourse.

Thou well knowest, O *Sancho Pansa*, friend and neighbour mine, how the Proclamation and Edict that his Maiesty commanded to be published against those of my Nation, put vs all into a feare and fright, at least me it did: and mee thought, that before the time that was limited vs for our departure from

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Spaine

Spaine; the very rigour of the penalty was executed vpon me, and my children.

I prouided therefore (in my iudgement wisely) as he which knowes that by such a time the house he liues in shall bee taken from him, and so prouides himselfe another against hee is to change: I prouided, I say, to leaue our towne, all alone without my Family, and to seeke some place whither I might commodiously carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went. For I well saw, and so did all our grauer sort, that those Proclamations were not onely threats, as some said: but true lawes to be put in execution at their due time: and I was enforced to be leaue this truth; because I knew the villanous, but fooliſh attempts of our Nation: such, as me thought, it was a diuine inspiration that moued his Maiestie, to put so braue a resolution in effect: not because wee were all faulty; for some there were firme and true Christians: but they were so few, they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise: and it was not fit to nourish a Serpent in his bosome, and to haue enemies within doores.

Finally, we were iustly punished with the penalty of Banishment, which seemed to some soft and sweet; but to vs the terriblest that could be inflicted: whereseuer wee are, we weepe to thinke on Spaine: for indeed heere we were borne, and it is our naturall Countrey; wee no where finde the entertainment that our misfortune desires, and in *Barbary*, and all parts of *Africa*, where we thought to haue been receiued, entertained, and cherished; there it is where wee are most offended, and misused: we knew not our happinesse till we lost it, and the desire we all haue to returne to Spaine is so great, that the most part of such (which are many) who speake the language, as I doe, returne hither againe, and leaue their Wiues and Children there forsaken: so great is the loue they beare their Countrey, and now I know and finde by experience that the saying is true, Sweet is the loue of ones Countrey.

I went (as I say) out of our towne, and came into France, and though there we were well entertained, yet I would see it all; and so passed into Italy, and arriued in Germany; and there I found

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found we might liue with more freedome; for the inhabitants doe not looke much into niceties, euery one liues as he pleaseth: for in the greatest part of it, there is libertie of conscience.

There I tooke a house in a Towne neere *Augusta*, and so ioyned with these Pilgrims, that vsually come for *Spaine*; many of them euery yeere to visit the Deuotions heere, which are their *Indies*, and certaine gaine, they trauell all the Kingdome ouer; and there is no towne from whence they goe not away with meat and drinke (as you would say) at least & sixe pence in money: and when they haue ended their Voyage, they goe away with a hundreth Crownes ouer-plus, which changed into Gold; eyther in the hollowes of their Staues, or the patches of their Weeds, or by some other slight they can, they carry out of the Kingdome, and passe into other Countreys, in spight of the Searchers of the dry Ports, where the money ought to be registred. And now, *Sancho*, my purpose is to carry away the Treasure that I left buried; for because it is without the Town, I may doe it without danger, and write from *Valencia*, to my Wife and Daughter that I know are in *Argiers*, and contriue how I may bring them to some Port of *France*, and from thence carry them into *Germany*, where we will expect how God will please to dispose of vs: for indeed, *Sancho*, I know certainely, that *Ricota* my Daughter, and *Francisca Ricota* my Wife are Catholike Christians: and though I bee not altogether so, yet I am more Christian then Moore; and my desire to God alwaies is, to open the eyes of my vnderstanding, and to let me know how I may serue him.

And all I admire, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather go into *Barbarie*, then into *France*, where they might haue liued as Christians.

To which *Sancho* said, Look you, *Ricote*, perhaps they could not doe withall: for *Iohn Tyopeio* your wiues Brother carried them: and he (belike) as he was a ranke Moore, would go where he thought best, and I can tell you more, I thinke tis in vaine for you to seeke what you left hidden: for we had newes that your Brother in law & your Wife had many Pearls taken from them, and a great deale of gold which was not registred.

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That

That may very well be, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*: but I know they touched not my treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, as fearing some mis-hap; and therefore if thou wilt come with me, *Sancho*, and help me to take it out and conceale it, Ile giue thee two hundreth Crownes to the relieſe of thy neceſſities, for thou knoweſt, I know thou haſt many.

Were I couetous (quoth *Sancho*) I would yeeld to this; and were I ſo, this morning I left an Office, which had I kept, I might haue made my houſe walles of gold, and within one ſixe moneths haue eaten in ſiluer diſhes: ſo that partly for this, and partly not to bee a Traitour to my King, in fauouring his enemies, I will not goe with thee, though thou wouldſt giue mee foure hundreth Crownes

And what Office was that thou lefteſt *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*?

I left to be Gouernour of an Iland (quoth *Sancho*) and ſuch a one, that yfaith in three Bow-ſhootes againe you ſhall ſcarce meet with ſuch another.

And where is this Iland, ſaid he? Where, quoth *Sancho*? Why, two Leagues off, and it is called the Iland *Barataria*.

Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*: for your Ilands are out in the Sea, you haue no Ilands in the *Terra Firma*.

No, quoth *Sancho*? I tell you, friend, *Ricote*, this morning I left it; and yeſterday I gouerned in it at my pleaſure like a *Sagittarius*: but yet I left it, as thinking the Gouernours Office to be dangerous.

And what haue you gotten by it, quoth *Ricote*? I haue gotten (ſaid he) this experience, that I am not fit to gouerne ought but a Herd of Cattel, and that in thoſe kinde of Gouernments there is no wealth gotten, but with labour, toyle, loſſe of ſleepe and ſuſtenance: for in your Ilands your Gouernours fare very ill; eſpecially if they haue Phiſicions that looke to their health.

I vnderſtand thee not, *Sancho*, quoth *Ricote*: but me thinkes thou talkeſt without ſenſe: for who would giue thee Ilands to gouerne? want there in the world more able men then thou to be Gouernours? Peace, *Sancho*, and returne to thy wits, and ſee if thou wilt goe with me, as I haue ſaid, and help me take out the Treaſure that I haue hidden, for it may very well bee

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called

called a Treasure; and I will giue thee sufficient to maintaine thee.

I haue told thee, *Ricote*, quoth *Sancho*, that I will not: let it suffice, I will not discouer thee, and goe on thy way, on Gods name, and leaue me to mine: for I know that vvhat is vvell gotten, is lost; but what is ill gotten, it and the Owner too.

I vvill not be too earnest with thee, said hee: but tell mee, wast thou in our towne, vvhen my Wife, my Daughter, and my Brother in law departed? Marry was I (quoth *Sancho*) and I can tell you, your Daughter shewed so beautifull, that all the Towne went out to see her: and euery one said shee vvas the fairest creature in the world: shee went weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and as many as came to see her, and intreated all to recommend her to God, and this so feelingly, that shee made mee weepe, that am no Bel-weather: and yfaith many had a good minde to haue concealed her, and to take her away vpon the way: but feare of resisting the Kings commandement, made them abstaine: he that shewed himselfe most enamoured, was *Don Pedro Gregorio*, that Youth, the rich heyre that you know very well; he, they say, loued her very much, and since she went, vvas neuer seene more in our Towne, and we all thought, hee followed to steale her away: but hitherto there is nothing knowne.

I alwayes suspected (quoth *Ricote*) that this Gentleman loued my Daughter: but being confident in *Ricota's* worth, it neuer troubled me, to know that he loued her well: for I am sure, *Sancho*, thou hast heard say, that *Morisca* women seldome or neuer for loue married with old Christians: and so my Daughter, who, as I beleeue, rather tended her soules health then to bee enamoured, cared little for this rich heires solliciting.

God grant it, quoth *Sancho*: for it would be very ill for them both: and now, *Ricote*, let me goe from hence, for I meane this night to see my Master *Don Quixote*.

God be with thee, Brother *Sancho*: for now my companions are stirring, and it is time to be on our way: and straight both of them tooke leaue; and *Sancho* gate vpon Dapple, and *Ricote* leant on his Pilgrims Staffe; and so both departed.

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CHAP.

CHAP. LV.

Of matters that befell Sancho *by the way, and others the best in the world.*

SAncho's long stay with *Ricote* was the cause that he reached not that day to the Dukes Castle, though hee came within halfe a League of it, where the night tooke him, somewhat darke and close: but being Summer time, it troubled him not much, and therefore hee went out of the vvay, purposing to rest till the morning: but as ill lucke would haue it, seeking a place, where he might best accommodate himselfe, hee and Dapple fell into a most darke and deepe pit, which was amongst certain ruinous buildings; and as he was falling, he recōmended himselfe with al his heart to God, thinking he should not stop till hee came to Hell, but it fell out otherwise: for vvithin a little more then three fathoms length, Dapple felt ground, and he sate still vpon him without any hurt or damage receiued.

He felt all his body ouer, and held in his breath, to see if hee were sound, or pierced any where: but seeing himselfe vvell and whole, and in Catholike health, he thought hee could neuer praise God sufficiently for the fauour hee had done him: for he thought verily he had bin beaten into a thousand pieces he went likewise, groping with his hands about the walls of the pit to see if it were possible to get out without help, but he found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which grieued him very much, especially when hee heard Dapple cry out tenderly and dolefully, and no maruell: for it was not for vvantonnes, he saw himselfe in a pitifull taking.

Alas, quoth *Sancho* then, and what sodaine and vnthought of accidents befall men that liue in this miserable world? vvho would haue supposed, that he, who yesterday saw himselfe inthronized Gouernour of an Iland, commanding seruants and Vassals, should to day bee buried in a Pit, without any bodies help, without Seruant or Vassall comming to succour him?

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Heere

Heere I and my Asse are like to perish with hunger, if so bee that first wee die not; he with his bruise, and I vvith griefe and anguish: at least I shall not bee so happy, as my Master *Don Quixote* was, when hee descended and went downe into that enchanted Caue of *Montesino's*, where hee found better welcome then if he had beene at his owne house; and it seemed hee found the cloth ready layd, and his bed made: there saw hee goodly and pleasant Visions; and heere (I beleeue) I shall see nothing but Toads and Snakes: vnfortunate that I am, what is my madnesse and folly come too? My bones will bee fetcht out from hence (when it shall please heauen that I am found) white and smooth, the flesh pickt off, and my trustie Dapples with them: wherevpon peraduenture it shall bee knowne who we are, at least by those that shall take notice, that *Sancho* and the Asse neuer parted, nor the Asse from *Sancho*. Againe, I say, Vnhappy wee! our ill fortune would not, that wee should dye in our Countrey, and amongst our friends, where though our mis-fortune had found no redresse; yet we should not haue wanted pitie, and at last gaspe we should haue had our eyes closed. Oh Companion mine and friend, how ill haue I rewarded thy honest seruice? Pardon me: and desire Fortune in the best manner thou canst, to deliuer vs from this miserable toyle in which we are both put: and I heere promise to set a Crowne of Lawrell on thy head, that thou shalt looke like a Poet Lawreat, and I will double thy Prouender-allowance.

Thus *Sancho* lamented, and his Asse hearkened to him, without answering a word; such was the strait and anguish in which the poore Scab found himselfe.

Finally, hauing passed ouer the whole night in complaints and lamentations, the day came on, with whose cleerenesse and splēdor, *Sancho* saw that there was no maner of possibility to get out of that Well, without help, and he began to lament & make a noise, to see if any body heard him: but all his crying out was as in a Desart: for in all the Countrey round about, there vvas none to hearken to him; and then Dapple lay with his mouth open, and *Sancho* thought he had been dead: yet hee so handled the matter, that he set him vpon his legges, and taking a piece of

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bread

bread out of his Wallets (which had runne the same fortune with them) he gaue it his Asse, which came not amisse to him; and *Sancho* said to him, as if hee had vnderstood it, Sorrowes great are lessened with meate.

By this he discouered on the one side of the Pit a great hole, whereat a man might passe thorow, crooking and stooping a little. *Sancho* drew to it, and squatting down, entred in, and saw that within it, was large and spacious, and he might well discerne it: for by a place that you might call the roofe, the Sun-beame entered in, that discouered it all: he saw likewise that it was enlarged by another spacious concauitie: which when he saw, he turned backe againe to his Asse, and with a stone began to pull downe the earth of the Hole, and in a little while made way for his Asse to goe out, which he did, and *Sancho* leading him by the Halter, went forward along the Caue, to see if hee could finde any egresse on the other side; sometimes he went darke-long and without light: but neuer without feare. Lord God, said he, this, that to me is a misfortune, were to my Master *Don Quixote* a famous Aduenture: he would think these profundities and Dungeons, were flowry Gardens, and *Galiana's* Palaces, and hee would hope to get out of this straightnesse and darknesse into some flowry field: but I vnfortunate, ill-aduised, and faint-hearted, thinke that euery moment I shall fall into a deeper profunditie then this former, that will swallow mee downe-right: Tis a good ill that comes alone. In this manner, and in this imagination he thought he had gone somwhat more then halfe a League; and at last he discouered a kinde of Twy-light, as if it had been day, & came in at some open place, which, seemed to open an entrance to another world.

Heere *Cid Hamete Benengeli* leaues him, and turnes againe to treat of *Don Quixote*, who, iocund and contented, expected the prefixed time, for the Combate hee was to performe with the dishonourer of *Donna Rodriguez* Daughter, and thought to rectifie the wrong and vncouth turne shee had done her.

It fell out then, that going out one morning to exercise and practise against the traunce in which ere long hee was to see

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himselfe; fetching vp *Rosinante* with a full Carrere, hee came close to a Caues mouth; that had he not reined him in hard, it had been impossible but he must haue falne into it.

Well, he stopt him, and fell not in: and comming somewhat neerer, without alighting, lookt into that depth, and beholding of it, heard a great noise within, and hearkening attentiuely, he might perceiue and vnderstand, that he that made it, cryed out, Ho, aboue there, is there any Christian that heares me? or any charitable Gentleman that will take pitie of a sinner buried aliue? of an vnhappy vngouern'd Gouernour?

Don Quixote thought hee heard *Sancho Pansa's* voice, at which he was in suspence & affrighted: but raising his voice as high as he could, he said, Who is below there? who is that cryes out? Who should he here? or who should cry out, they answered, but the weather-beaten *Sancho Pansa* Gouernour with a Pox to him, for his ill errantrie of the Iland *Barataria*, Squire sometime to the famous Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*?

When *Don Quixote* heard this, his admiration was doubled, and his astonishment increased, as thinking *Sancho Pansa* might be dead, and that his soule was there doing penance: and carried with this imagination, he said, I coniure thee by all I may, as I am a Catholike Christian, that thou tell mee who thou art: and if thou beest a soule in penalty, tell mee what thou wilt haue mee doe for thee: for since my profession is to succour and help the needy of this world, it shall alwayes bee so to help and ayde the needie in another world, that cannot help themselues.

Then said they below, Belike, you that speake to me are my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and by the Organ of your voice can be no other.

Don Quixote I am, quoth he, that both ayde the liuing and dead in their necessities. Therefore tell mee who thou art; for thou amazest me: for if thou be *Sancho Pansa* my Squire, and that being dead, the Diuel haue not seyzed on thee, and by Gods mercie thou be in Purgatory, our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church hath sufficient suffrages, to deliuer thee from the paine thou endurest, and I with my wealth will sollicite

all

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all that I can: and therefore make an end, and tell mee who thou art.

Gods me, by whose birth so euer you will, Signior *Don Quixote*: I sweare I am your Squire *Sancho Pansa*, and I neuer dyed in all my life; but that hauing left my Gouernment for matters and causes that must be told more at leisure; ouer-night I fell into this Pit, where I lye and Dapple too, who will proue me to be no lyar: for he is heere with me: Will you any more? And it seemed, the Asse vnderstood what *Sancho* said: for at the instant, hee began to bray so lowd, that all the Caue resounded.

A famous witnesse, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know this Bray, as if I had brought it forth, and I heare thy voice, my *Sancho*: Stay, and Ile goe to the Dukes Castle that is heere hard by: and I will get some to help thee out of this Pit, into which thy sins haue cast thee.

Goe, Sir (quoth *Sancho*) for Gods loue, and returne quickly: for I can no longer endure to be buried heere aliue, and I dye for feare. *Don Quixote* left him, and went to the Castle to let the Dukes know *Sancho's* mis-hap: at which they maruelled not a little, though they knew well enough how hee might fall in for the knowledge they had, time out of minde of that Vault: but they could not imagine how he had left his Gouernment, they knowing nothing of his comming. Finally, they caused Ropes and Cables to be sent, & with much cost and labour of people, *Sancho* and Dapple were drawne out of that dismalnesse to the sunnes light. A Scholler saw him, and said, Thus should all bad Gouernors come out of their Gouernments, as this sinner doth out of this profound Abisme, pale dead for hunger, and (as I beleeue) without a crosse to blesse him with.

Sancho heard him, and said, 'Tis eight or ten dayes, Goodman Murmurer, since I began to gouerne the Iland, in all which I neuer eat bread that kept me from hunger one houre; in al that time Physicians haue persecuted mee, and enemies haue bruised my bones: neither haue I had leisure to take bribes, or to recouer my due; which being so, I deserued not (in my opinion) to come out in this manner: but man purposeth, and God disposeth: and

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God beſt knowes what each man needeth: and let euery man fit himſelfe to the times, and no man ſay, Ile drink no more of ſuch a drinke: for where we thinke to fare well, there is oft ill vſage. God Almighty knowes my minde, 'tis enough, and I ſay no more, though I could. Be not angry, *Sancho*, nor vext with what thou heareſt, for ſo thou ſhalt neuer be in quiet: come with a good conſcience, let vm ſay what they will; for to bridle malicious tongues, is as much as to ſet gates in the High-way.

If a Gouernour come rich from his Gouernment, they ſay he hath played the Thiefe: and if poore, that he hath been a weake vnable Coxcombe.

I warrant you (quoth *Sancho*) this bout, they ſhall rather hold me to be a Cox-combe then a Thiefe. With this diſcourſe they went toward the Caſtle hemmed in with many boyes, and other people; where the Duke and Ducheſſe were in certaine running Galleries, expecting *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*: who, before he would goe vp to ſee the Duke, would firſt accommodate Dapple in the Stable: for he ſaid he had had a maruellous ill night on't at their lodging; and ſo ſtraight he went vp to ſee his Lords, before whom vpon his knees, he ſaid; I, my Lords, becauſe your Greatneſſes would needs haue it ſo, without any deſert of mine, went to gouern your Iland *Barataria*; into which, naked I entred, and naked come I out, I neither win nor loſe, whether I gouerned well or ill, heere be witneſſes preſent to ſay what they pleaſe: I haue reſolued Doubts; ſentenced Cauſes, and haue been ready to be ſtarued; becauſe Maſter Doctor *Pedro Rezio*, borne at *Tirtea fuera*, would haue it ſo, that Iland and Gouernouriſh Phyſician; enemies ſet vpon vs by night: and hauing put vs in great danger, they of the Iland ſay that they were freed, and got the victory, by the valour of my arme; ſuch health God ſend them, as they tell truth herein.

In fine, I haue ſummed vp all the burdens and the cares that this gouerning brings with it, and finde by my account, that my ſhoulders cannot beare them; neither are they a weight for my ribbes, nor Arrowes for my quiuer: and therefore, leſt I ſhould be caſt away in my Gouernment, I haue caſt it away, and ſince yeſterday morning I left the Iland as I found it, with the

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ſame

same streets, houses, and rooфes that it had when I came into it.

I haue borrowed nothing of no body, nor hoorded vp any thing: and though I thought to haue made some profitable Ordinances, yet I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had neuer been made.

I left the Iland (as I say) without any bodies accompanying me, but Dapple: I fell into a Pit, went forward in it, vntill this morning by the Sunnes light I got out: but not so easily; for if heauen had not prouided mee my Master *Don Quixote*, there I had stucke till the end of the world.

So that my Lords, Duke and Duchesse, here is *Sancho Panſa* your Gouernour, that hath onely learnt to know in these ten daies that he hath gouern'd, that he cares not for gouerning, not an Iland, nay were it the whole world: this presuppoſed, kissing your Honours hands, imitating [a] boyes play, that cry, Leape thou, and then let me leape: So I leape from the Gouernment, and passe againe to my Master *Don Quixotes* seruice: for in fine, though with him I eate my victuals sometimes in feare, yet I haue my belly full; and so that be, all's one to me, that it be with Carrets, or with Partridge. With this, *Sancho* ended his tedious discourse: *Don Quixote* fearing alwayes that he would blunder out a thousand fopperies; but seeing him end with so few, he thanked Heauen in his heart: and the Duke embraced *Sancho*, and said, He was sorry in his soule that he left the Gouernment so quickly: but that he would cause some Office of lesse trouble, and more profit in his estate to be giuen him: the Duchesse likewise embraced him, and commanded hee should bee made much of, for he seemed to be much wearied, and to be worse entreated.

[a] Like our Truſſe or faile.

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CHAP. LVI.

Of the vnmercifull and neuer seene battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote *and the Lackey* Tosilos, *in defence of the Matron* Donna Rodriguez *Daughter.*

THe Dukes repented them not of the ieſt that was put vpon *Sancho* in the Gouernment which they gaue him; eſpecially, becauſe that very day their Steward came, and told them very punctually all the words and actions, that *Sancho* both did and ſaid in that time: and finally, ſo deſcrib'd the aſſault of the Iland, and ſo ſet out *Sancho's* feare, and his fallie, that they receiued no ſmall delight.

After this, the Hiſtory tels vs, that the day of the prefixed battaile came, and the Duke hauing oft inſtructed his Lackey *Tosilos* how he ſhould behaue himſelfe with *Don Quixote* to ouercome him, without killing or wounding him: hee gaue order that their Pikes ſhould bee taken from their Lances, telling *Don Quixote*, that Chriſtianitie (which he preferred) permitted not, that that battel ſhould be with ſo much hazard and danger of their liues: and that it was enough that he granted him free Liſts in his Countrey, though it were againſt the Decree of the holy Councell, that prohibites ſuch challenges; yet hee would not put that matter ſo ſtrictly in execution.

Don Quixote bade his Excellency diſpoſe of that buſineſſe as he pleaſed, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearefull day being come, the Duke commanded that there ſhould be a ſpacious Scaffold ſet vp in the place where the Iudges of the Liſts might ſtand; and the Matron & her daughter the Plaintiffes.

There repaired a world of people, from all the townes, and neighbouring Villages, to ſee the noueltie of that battaile, who neuer ſaw, nor euer heard tell of the like in that Countrey; neither the liuing, nor thoſe that were dead. The firſt that entred the field and Liſts, was, the Maſter of the Ceremonies, vvho meaſured out the ground, and paſſed all ouer it, that there

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might

might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them stumble or fall: by and by the women entred, and sate downe in their seates, with their mantles ouer their eyes and brests, with shews of no small resenting, *Don Quixote* present in the Lists.

A while after, the Grand Lackey *Tosilos*, appear'd on one side of the large place, accompanied with many Trumpets, and vpon a lusty Courser, sinking the very ground vnder him: his Visor was drawn, and he was all arraied in strong and shining Armor, his horse was Frizeland, well spred, of colour flea-bitten, each fet-locke hauing nine and twenty pound of woolI vpon it. The valiant Combatant came, well instructed by his Master, how he should demeane himselfe with the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, aduertized that he should by no meanes kill him, but that he should striue to shunne the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death which was certaine, if he met him full butte. He paced ouer the place, and comming where the Matron was, he stayed a while to behold her that demanded him for her husband. The Master of the Lists called *Don Quixote*, that had now presented himselfe in the place, & together with *Tosilos*: he spoke to the women, asking them, if they agreed that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* should vndertake their cause. They said, I, and that they allowed of all he should in that case performe, for firm and auaileable.

By this the Duke and Duchesse were set in a Gallery, vvhich looked iust to the Lists, all which was couered with aboundance of people, that expected to see the rigorous trance neuer seene.

The conditions of the Combatant was, That if *Don Quixote* ouercame his Contrary, he should marry with *Donna Rodriguez* daughter; and that if he were ouercome, his Contendor was freed from his promise giuen, and not tyed to any satisfaction. The Master of the Ceremonies diuided the Sunne betweene them, and set each of them in their places. The Drums strooke vp, and the sound of Trumpets filled the ayre, the earth shooke vnder them, and the hearts of the spectator troope, were in suspence, some fearing, others expecting the good or ill successe of this matter.

Finally, *Don Quixote* recommending himselfe heartily to God and his Mistresse *Dulcinea del Toboso*, stood looking when the precise signe of the encoũter should be giuen: but our Lackey was in another mind, he thought vpon what now I will tell you. It seemes, that as he stood looking vpon his enemy, she seemed to him to be the fairest woman in the world, and the little blind boy, whom vp and down the streets folke call *Loue*, would not lose the occasion offered, to triumph vpon a Lackey an soule, and to put it in the list of his Trophies: and so comming to him, faire and softly, without any body perceiuing him, he clapped a flight two yards long into his left side, and strooke his heart thorow and thorow, and he might safely doe it; for loue is inuisible, and goes in and out where he list, no body asking him any account of his actions. Let me tell you then, that when the signe of the on-set was giuen, our Lackey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her that hee had made mistresse of his liberty, and so he tooke no notice of the Trumpets sound, as did *Don Quixote*, who scarce heard it, when he set spurres, and with as full speed as *Rosinante* would permit, went against his enemy, & his good Squire *Sancho Pansa*, seeing him depart, cryed out aloud, God guide thee, Creame and Flower of Knights Errant, God giue thee the victory, seeing thou hast right on thy side: and though *Tosilos* saw *Don Quixote* come toward him, yet hee moued not a whit from his place, but rather aloud called the Master of the Lists, who comming to see what he would haue, *Tosilos* said,

Sir, doth not this battell consist in my marrying, or not marrying with that Gentlewoman? Yes, it was answered him. Well then (quoth the Lackey) I am scrupulous of Conscience, which would much be burthened, if this battell should proceed: And therefore I say, I yeeld my selfe vanquished, and will marry this Gentlewoman presently.

The Master of the Lists wondred at *Tosilos* reasons; and as he was one of those that knew of the contriuing that businesse, could not answer him a word.

Don Quixote stopped in the middest of his Carcere, seeing his enemy met not.

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The

The Duke knew nothing why the Combat should not goe forward; but the Master of the Lists went to tel him what *Tosilos* said, at which he was in suspence, and extreamly cholericke.

Whilest this happened, *Tosilos* came where *Donna Rodriguez* was, and cried aloud, Mistresse, Ile marry your daughter, and therefore will neuer striue for that vvith suites and contentions, which I may haue peaceably, and without danger of death.

The valorous *Don Quixote* heard this, and sayd; Seeing 'tis so, and that I am loosed & free from my promise, let them marry on Gods name, and since God hath giuen her him, S. *Peter* blesse her.

The Duke now came down into the Place, and comming to *Tosilos*, said; Is it true, Knight, that you yeeld your selfe vanquished, and that instigated by your timorous Conscience, you will marry that maid? I, Sir, quoth *Tosilos*.

He doth very well, quoth *Sancho* then, for that thou wouldst giue the Mouse, giue the Cat, and he will free thee from trouble.

Tosilos began now to vnlace his Helmet, and desired them to help him apace, for his spirits & his breath failed him, & he could not endure to see himselfe so long shut vp in that narrow chamber. They vndid it apace, and now the Lackeyes face was plainely discouered. Which when *Donna Rodriguez* and her daughter saw, they cried out, saying, This is coozenage, this is coozenage: they haue put *Tosilos* my Lord the Dukes Lackey in stead of our true husband: Iustice from God and the King, for such malice, not to say, villany.

Grieue not your selues, Ladies, quoth *Don Quixote*; for this is neyther malice nor villany, and if it be, the Duke is not in fault, but vilde Enchanters that persecute me: who enuying that I should get the glory of this conquest, haue conuerted the face of your Husband into this, which you say is the Dukes Lackey: take my counsell, & in spight of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for doubtlesse 'tis he that you desire to haue to husband.

The Duke that heard this, was ready to burst all his choller into laughter, and said; The things that happen to Signior *Don Quixote* are so extraordinary, that it makes me belieue this is not my Lackey: but let vs vse this slight and deuice, let vs defer the marri-

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marriage onely one fifteene daies, and keepe this personage that holds vs in doubt, locked vp, in which perhaps he will returne to his pristine shape; for the rancor that Enchanters beare Signior *Don Quixote*, will not last so long, they gaining so little by these coozenages and transformations they vse.

O sir, quoth *Sancho*, these wicked Elues doe vsually change one thing into another in my Masters affaires: not long since they changed a Knight he conquer'd, called *The Knight of the Looking glasses*, into the shape of the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, borne in our towne, and our speciall friend, and they turned my Mistresse *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a rusticke clowne: and so I imagine this Lackey will liue and die so, all daies of his life.

To which (quoth *Rodriguez* daughter) Let him be who hee will that demands mee to wife (I thanke him) I had rather be lawfull wife to a Lackey, then a Paramour to be mocked by a Gentleman, though besides he that abused me is none.

The vpshot of all was, that *Tosilos* should be kept vp, till they saw what became of his transformation. All cried, *Don Quixote's* was the victory, and the most were sad and melancholy, to see that the expected Combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as boyes are sad, when the party they looke for, comes not out to be hanged, when eyther the contrary, or the Iustice pardons him.

The people departed, and the Duke and the Duchesse returned, and *Don Quixote* with them to the Castle, *Tosilos* was shut vp, *Donna Rodriguez* and her daughter were most happy, to see that one way or other, that businesse should end in marriage, and *Tosilos* hoped no lesse.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LVII.

How Don Quixote *tooke his leaue of the Duke, and what befell him with the witty Wanton* Altisidora, *the Dutchesses Damzell.*

NOW it seemed good to *Don Quixote*, to leaue the idle life hee had in the Castle, thinking it a great wrong to his person, to be shut vp, and lazy amongst so many delights and dainties as were offered to him as a Knight Errant by those Nobles, and he thought hee was to giue a strict account to Heauen for that idlenesse & retirement, and so asked licence one day of the Dukes to depart; which they gaue him, but seemed to be very sorrowfull that hee would leaue them. The Dutchesse gaue *Sancho Pansa* his wiues Letters, who wept in them, and said, Who would haue thought that such great hopes as the newes of my Gouernment, engendred in my Wife *Teresa Pansa's* breast, should stop in this, that I must return to my Master *Don Quixote's* dragged Aduentures? For al that, I am glad to see that my *Teresa* was like her selfe, by sending the Acorns to the Dutchesse, which if she had not sent, I being sorry she had shewed her selfe vngratefull: my comfort is, that this kinde of Present could not be called a bribe; for I had my Gouernment before she sent it, and tis very fit that they who receiue a benefit, though it be but in trifles, shew themselues thankefull. In effect, naked I came into the Gouernment, & naked I goe out of it, and therefore I may say (which is no small matter) with a safe Conscience, Naked was I born, naked I am, I neyther win nor lose. This *Sancho* discoursed with himselfe at the time when he was to depart, & *Don Quixote* going out, (hauing taken his leaue the night before of the Dukes) one morning he presented himselfe all armed in the Castle Court, all the people of the house beheld him from the Galleries, and the Dukes too went out to see him. *Sancho* was vpon his Dapple, with his Wallets, his Cloakbagge, and his Sumpter-prouision most frollike; for the Dukes Steward, he that had beene *Trifaldin*, gaue him a purse with two hundred

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hundred crownes in gold, to ſupply his wants by the way, and yet *Don Quixote* knew nothing of this.

Whileſt all were thus beholding him, vnlookt for, amongſt other Matrons and Damozells of the Ducheſſes, the witty and wanton *Altiſidora* beheld him, and vvith a vyofull voyce ſaid;

Hearken, O thou wicked Knight,
Hold a little backe thy reines;
Doe not ſo beſtirre the flanke,
Of thy moſt vngouern'd beaſt.
Falſe, behold, thou flieſt not
From a Serpent that is fierce,
No; but from a little Lambe,
Lacks not much of being a Sheepe.
Horrid Monſter, th' haſt abuſed
The moſt beauteous Damozell,
That Diana *in hills hath ſeene,*
Or Venus in woods beheld.
Cruell *Virenus*, *Æneas* fugitiue,
Barrabas take thee, neuer maiſt thou thriue.

Thou carrieſt (Oh ill carrying)
In thy wicked clutching pawes,
Th' entrailes of an humble one,
Tender and enamoured.
Three night-caps haſt thou borne hence,
And a paire of garters too,
That doe equall Marble pure,
For their ſmoothneſſe, white and blacke.
Two thouſand ſighes thou beareſt away,
Which, were they but fire, they might
Set on fire two thouſand Troyes,
(If two thouſand Troyes *there were.)*

Cruell

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Cruell *Virenus*, *Æneas* fugitiue,
Barabbas take thee, neuer maist thou thriue.

Of thy Squire that Sancho *he*,
May his entrailes be so tough,
And so hard that Dulcine
a may not dis-enchanted be:
For the fault that thou hast made,
Let poore she the burden beare,
For the iust, for wrongers doe
Sometimes in my Countrey pay.
Let thy best Aduentures all,
Into mis-aduentures turne:
All thy pleasure to a dreame,
Firmeneße to forgetfulneße.
Cruell *Virenus*, *Æneas* fugitiue,
Barabbas take thee, neuer maist thou thriue.

Maist thou false accounted be,
From Seuil *to* Marchena,
From Granada *vnto* Loia,
From a London *to* England.
Whenso ere thou plai'st at Trumpe,
At Primera, or at Saint,
Neuer mai'st thou see a King,
Aces, seuens fly from thee.
If thou chance to cut thy Cornes,
Maist thou wound till bloud doe come:
Also let the stumps remaine,
If thou plucke out hollow teeth.
Cruell *Virenus*, *Æneas* fugitiue,
Barabbas take thee, neuer mai'st thou thriue.

[a Though these Verses were made on purpose, to be absurd; yet sure the authoritie heere fell into the common absurditie, that I haue knowne many of his Countreymen doe, which is, that *England* is in *London*, and not *Vice Versa*.

Whil'st

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Whil'ſt the grieued *Altiſidora* thus lamented, *Don Quixote* beheld her, and without anſwering a word, turning to *Sancho*, he ſaid; By thy fore-fathers liues, I coniure thee, my *Sancho*, that thou tell me one truth: tell me happily, haſt thou the three Night-caps, and the Garters that this enamoured Damozell ſpeakes of? To which, quoth *Sancho*, the three Caps I haue: but for your Garters, as ſure as the Sea burnes.

The Ducheſſe wondred at *Altiſidora's* looſeneſſe: for though ſhee held her to bee bold, witty, and wanton; yet ſhee neuer thought ſhe would haue proceeded ſo farre: and knowing nothing of this ieſt, her admiration was the greater.

The Duke meant to ſecond the ſport, and therfore ſaid, I doe not like it well, Sir Knight; that hauing receiued this good entertainment that hath been made you in my Caſtle, you ſhould preſume to carry away three Night-caps at leaſt; if it were but only my Damozels Garters, 'tis a ſigne of a falſe heart, not ſuteable to your Honour, and therefore reſtore her Garters: if not, I challenge you to a mortall combate, and Ile not feare that your Eluiſh Enchanters will trucke or change my face as they haue done my Lackey *Toſilos*, that was to haue fought with you.

God forbid (quoth *Don Quixote*) that I ſhould vnſheath my ſword againſt your moſt Illuſtrious Perſon, from whom I haue receiued ſo many fauours. The Night-caps I will reſtore: for *Sancho* ſayes he hath them; the Garters 'tis impoſſible, for neither he nor I receiued them: and if this your Damozell will looke into her corners, I warrant her ſhe finds them. I, my Lord, was neuer Thiefe, nor neuer thinke I ſhall as long as I liue, if God forſake me not. This Damozell ſpeakes (as ſhee pleaſeth) as being enamoured on what I am not faulty of: and therefore I haue no reaſon to aske forgiueneſſe, neither of her, nor your Excellency, whom I beſeech to haue a better opinion of me: and againe, I deſire your Licence to bee vpon my way.

God ſend you, Signior *Don Quixote*, quoth the Ducheſſe, ſo good a iourney, that wee may alwayes heare happy newes of your braue exploits, and ſo God be with you: for the longer you ſtay, the more you increaſe the flames in the Damozels

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hearts

hearts that behold you: and for mine, Ile punish her so, that hence-forward she shall neither mis-behaue her selfe in looke or action. Heare me then but a word, oh valorous *Don Quixote*, (quoth *Altisidora*) which is, that I cry thee mercy for the theft of my garters; for in my soule and conscience I haue them on, and I haue falne into the same carelesnesse of his, that looked for his Asse vvhen he rode vpon him.

Did not I tell you, quoth *Sancho*, I am a fit Youth to conceale thefts? for had I beene so, I had in two bouts fit occasions in my Gouernment.

Don Quixote inclined his head, and made an obeysance to the Dukes and by-standers, and turning *Rosinantes* reines, *Sancho* following him on Dapple, he went out of the Castle, taking his way towards *Saragosa*.

CHAP. LVIII.

Of Aduentures that came so thicke and three-fold on Don Quixote, *that they gaue no respit one to the other.*

WHen *Don Quixote* saw himselfe in open field, free and vn-cumbred from *Altisidora's* wooing, hee thought himselfe in his Center, and that his spirits were renued, to prosecute his new proiect of Chiualrie; and turning to *Sancho*, said;

Liberty, *Sancho*, is one of the preciousest gifts that heauen hath giuen men, the treasure that the earth encloseth, and the Sea hides, cannot be equalized to it. Life ought to be hazarded, as well for liberty, as for a mans honor; and by the contrary, Captiuity is the greatest euil that can befall men. This I tell thee, *Sancho*, because thou hast well obserued the cheere and plenty vvee haue had in the Castle we left. Well, in the middest of those sauoury banquets, and those drinkes cooled with snow, me thought I was straitned with hunger; for I enioyed nothing with the liberty I should haue done, had it beene mine owne; for the obligations of recompencing benefits and fauours receiued,

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ued, are tyes that curbe a free minde. Happy that man, to whom heauen hath giuen a piece of bread, without obligation to thank any else, but heauen alone.

For all that (quoth *Sancho*) tis not fit for vs to be vnthankfull for two hundred Crowns that we haue receiued in gold, which the Dukes Steward gaue me in a purse, which I carry as a comforting Cordiall next my heart for what may fall out; for wee shall not alwaies finde Castles where we shall be much made on; sometimes wee shall meete with Inns, where wee shall bee cudgelled.

In these and such like discourses went the Errants on, Knight and Squire, when they saw (hauing gone about halfe a league) vpon the grasse of a greene medow, some dozen men, with their cloakes spred at dinner, clad like husbandmen; somwhat neere them, they had, as it were, white sheetes, with which they couered something vnderneath: they were set vp-right, & stretcht at length, and put a pretty distance one from another.

Don Quixote came to those that were eating, and saluting them first courteously, he asked them what was vnder that linnen? One of them answered him, Sir, vnder this linnen there be certaine Images of Embossed worke in wood, which must serue in a shew we make in our village: we carry them couered, that they may not be sullied, and on our shoulders, that they be not broken. If you please (quoth *Don Quixote*) I should be glad to see them; for Images carried so charily, doubtlesse are good ones. Good (quoth one) if they be not, let their price speake, for there is none of them but cost fifty Ducats; and that you may see tis true, pray stay, and you shall see it with your eyes: and rising, hee left his dinner, and went to vncouer the first Image, which shewed to be Saint *George* on horseback, with a winding Serpent at his feet, and his Lance runne thorow the throat of it, with the fiercenesse he vseth to be painted with: all the Images seemed to be of pure gold. And *Don Quixote* seeing it, said, This Knight was one of the best Errants that the diuine Warre-fare had, his name was Saint *George*, and he was a vvonderfull defender of Damozels. Let's see this next. The man discouered it, and it seemed to be Saint *Martin* on Horse-backe,

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that

that diuided his cloake with the poore man, and *Don Quixote* no sooner saw it, but he said, This Knight also was one of our Christian Aduenturers, and I beleiue he was more liberall then valiant, as thou maist see, *Sancho*, by his diuiding his cloake, and giuing the poore man halfe, and doubtlesse it was then Winter; for had it beene Summer, he would haue giuen him all, hee was so charitable.

Not so, quoth *Sancho*, but he stucke to the Prouerb, To giue and to haue, doth a braine craue.

Don Quixote laughed, and desired them to take away another piece of linnen, vnder which was the Image of the Patrone of Spaine on Horse-backe, his sword bloudied, trampling on Moores, and treading on heads: and *Don Quixote* seeing it, said, I marry, Sir, heere's a Knight indeed, one of Christs Squadrons, this is called *Don Saint Diego*, Moore-killer, one of the valiantest Saints and Knights in the world, then, or in heauen now. Then they discouered another piece, which shewed Saint *Paul* his falling from his horse, with al the circumstances vsually painted in the Table of his Conuersion: when he saw him so liuely, as if you would say, Christ were then speaking to him, & *Paul* answering, he said, This was the greatest enemy that the Church of God had in a long time, and the greatest Defender that euer it shall haue, a Knight Errant in his life-time, and a quiet Saint in his death, a restlesse labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Doctor of Nations, whose schoole was Heauen, and Christ himselfe his Reader and Instructer. Now there were no more Images: and so *Don Quixote* commanded them to couer them again, and said to those that carried them, I hold it for a propitious signe, Brethren, to haue seene what I haue seene: for those Saints & Knights were of my profession, which is, to exercise Armes; onely the difference betweene them and me is, that they vvere Saints, and fought Diuinely; I am a sinner, and fight humanely. They conquer'd heauen by force of their Armes (for heauen suffers force) and hitherto I know not what I conquer by the force of my sufferings: but if my *Dulcinea del Toboso* be once free from hers, my Fortune bettering it selfe, and my iudgement repaired, perhaps I might take a better course then I doe.

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God grant, and Sinne be deafe, quoth *Sancho*, ſtrait.

The men wondred as well at *Don Quixotes* ſhape, as his diſcourſe, and vnderſtood not one halfe, what it meant. They ended their dinner, and got vp their Images, and taking leaue of *Don Quixote*, they went on their way. *Sancho* admired afreſh, as if he had neuer knowne his Maſter, at his knowledge, thinking there was no Hiſtory in the world, or Accident, that he had not ciphered vpon his nayle, and nailed in his memory, & ſaid, Truely (Maſter mine) if this that hath befalne vs to day may be called an Aduenture, it hath beene one of the moſt delicious ſweeteſt, that in all our peregrination hath befalne vs; for wee are come out of it, without blowes or affrightment, or laying hands to our ſwords, or without bearing the earth with our bodies, or being hungry: God be thanked that he hath let me ſee this vvith theſe eyes of mine.

Thou ſayeſt well, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) but thou muſt know, the times are not alwaies alike, nor run on in one faſhion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls Bodings, which are not grounded vpon any naturall reaſon, ought to bee held, and reputed, and iudged by a wiſe man for good lucke. One of your Wizards riſeth in a morning, goes out of his houſe, meetes with a Frier of the bleſſed Order of S. *Francis*, and as if he had met with a Griffin, turnes his backe, and runs home againe. Tother *Mendoza*, hee ſpils the ſalt on the Table, and ſtrait hath a melancholy ſprinkled all ouer his heart, as if Nature were bound to ſhew ſignes of enſuing miſ-chances, with things of ſo ſmall moment as the aforeſaid: The diſcreet Chriſtians ought not to ſtand vpon points, or to looke into the doings of heauen. *Scipio* comes into Africa, and leaping on ſhore, he ſtumbles; his Souldiers hold it for an ill ſigne: but he embracing the ground, ſaid, Thou canſt not flye from me, Africa, for I haue faſt hold on thee in mine Armes. So that *Sancho*, the meeting with theſe Images hath beene a moſt happy ſucceſſe to me.

I believe you (quoth *Sancho*) and pray tell me the cauſe why we Spaniards cry, Saint *Iaques*, and ſhut Spaine? is Spaine open troe, ſo that it needed be ſhut? or what ceremony is this?

Thou art moſt ſimple, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, & looke;

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This.

This Grand Knight with the red Crosse, God hath giuen him to Spaine for a Patron and Protector, especially in the hard conflicts that the Moores and we had together; and therefore they inuoke and call on him as their Protector in all their battels they giue, and many times they haue visibly seene him in them, ouerthrowing, trampling, destroying & killing Agaren Squadrons. Many examples could I produce to confirme this, out of the true Spanish Histories.

Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his Master, Sir, I do wonder at the loosenesse of *Altisidora*, the Duchesses Damozell; that same fellow called Loue, hath brauely wounded and runne her thorow; they say he is a little blinde boy, that though he be bleare-eyed, or to say truer, blinde; takes the least heart for his mark, & hits it, and pierceth it with his Flight from one side to the other. I haue also heard say, that in the modesty & warinesse of Damozels, his amorous arrows are headlesse & dull: but in this *Altisidora*, it seemes they are rather whetted, then dull. Looke you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, Loue hath no respect or limit in his dealing, and hath the same condition vvith Death, that as well sets vpon the high Palaces of Kings, as the low Cottages of Shepheards, and when hee takes entire possession of a soule, the first thing he does, is to banish shame, without which, *Altisidora* declared her desires, that rather engendred in my breast confusion then pitty.

Notable cruelty, (quoth *Sancho*) vnheard-of thanklesnesse! I know for my part, that the least amorous reason of hers, would haue humbled and made me her vassall; ah whoore-son, what a heart of marble, entrailes of brasse, and soule of rough-cast had you? but I cannot imagine what this Damozell saw in you, that should so vanquish her? what Gallantry? what courage? what conceit? what countenance? which of these alone, or all together enamoured her? for truly, truly, I behold you many times from head to foot, and I see more in you to affright, then to enamour: and hauing also heard say, that beauty is the first and principall part that doth enamour, you hauing none, I know not on what the poore soule was enamoured.

Marke, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) there be two kindes

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of beauty, one of the minde, the other of the body; that of the minde doth march, and is seene in the vnderstanding, in honesty, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well-bredde: and all these qualities are vntamed, and may be in an ill-fauoured man; and when the choyce is set vpon this beauty, and not vpon that of the body, it causeth loue with more force and aduantage. I see, *Sancho*, that I am not louely, and yet I know too I am not deformed, and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloued, so I haue the portions of the minde I haue told thee of.

In these reasons and discourses they went, entring in at a wood that was out of the way, and sodainely, before they were aware, *Don Quixote* found himselfe entangled in nets of greene thread, that were set from one tree to another; and not imagining what it might be, he said to *Sancho*, Mee thinkes, *Sancho*, this Aduenture of these Nets is one of the strangest that may be imagined; hang me, if the Enchanters that persecute me, meane not to intangle me in them, and to stop my way, in reuenge of the rigour I haue vsed toward *Altisidora*. Well, let them know that these Nets, were they of hardest Diamonds, as they are of green thred; or stronger then that the iealous god of the Black-Smiths entangled *Venus* and *Mars* with, I would breake it, as if it were bull-rushes or yarne: and striuing to get forward, suddenly two most beautifull Shepheardesses comming from out the Thicket, appear'd before him, two, at least, attired like Shepheardesses, onely their loose Iackets & Coats were of fine cloth of gold, I say, their Kirtles were of Tissue; their haires hung loose ouer their shoulders, that for golden, might compare with the Sunne-beames: they were crowned with two Garlands wouen with greene Bayes, and red-Flower gentle: their ages seemed to be not vnder fifteene, nor past eighteene.

This was a sight that astonisht *Sancho*, suspended *Don Quixote*, made the Sunne stop in his Careere to behold them, and held all the foure in maruellous silence. In fine, the first that spake, was one of the Shepheardesses, that said to *Don Quixote*, Hold, Gentlemen, and breake not our Nets, that are spred there not to your hurt, but for our recreation; and be-

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cause

cauſe I know you will aske vs why they are ſo put, and who we are, I will tell you briefly.

In a village ſome two leagues hence, where there are many Gentlemen of quality, and rich; amongſt many acquaintances and kindred it was agreed, that the wiues, ſonnes and daughters, neighbours, friends and kinsfolke, ſhould ioyne to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleaſanteſt heere round about, forming as it were amongſt vs, a new and Paſtorall Arcadia, clothing the maides like Shepheardeſſes, and the young men like Shepheards: two Eglogues we haue ſtudied, one of the famous Poet *Garſilaſſo*, and the other of that moſt excellent Poet *Camoes* in his own Mother Portugall Tongue, which hitherto we haue not repeated. Yeſterday was the firſt day we came hither, wee haue our Tents, called Field-Tents, pitched amongſt theſe trees, cloſe by the brinke of a goodly running brooke, which fructifies all theſe medowes: laſt night wee did ſpread our nets on theſe trees, to catch the poore birds, that being allured with our call, ſhould fall into them. If you pleaſe, Sir, to be our gheſt, you ſhall be entertained liberally and courteouſly; for now into this place comes neyther ſorrow nor melancholy. With this ſhe was ſilent and ſaid no more.

To which *Don Quixote* anſwered; Truly, (faireſt Lady) *Acteon* was not more aſtoniſht or in ſuſpence, when on the ſodaine hee ſaw *Diana* bathing her ſelfe in the fountaine, then I haue beene in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your paſtime, and thanke you for your kinde offers, and if I may ſerue you, ſo I may be ſure you will be obeyed, you may command me; for my profeſſion is this, to ſhew my ſelf thankfull, and a doer of good to all ſorts of people, eſpecially of the ranke that your perſon ſhewes you to be; and if thoſe Nets, as they take vp but a little piece of ground, ſhould take vp the whole world, I would ſeeke out new worlds to paſſe thorow, rather then breake them: and that you may giue credit to this my exaggeration, behold, at leaſt he that promiſeth you this, is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.

Ah ſweet friend (quoth the other Shepheardeſſe) what good

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lucke

lucke is this ? See'ſt thou this Gentleman before vs ? Well, let me tell thee, he is the valianteſt, the moſt enamoured, and the moſt courteous in the world, if the Hiſtory lye not and deceiue vs, which is in print, of his famous exploits which I haue read: I hold a wager this honeſt fellow heere with him is, what-call ye him ? *Sancho Panſa* his Squire, that hath no fellow for his mirth.

'Tis true (quoth *Sancho*) I am that merry fellow, and that Squire you ſpeake of, and this Gentleman is my Maſter, the very ſelfe-ſame *Don Quixote* aforeſaid and Hiſtorified.

Ah, quoth the other, let vs intreat him, friend, to ſtay with vs, for our friends and kindred will be infinitely glad of it, and I haue heard tell as well as thou, of his worth and wit; and aboue all, they ſay of him, that he is the firmeſt and loyalleſt Amouriſt that is knowne, and that his Miſtreſſe is one *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, that beares the prize from all the beauties in Spaine.

With iuſt reaſon ſhe doth, quoth *Don Quixote*, if ſo be your matchleſſe beauties put it not in controuerſie: Weary not your ſelues, Ladies, in detaining me; for the preciſe tyes of my profeſſion will let me reſt no where.

By this there came a brother of one of the Shepheardeſſes, where the foure were as braue & gallant as they: they told him, that he which was with them, was the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the other *Sancho* his Squire, of whom he had notice, as hauing read his Hiſtory.

The gallant Shepheard ſaluted him, deſiring him to come with him to their Tents. *Don Quixote* was forced to conſent, which he did. And now the Nets were drawne, and filled with diuers little birds, who deceiued with the color of them, fell into the danger they ſhun'd: there met in that place aboue thirty perſons, all gallantly clad like Shepheards & Shepheardeſſes; and inſtantly they were made to know who *Don Quixote* was, and his Squire; at which they were not a little contented; for they had notice of him by his hiſtory: they came to the Tents, and found the Tables couered, rich, aboundant, and neate: they honour'd *Don Quixote* with the chiefe ſeate; all of them beheld him, and admir'd to ſee him.

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Finally,

Finally, the cloth beeing taken away, *Don Quixote* very grauely lifted vp his voice, and ſaid, Amongſt the greateſt ſins there are committed (though ſome ſay Pride) yet I ſay, ingratitude is one, holding my ſelfe to the vſuall ſaying, That Hell is full of the vngratefull. This ſinne, as much as poſſible I could, I haue ſought to auoid euer ſince I had reaſon: and if I cannot repay one good turne with another, in ſtead of that, my deſires are not wanting, and when they ſuffice not, I publiſh them: for hee that acknowledgeth and publiſheth good turnes receiued, would alſo recompence them with others, if he could: for, for the moſt part, they that receiue, are inferiour to thoſe that giue, and ſo God is aboue all; becauſe hee is giuer aboue all, and the gifts of men cannot be equall to Gods for the infinite difference betwixt them: and this ſtraightneſſe & barenes doth in ſome meaſure ſupply a thankefulneſſe; I therefore beeing thankefull for the kindneſſe I haue heere receiued, and not able to correſpond in the ſame proportion, containing my ſelfe in the narrow limits of my ability, offer what I may, and what I haue from my Harueſt: and therefore I ſay, that I will for two long dayes maintaine in midſt of the Kings high-way toward *Saragoſa*, that theſe Ladyes, counterfet Shepheardeſſes heere preſent, are the faireſt and moſt courteous Damozels in the world, excepting onely the peereleſſe *Dulcinea del Toboſo* ſole Miſtris of my thoughts, with peace be it ſpoken to as many both hees and ſhees as heare me.

Which when *Sancho* heard, that had attentiuely liſtned, crying out, he ſaid, Is it poſſible there can bee any body in the world, that dares ſay or ſweare that this Maſter of mine is mad? Pray ſpeake: You Gentlemen Shepheards, is there any Countrey Vicar, be he neuer ſo wiſe, or neuer ſo good a Scholler, that can ſay what my Maſter hath ſaid? or is there any Knight Errant, let him be neuer ſo much fam'd for his valour, that can offer what my Maſter hath heere offered?

Don Quixote turned to *Sancho*, and all enflamed and cholericke, ſaid, Is it poſſible, O *Sancho*, that there is any body in the world that will ſay, Thou art not a Coxcombe, lined with the ſame, and hemmed with I know not what malice or knauery?

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Who bids thee meddle with my matters, in sifting out, whether I be wise or a iolt-head? Peace and not a word, but saddle *Rosinante*, if he be vnsaddled, and let's put my offer in execution: for with the iustice that I haue on my side, thou maist presume, as many as I meet withall, are vanquished: and so with great fury, and in a terrible huffe hee rose from his Chayre, leauing all the by-standers in admiration, and in doubt whether they should hold him madde, or wise. Finally, they perswaded him, he should not thrust himselfe into such an engagement: for they acknowledged his thankfull goodwill, and that there needed no new demonstrations to know his valourous minde: for his exploits mentioned in his History were sufficient.

For all that, *Don Quixote* proceeded in his purpose, and mounted on *Rosinante*, buckling his shield to him, and taking his Launce, he got to the high-way, not farre from the greene Meddow. *Sancho* followed him vpon Dapple, with all the Pastorall flocke, desirous to see what might be the issue of that arrogant, and neuer seene offer.

Don Quixote being (as I haue said) vpon the way, he wounded the ayre with these words: Oh you Passengers, and way-faring Knights, Squires on foot, or on horseback, that either now passe this way, or are to passe in these two ensuing dayes, know, that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight Errant, is here ready to maintaine, that setting the beauty of the Mistris of my soule aside, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Nymphs that inhabit these Meddowes and Groues, are the fairest that may be: and he that is of a contrarie opinion, let him come; for heere I expect him.

Twice he repeated these selfe-same words, and twice they were not heard by any Aduenturer: but his good lucke that directed his affaires better and better, so ordained, that a pretty while after, they might see a troope of horse-men vpon the way, and many of them with Lances in their hands, all of them going in a heape together, and apace: they that were with *Don Quixote*, as soone as euer they saw them, turn'd their backs, and got farre enough out of the way: for they knew if they stayed, they might be in some danger, onely *Don Quixote* with an vndaunted heart stood still; and *Sancho Pansa* warded himselfe vvith *Rosinante's* buttocks.

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The

The troope of the Lances came on, and one that was formoſt cryed out alowd to *Don Quixote*, ſaying, Out of the way, madman: for theſe Buls will beare thee to pieces.

Goe to, ye skoundrels, quoth *Don Quixote*, your Buls ſhall not preuaile with me, though they were the fierceſt that *Xarama* hath feeding on his Bankes: Confeſſe, ye Elues, all in one, that what I haue proclaimed heere, is a truth, or elſe come and combate with me.

The Heards-man had no leiſure to anſwere, nor *Don Quixote* to get out of the way, though he would: and ſo the troope of wilde Buls, together with the tame Kine, and the multitude of Heards-men, and others, that carried them to bee kept vp in a towne, where they were the next day to bee baited, trampled ouer *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, *Roſinante* and Dapple, tumbling them all downe vpon the ground.

Sancho was bruiſed, *Don Quixote* aſtoniſht, Dapple banged, and *Roſinante* not very Catholike: but in fine all of them gate vp, and *Don Quixote* in all haſte, ſometimes ſtumbling, otherwhiles falling, began to runne after the whole Herd, crying alowd, Hold, Stay, ye Eluiſh crue; for one onely Knight expects you, who is not of that minde or opinion of thoſe that ſay, To a flying enemy a ſiluer bridge. But the haſty runners ſtayed neuer a whit the more for this; nor made any reckoning of his threats more then of laſt yeeres clouds.

Don Quixote being weary ſtayed him. So, fuller of anger then reuenge, he ſate in the way, expecting when *Sancho*, *Roſinante*, and Dapple ſhould arriue. At length they came, and Maſter and man gat vp; and without leaue taking of the fained or counterfet *Arcadia*, with more ſhame then delight, they went onward their way.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LIX.

Of an extraordinarie accident that befell Don Quixote; *which may be held for an Aduenture.*

THe dust and wearinesse that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* receiued from the vnmannerly Buls, was recompenced with a cleere and running Fountaine, which they found in a coole Groue, on whose Margen leauing *Rosinante* and Dapple loose without a bridle or Halter, the two way-beaten, Master and Man sate downe. *Sancho* repaired to the Cup-boord of his Wallets, and tooke out of them that which he called his sawce, and reused his mouth: *Don Quixote* washt his face, with which refreshing his faint spirits, recouered breath.

Don Quixote ate nothing for pure griefe, neither durst *Sancho* touch any meate before him for pure mannerlinesse, and expected his Master should first bee his Taster: but seeing him carried on with his imaginations, not remembring to put a bit in his mouth, he neuer asked him: and ouer-running all kinde of manners, hee began to barrell vp all the Bread and Cheese that was before him in his stomacke.

Eate, friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, hold life together; for thou hast more need then I, and leaue mee to dye by the hands of my sorrowes, and the force of my mis-fortunes. I was borne, *Sancho*, to liue dying, and thou, to dye eating: and that thou maist see I tell thee true; consider me printed in Histories, famous in Armes, well nurtured in mine Actions, respected by Princes, courted by Damozels: now at the end of all, when I hoped for Bayes, Triumphs and Crownes layd vp and merited by my famous exploits: this morning I haue seene my selfe trampled on and kicked, and bruised with the feet of base vncleane Beasts: the consideration of this duls my teeth, makes slow my grinders, and benummes my hands, and altogether bereaues me of my appetite; so that I thinke I shall dye with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths.

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So

So that, quoth *Sancho* (not leauing his fast chewing) you will not allow of that Prouerbe that sayes, Let *Martha* dye, so shee dye not empty: at least, I will not be cause of my death. I meane rather to doe as the Shoomaker doth, that stretcheth the Leather with his teeth, till he makes it reach as he list; Ile draw out my life by eating, till it come to the end that Heauen hath allotted it: and know, Sir, there is no greater madnesse in the world, then to despaire as you doe: and beleeue me, and after you haue eaten, rest your selfe a little vpon the Downe-beds of this greene grasse, and you shall see, that when you wake, you shall finde your selfe somewhat lightned.

Don Quixote tooke his counsell, taking his reasons to be rather Philosophicall, then senselesse, and said, If thou, O *Sancho*, wouldest doe, what I shall now tell thee for me, my lightsomenesse would be certaine, and my sorrowes not so great; which is, that whil'st I (obeying thy counsell) sleepe, thou goe out of the way a little, and with *Rosinantes* reines, turning thy flesh to the ayre, giue thy selfe three or foure hundred lashes vpon account of the three thousand, and so many that thou art to giue for the dis-enchanting *Dulcinea*, which is no small pitie, that that poore Lady should be enchanted by thy carelesnesse and negligence.

There is much to be said in this businesse (quoth *Sancho*) let's both sleepe now, and God will prouide afterward: Know, Sir, that this whipping in cold bloud, is a cruell thing, especially, if it light vpon a weake body and worse fed; let my Lady *Dulcinea* haue patience, for when she least thinkes of it, shee shall see me a very sieue with lashes, and till death all is life, I meane, I liue with a desire to fulfill my promise.

Don Quixote giuing him thankes, ate something, and *Sancho* a great deale, leauing the two continuall friends and companions, *Rosinante* and Dapple to their *liberum arbitrium*, disorderly feeding vpon the pasture that was plentifull in that Meddow.

They awaked somewhat late, and vp they got againe, and went on their way, making haste to come to an Inne, which seemed to be about a League off: I say an Inne; for *Don Quixote* called

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called it so, contrary to his ordinary custom of calling all Innes Castles. Well, to it they come, they asked mine Oast, if there were any lodging. Hee answered, Yes, with all the commodiousnesse and prouision that they might haue in the Towne of *Saragosa*.

They alighted, and *Sancho* retired with his Sumptry into a Chamber of which the Oast gaue him the Key: the Beasts hee carried to the Stable, and gaue them their stint, and so went to see what *Don Quixote* (who sate by vpon a Bench) would cõmand him, giuing God particular thankes, that that Inne had not appeared to him a Castle.

Supper time came on: so to their resting place they got.

Sancho asked mine Oast what he had for Supper? To which quoth he, Your mouth shall haue measure, aske what you will? [a] for from the Birds of the ayre, to the Poultry of the earth, and the fishes of the Sea, that Inne was prouided.

[a] A good Character, of a lying beggarly vaine-glorious Spanish Oast in generall.

Not so much, quoth *Sancho*, for so we may haue a couple of rosted Chickens, 'twill be enough: for my Master is weake stomackt, and eates little, and I am no very greedy-gut.

Mine Oast answered him, he had no Chickens, for the Kites had deuoured them. Why then let's haue a tender Pullet rosted, quoth he. A Pullet? My father as soone: trust me, trust mee, I sent aboue fiftie yesterday to the Citie to sell: saiuing Pullets aske what you will.

Why, then, quoth *Sancho*, you want no Veale, or Kid? We haue none in the house now, said my Oast, for it is all spent: but by next weeke we shall haue to spare.

The matter is mended (quoth *Sancho*.) I hold a wager all these wants are supplide with Egges and Bacon.

Assuredly (quoth mine Oast) here's fine doings with my ghest; I haue told him, we haue neither Pullet nor Hens, and yet he would haue Egges. Run, if you will, to other dainties, and leaue these gluttonnies.

Resolue vs (Body of me, quoth *Sancho*) and tell me what we shall haue, and leaue you your running, mine Oast. The Oast said, The very truth is, I haue two Neats-feet, like Calues feet; or two Calues-feet, like Neats-feet, they are sod with their Pease, Bacon,

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Bacon, and Onyons: and iuſt at this inſtant cry, Come eate me, Come eate me.

For mine I marke them henceforward, quoth *Sancho*, and let no man touch them; for Ile pay more for them then any body elſe, and there could haue beene no better meat for mee in the world.

No man ſhall touch them, ſaid mine Oaſt: for other gheſts I haue out of pure Gentilitie, bring their Cooke, Cater, and Butler-with them. If it goe by gentle (quoth *Sancho*) none more gentle then my Maſter: but his Calling permits no Larders or Butteries: we clap vs down in the midſt of a field, and fil our ſelues with Acorns and Medlars.

This diſcourſe paſſed betweene *Sancho* and the Oaſt, without *Sancho's* anſwering him, who asked what Calling his Maſters was of. Supper was ready, *Don Quixote* went to his Chamber, mine Oaſt brought the pot of meat iuſt as it was, and ſate him faire & well down to ſupper: it ſeemed that in another Chamber next *Don Quixotes*, diuided only by a thin Lath-wall, hee might heare one ſay, By your life, Signior *Don Ieronimo*, whilſt ſupper is to come in, let vs reade another Chapter in the ſecond part of *Don Quixote*.

Don Quixote ſcarce heard himſelfe named, when vp he ſtood, & watchfully gaue eare to their diſcourſe concerning him; & he heard that the aforeſaid *Don Ieronimo* anſwered, Signior *Don Iohn*, why ſhould we reade theſe fopperies? he that hath read the firſt part of *Don Quixote*, it is impoſſible he ſhould take any pleaſure in reading the ſecond.

For all that, quoth *Don Iohn*, 'twere good reading it: for there is no booke ſo ill, that hath not ſome good thing in it.

That which moſt diſpleaſeth me in this is, that he makes *Don Quixote* diſ-enamoured of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*.

Which when *Don Quixote* heard, full of wrath and deſpight he lifted vp his voice, ſaying, Whoſoeuer ſaith *Don Quixote de la Mancha* hath forgotten, or can forget *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I will make him know with equall Armes, that hee is farre from the truth: for the peereleſſe *Dulcinea del Toboſo* cannot be forgotten; neither can forgetfulnes be contained in *Don Quixote*,

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his

his Scutchion is Loyaltie, his profession ſweetly to keepe it, without doing it any violence.

Who is that anſweres vs, ſaid they in the next roome? Who ſhould it be (quoth *Sancho*) but *Don Quixote* himſelfe, that will make good all he hath ſaid, or as much as he ſhall ſay? for a good Pay-maſter cares not for his pawnes.

Scarce had *Sancho* ſaid this, whē the two Gentlemen came in at the Chamber doore: for they ſeemed no leſſe to them: & one of them caſting his Armes about *Don Quixotes* neck, ſaid, neither can your preſence belye your name, or your name credit your preſence. Doubtleſſe you, Sir, are the right *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, North-ſtarre, and Morning-ſtarre of Knight-errantrie, in ſpight of him that hath vſurped your name, and annihilated your exploits, as the Authot of this Booke, I heere deliuer, hath done: and giuing him the booke that his companion had, *Don Quixote* took it, and without anſwering a word, began to turne the leaues, and a while after returned it, ſaying, In this little that I haue ſeene, I haue found three things in this [a] Author worthy of reprehenſion.

a This the Author of this Booke brings in by way of inuectiue againſt an Aragonian Scholler, that wrote a ſecond part of *Don Quixote*, before this was publiſhed.

The firſt is, ſome words I haue read in his Prologue.

The ſecond, that his language is *Arragonian*: for ſometimes he writes without Articles: and the third which doth moſt confirme his ignorance, is, That he erres and ſtrayes from the truth in the chiefeſt of the Hiſtory: for here he ſayes that *Sancho Panſa* my Squires wifes name was *Mary Gutierrez*, which is not ſo: but ſhe is called *Tereſa Panſa*: and therfore he that erres in ſo maine a matter, it may well be feared, he will erre in all the reſt of the Hiſtory.

To this *Sancho* ſaid, Prettily done indeed of the Hiſtorian; he knowes very well ſure what belongs to our affaires, ſince he cals my wife *Tereſa Panſa*, *Mary Gutierrez*. Pray take the book againe, Sir, and ſee whether I be there, and whether hee haue chang'd my name. By your ſpeech, friend, quoth *Don Ieronimo*, you ſhould be *Sancho Panſa* Signior *Don Quixotes* Squire. I am (quoth *Sancho*) and I am proud of it.

Well, in faith (ſaid the Gentleman) this modern Author doth not treat of you ſo neatly, as your Perſon makes ſhew for: he paints

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paints you out for a Glutton, an Ideot, and nothing witty, and farre different from the *Sancho* that is described in the first part of your Masters History.

God forgiue him (said *Sancho*:) he should haue left me in my corner, and not remembred me; for, Euery man in his ability, and Tis good sleeping in a whole skinne.

The two Gentlemen entreated *Don Quixote* to goe to their chamber, and Sup with them; for they knew well, that in that Inne he found not things fitting to his person.

Don Quixote, who was euer courteous, condiscended to their requests, and supped with them: *Sancho* remained with his flesh-pot sole Lord and Gouernour. *Sancho* sate at the vpper end of the Table, and with him the Inn-keeper, that vvas no lesse affectioned to his Neates-feete, then *Sancho*.

In the midst of supper, *Don Iohn* asked *Don Quixote*, vvhat newes he had of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whether she were married, or brought a-bed, or great with childe, or being entire, vvhether (respecting her honesty and good *decorum*) she were mindefull of Signior *Don Quixote's* amorous desires? To which he answered,

Dulcinea is as entire, and my desires as firme as euer, our correspondency in the ancient barremesse, her beauty transformed into the complexion of a base milke-wench: and straight he recounted vnto them euery tittle of her Enchantment, and vvhat had befalne him in *Montesinos* Caue, with the order that the sage *Merlin* had giuen for her dis-enchanting, which was by *Sancho's* stripes.

Great was the delight the two Gentlemen receiued to heare *Don Quixote* tell the strange passages of his History, and so they wondred at his fopperies, as also his elegant manner of deliuering them; here they held him to be wise, there he slipped from them by the foole: so they knew not vvhat *medium* to giue him, betwixt vvisedome and folly.

Sancho ended his Supper: and leauing the In-keeper, passed to the chamber vvhere his Master was, and entring, said, Hang me, Sirs, if the Author of this booke that your Worships haue, vvould that we should eat a good meale together; pray God, as he

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he calls mee Glutton, he say not that I am a Drunkard too.

Yes marry doth he, said *Don Ieronimo*; but I know not how directly, though I know his reasons doe not hang together, and are very erroneous, as I see by *Sancho's* Phisiognomy here present. Believe me (quoth *Sancho*) *Sancho* and *Don Quixote* are differing in this History, from what they are in that *Cid Hamete Benengeli* composed; for wee are, my Master valiant, discreet, and amorous: I simple and conceited; but neyther Glutton nor Drunkard.

I believe it (said *Don Iohn*) and were it possible, it should be commanded, that none should dare to treat of the Graund *Don Quixote's* affaires, but *Cid Hamete*, his first Author: as *Alexander* commanded that none but *Apelles* should dare to draw him.

Let whose will draw me (quoth *Don Quixote*:) but let him not abuse me; for oft times patience falls, when iniuries ouerload. None, quoth *Don Iohn*, can be done Signior *Don Quixote*, that he will not be reuenged of, if he ward it not with the shield of his patience, which in my opinion is strong and great.

In these and other discourses, they passed a great part of the night, and though *Don Iohn* would, that *Don Quixote* should haue read more in the booke, to see what it did descant on, yet he could not preuaile with him, saying, He made account he had read it, and concluded it to be but an idle Pamphlet, & that he would not (if it should come to the Authors knowledge that he had meddled with it) he should make himselfe merry to think he had read it; for our thoughts must not be busied in filthy and obscene things, much lesse our eyes.

They asked him, whither he purposed his voyage? Hee answered, to *Saragosa*, to be at the Iusts in Harnesse, that vse to be there yeerely.

Don Iohn told him, that there was one thing in that new History, which was, that he should be at a Running at the Ring in that City, as short of Inuention, as poore in Mottos, but most poore in Liueries, and rich in nothing but simplicities.

For this matter onely, quoth *Don Quixote*, I will not set foot in *Saragosa*: and therefore the world shall see what a lyar this moderne

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moderne Historiographer is, and people shall perceiue, I am not the *Don Quixote* he speakes of.

You shall doe very well, quoth *Don Ieronimo*; for there bee other Iusts in *Barselona*, where Signior *Don Quixote* may shew his valour. So I meane to doe (quoth *Don Quixote*) and therefore let me take leaue of you (for it is time) to goe to bed, and so hold mee in the ranke of your greatest friends and Seruitors. And me too, quoth *Sancho*, for it may be I shall be good for somewhat.

With this they tooke leaue, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* retired to their chamber, leauing *Don Iohn* and *Don Ieronimo* in admiration, to see what a medley he had made with his discretion and madnesse; and they verily beliued, that these were the right *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, and not they whom the Aragonian Author described.

Don Quixote rose earely, and knocking vpon the thinne wall of the other chamber, hee tooke leaue of those guests: *Sancho* payed the Oast royally, but aduised him, hee should eyther lesse praise the prouision of his Inne, or haue it better prouided.

CHAP. LX.

What happened to Don Quixote, *going to* Barselona.

THe morning was coole, and the day promised no lesse, when *Don Quixote* left the Inne, informing himselfe first, which was the ready way to *Barselona*, vvithout comming to *Saragosa*: such was the desire he had to proue the new Historian a lyar, who they said, dispraised him so much. It fell out so, that in sixe daies there fell out nothing worth writing to him; at the end of which, he was be-nighted, going out of his way, in a Thicket of Oakes or Corke trees; for in this *Cid Hamete* is not so punctuall, as in other matters he vseth to be.

The Master and man alighted from their beasts, and setting

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themselues at the trees rootes: *Sancho* that had had his beauer that day, entred roundly the gates of sleepe; but *Don Quixote*, whom imaginations kept awake much more then hunger, could not ioyn his eyes, but rather was busying his thoughts in a thousand seuerall places: Sometimes hee thought he found himselfe in *Montesino's* Caue, and that he saw *Dulcinea*, conuerted into a Country wench, leape vpon her Asse-Colt: Now the sage *Merlins* words rang in his eares, repeating vnto him the conditions that were to be obserued for her dis-enchanting: hee was starke madde to see *Sancho's* lazinesse, and want of Charity; for, as he thought, he had onely giuen himselfe fiue stripes, a poore and vnequall number to those behinde, and he was so grieu'd and enraged with this, that he framed this discourse to himselfe:

If *Alexander* the Great did cut the *Gordian* knot, saying; Cutting and vndoing is all one, and yet for all that, was Lord of all Asia; no otherwise may it happen in the dis-enchanting of *Dulcinea*, if I should whip *Sancho*, *volens nolens*; for if the condition of this remedy be, that *Sancho* receiue three thousand and so many ierkes, what care I whether he giue them, or that another doe, since the substance is in him that giues them, come they by what meanes they will?

With this imagination he came to *Sancho*, hauing first taken *Rosinante's* reines, and so fitted them, that he might lash him with them, he began to vntrusse his points: The opinion is, that hee had but one before, which held vp his Gally-Gascoynes. But he was no sooner approched, when *Sancho* awaked and came to himselfe, and said, Who is that? Who is it toucheth and vntrusseth me? Tis I, quoth *Don Quixote*, that come to supply thy defects, and to remedy my troubles; I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and to discharge the debt in part thou standest obliged in. *Dulcinea* perisheth, thou liuest carelesly, I dye desiring; and therefore vntrusse thy selfe willingly, for I haue a minde in these Desarts to giue thee at least two thousand lashes.

Not so, quoth *Sancho*, pray be quiet: and if not, I protest, deafe men shall heare vs: the stripes in which I engaged my selfe must be voluntary, and not enforc'd, and at this time I haue no minde to whip my selfe; tis enough that I giue you my word

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to

to beat my ſelfe, and fly-flappe mee when I haue a diſpoſition to it.

There's no leauing of it to thy courteſie, *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) for thou art hard-hearted, and though a Clowne, yet tender of fleſh; and ſo he contended and ſtroue to vnlace him: which when *Sancho Panſa* ſaw, he ſtood to it, and ſetting vpon his Maſter, cloſed with him, and tripping vp his heeles, caſt him vpon his backe on the ground, hee put his right knee vpon his breſt, and with his hands held his, ſo that hee neyther let him ſtirre nor breathe.

Don Quixote cryed out, How now, Traitor, rebelleſt thou againſt thy naturall Lord & Maſter? preſumeſt thou againſt him that feedes thee? I neyther make King, nor depoſe King (quoth *Sancho*) I onely helpe my ſelfe that am mine owne Lord: promiſe me you, Sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle vvith whipping of me now, and Ile ſet you looſe and free; and if not, here thou dieſt, Traitor, enemy to *Donna Sancha*. *Don Quixote* promiſed him, and ſwore by the life of his thoughts, hee would not touch ſo much as a haire of his head, and that hee would leaue his whipping himſelfe, to his owne free-will and choiſe when he would.

Sancho gate vp, and went a pretty way from him, and going to leane to another tree, he perceiued ſomething touch him vpon the head, and lifting vp his hands, hee lighted on two feet of a man, with hoſe and ſhooes on; he quak'd for feare, and went to another tree, and the like befell him: ſo he cried out, calling to *Don Quixote* to helpe him. *Don Quixote* did ſo, and asking him what had befalne him? and why he was afraid? *Sancho* anſwered, That all thoſe Trees were full of mens feet and legges. *Don Quixote* felt them, and fell ſtrait into the account of what they might be, and ſaid to *Sancho*, Thou needeſt not feare; for theſe feet and legges thou feeleſt and ſeeſt not, doubtleſſe are of ſome free-booters and robbers in troopes, that are hanged in theſe trees; for here the Iuſtice hangs them by twenty & thirty at a clap, by which I vnderſtand that I am neere *Barcelona*: and true it was as he ſuppoſed. They lifted vp their eyes, and to ſee ſo, the free-booters bodies hung as if they had beene cluſters

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vpon thoſe trees: and by this it waxed day; and if the dead men feared them, no leſſe were they in tribulation vvith the ſight of at leaſt forty liue *Banditi*, who hemmed them in vpon a ſodain, bidding them in the *Catalan* tongue, they ſhould be quiet, and ſtand till their Captaine came.

Don Quixote was on foot, his horſe vnbridled, his Lance ſet vp againſt a tree, finally, voyd of all defence, and therefore he deemed it beſt to croſſe his hands, and hold downe his head, reſeruing himſelfe for a better occaſion and coniuncture.

The theeues came to flea Dapple, and began to leaue him nothing he had, eyther in his Wallets or Cloke-bag: and it fell out wel for *Sancho*, for the Dukes Crownes were in a hollow girdle girt to him, and thoſe likewiſe that he brought from home vvith him, and for all that, thoſe good fellowes would haue vveeded and ſearched him to the very entrailes, if their Captaine had not come in the *Interim*, who ſeemed to bee about thirty yeeres of age, ſtrongly made, and ſomewhat of a tall ſtature; his looke was ſolemne, and his complexion ſwarthy: he vvas mounted vpon a powerfull Horſe, with his ſteele coat on, and foure Petronels (called in that Country *Pedrenales*) which hee wore two at each ſide: and now his Squires (for ſo they call thoſe that are in that vocation) came to make ſpoyle of *Sancho*: he commanded them they ſhould not, and he was ſtrait obeyed, and ſo the girdle eſcaped: he wondred to ſee a Launce reared vpon a tree, a ſhield on the ground, and *Don Quixote* armed and penſatiue, with the ſaddeſt melancholieſt viſage, that ſadneſſe it ſelfe could frame. He came to him, ſaying, Be not ſad, honeſt man; for you haue not falne into the hands of any cruell *Oſiris*, but into *Roque Guinarts*, that haue more compaſſion then cruelty in them.

My ſadneſſe is not, quoth *Don Quixote*, to haue falne into thy power, oh valorous *Roque* (whoſe Fame is boundleſſe) but that my careleſneſſe was ſuch, that thy Souldiers haue caught me without bridle, I being obliged (according to the order of Knight Errantry, which I profeſſe, to keepe watch and ward, and at all houres to be my owne Centinell; for let me tell thee, Grand *Roque*, if they had taken mee on Horſe-backe with my Lance

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Lance and Shield, they should not easily haue made me yeeld; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he, of whose exploits all the world is full. Strait *Roque Guinart* perceiued, that *Don Quixote's* infirmity proceeded rather of madnesse then Valour, and though hee had sometimes heard tell of him, yet hee neuer could beleeue his deedes to be true, neither could he be perswaded that such a humour should reigne in any mans heart, and hee was wonderfully glad to haue met with him, to see by experience, what he had heard say of him, and therefore he said, Valorous Knight, vexe not your selfe, neyther take this fortune of yours to be sinister; for it may be, that in these stumbling blocks your crooked lot may be straightned, for heauen doth vsually raise vp those that fall, and enrich the poore by strange and vnseene waies (by men not imagined.)

Don Quixote was about to haue rendred him thankes, when as they perceiued a noyse behind them, as if there had beene some troope of horse, but there was but one onely, vpon which there came with full speed, a Youth to see to, about some twenty yeeres of age, clad in greene Damaske; his Hose and loose Ierkin were layd on with gold lace, with a Hat turned vp from his band, with close fit boots, sword & dagger gilt, and a little birding-Peece in his hand, & two Pistols at his sides. *Roque* turned his head to the noyse, and saw this beautifull shape, who comming neere him, said, In quæst of thee I came, oh valorous *Roque*, to finde in thee, if not redresse, at least some lightsomenesse in this my misfortune: And to hold thee no longer in suspence, because I know thou knowest mee not, I will tell thee who I am; that is, *Claudia Ieronima*, daughter to *Simon Forte* thy singular friend, & onely enemy to *Clanquel Torellas*, who is also thine, as being one of thy contrary faction; and thou knowest that this *Torellas* hath a sonne, called *Don Vincente Torellas*, or at least was so called, not two houres since. Hee then, to shorten my vnfortunate tale, I will tell thee in few words what hath befalne me: He saw me, courted me, I gaue eare to him, & my Father vnwitting of it, I affectionated my selfe to him; for there is no woman, be she neuer so retired or looked to, but she hath time enough to put in execution and effect her hasty longing.

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Finally, he promiſed me marriage, and I gaue him my word to be his, ſo no more paſſed really: Yeſterday I came to know, that, forgetfull of his obligation, he contracted to another, and that this morning he went to be married; a newes that troubled my braine, and made an end of my patience: and by reaſon my Father was not at home, I had opportunity to put my ſelfe in this apparell thou ſeeſt, and making ſpeed with this horſe, I ouertooke *Don Vincente* about a league from hence, and without making any complaint, or hearing his diſcharge, I diſcharged this Peece, and to boot, theſe Piſtols, and I beleeue I ſent two bullets into his body, making way, thorow which, my honor enwrapped in his bloud, might ſally out: therefore I left him to his ſeruants, who nor durſt, nor could put themſelues in his defence. I came to ſeeke thee, that thou mighteſt help to paſſe me into France, where I haue kindred, with whom I may liue; and withall, to deſire thee to defend my Father, that the number of *Don Vincentes* friends take not a cruell reuenge vpon him.

Roque wondring at the gallantry, bravery, handſomeneſſe & ſucceſſe of the faire *Claudia*, ſaid, Come, Gentlewoman, and let vs goe ſee if your enemy be dead, and afterward what ſhall bee moſt fitting to be done.

Don Quixote, that hearkened attentiuely to all that *Claudia* ſaid, and *Roque Guinart* anſwered, ſaid, No man need take pains to defend this Lady; let it be my charge: Giue me my horſe and my Armes, and expect me here, and I will goe ſeek this Knight, and aliue or dead, will make him accompliſh his promiſe to ſo great a beauty.

No man doubt it, quoth *Sancho*; for my Maſter hath a very good hand to be a marriage-maker: and not long ſince he forced another to marry, that denied his promiſe to a maid; and had it not beene that Enchanters perſecuted him, and changed the true ſhape into the ſhape of a Lackey, by this time the ſaid maid had beene none.

Roque, that attended more to *Claudia's* ſucceſſe, then the reaſons of Maſter or man, vnderſtood them not; and ſo commanding his Squires, they ſhould reſtore to *Sancho* all they had taken from Dapple, and commanding them likewiſe to retire

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where

where he lodged the night before, hee went straight with all speed with *Claudia*, to find the wounded or dead *Don Vincente*.

To the place they came, where *Claudia* met him, where they found nothing but late shed bloud: but looking round about them, they discouered some people vpon the side of a Hill: and they thought, as true it was, that that was *Don Vincente*, whom his seruants carried aliue, or dead; to cure, or giue him buriall: they hasted to ouertake them, which they easily might doe, the others going but softly. They found *Don Vincente* in his seruants Armes, whom hee entreated with a weake and weary voice to let him dye there: for the griefe of his wounds would not suffer him to goe any further.

Claudia and *Roque* flung themselues from their Horses, to him they came, the seruants feared *Roques* presence; and *Claudia* was troubled to see *Don Vincente*: and so betwixt milde and mercilesse, she came to him, and laying hold of his hands, shee said, If thou hadst giuen me these according to our agreement, thou hadst neuer come to this extremitie: The wounded Gentleman opened his halfe-shut eyes, and knowing *Claudia*, said, I well perceiue, faire and deceiued Mistris, that thou art shee that hast slaine me: a punishment not deserued, nor due to my desires, in which, nor in any action of mine, I neuer knew how to offend thee.

Then belike, 'tis false, that thou went'st this morning to bee married to *Leonora*, the rich *Baluasho's* daughter.

No verily, said *Don Vincente*, my ill fortune brought thee that newes, that being iealous thou shouldest bereaue me of my life: which since I leaue it in thy hands, and embrace thee, I thinke my selfe most happy: and to assure thee that this is true, take my hand, and if thou wilt receiue me for thy Husband; for I haue no other satisfaction to giue thee for the wrong thou thinkest I haue done thee.

Claudia wrung his hand, and her selfe was wrung to the very heart; so that vpon *Don Vincente's* bloud and breast, she fell into a swound, and he into a mortall Paroxisme. *Roque* was in a maze, and knew not what to do. The seruants went to fetch water to fling in their faces, & brought it, with which they bathed them.

Claudia reuiued againe: but *Don Vincente* neuer from his Paroxisme, with which he ended his life.

Which when *Claudia* saw, out of doubt, that her Husband was dead, shee burst the Ayre with her sighs, and wounded Heauen with her complaints: she tore her hayre, and gaue it to the winde: with her owne hands she dis-figured her face, with all the shewes of dolour and feeling, that might bee imagined from a grieued heart.

Oh cruell and inconsiderate Woman (said shee) how easily wast thou moued to put so cruell a designe in execution? Oh rauing force of Iealousie, to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their brests? Oh my Spouse, whose vnhappy fortune, for being my Pledge, hath brought from bed to buriall.

Such and so sad were the complaints of *Claudia*, that euen from *Roques* eyes drew teares, not vsed to shed them vpon any occasion: the seruants howled, and *Claudia* euery stitch-while swouned, and the whole circuit lookt like a field of sorrow, and a place of mis-fortune.

Finally, *Roque Guinart* gaue order to *Don Vincentes* seruants, to carry his body to his Fathers towne, that was neere there, to giue him Buriall. *Claudia* told *Roque*, shewould goe to a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was *Abbesse*, where she meant to end her dayes, accompanied with a better and an eternall Spouse.

Roque commended her good intention, and offered to accompany her whither she would, and to defend her Father, from her kindred, and from all the world that would hurt him.

Claudia would by no meanes accept of his company, and thanking him the best she could for his offer, she tooke leaue of him weeping. *Don Vincentes* seruants bore away his body, and *Roque* returned to his people: and this was the end of *Claudia Ieronima's* loue: but no maruell if iealousie contriued the plot of her lamentable Story.

Roque Guinarte found his Squires where he had willed them to be; and *Don Quixote* amongst them vpon *Rosinante*, making a large discourse to them, in which he perswaded them to leaue

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that

that kinde of life, dangerous as well for their soules, as bodies: but the most of them being Gascoignes, a wilde and vnruly people, *Don Quixotes* discourse preuailed nothing with them.

When *Roque* was come, he asked *Sancho*, if they had restored his implements to him, and the Prize which his Souldiers had taken from Dapple. *Sancho* answered, Yes, onely that he wanted three Night-caps, that were worth three Cities. What say you fellow? Quoth one of them: I haue them, and they were not worth eighteene pence.

Tis true (said *Don Quixote*) but my Squire esteemes them in what he hath said, for the parties sake that gaue them me.

Roque Guinart straight commanded they should be restored, and commanding his people to stand round, he willed them to set before them, all the apparell, Iewels, and money, and all that since their last sharing they had robbed: and casting vp the account briefely, returning that that was not to be re-parted; reducing it into mony, he diuided it amongst al his cõpany, so legally, and wisely, that he neither added nor diminished, from an equal distributiue iustice.

This done, and all contented, satisfied, and payd, *Roque* said to *Don Quixote*, If I should not bee thus punctuall with these fellowes, there were no liuing with them: To which said *Sancho*, By what I haue heere seene, Iustice is so good, that it is fit and necessary, euen amongst theeues themselues.

One of the Squires heard him, and lifted vp the snap-haunce of his Peece, with which he had opened his Mazer, if *Roque Guinart* had not cryed out to bid him hold.

Sancho was amazed, and purposed not to vnsow his lips, as long as he was in that company.

Now there came one or more of the Squires, that were put in Centinell, vpon the wayes, to see who passed by, and to giue notice to their Chiefe, what passed; who said, Sir, not far hence, by the way that goes to *Barcelona*: there comes a great Troope of people. To which quoth *Roque*, Hast thou markt whether they bee of those that seeke vs, or those wee seeke? Of the latter, said the Squire.

VVell, get you out all quoth *Roque*, and bring vm me hither straight,

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ſtraight, and let not a man ſcape. They did ſo, and *Don Quixote* and *Roque*, and *Sancho* ſtay'd, and expected to ſee what the Squires brought: and in the *Interim*, *Roque* ſaid to *Don Quixote*, Our life will ſeeme to be a ſtrange kinde of one to Signior *Don Quixotes* ſtrange Aduentures, ſtrange ſucceſſes, and dangerous all; and I ſhould not wonder that it appeare ſo. For I confeſſe truely to you, there is no kinde of life more vnquiet, nor more full of feares than ours. I haue falne into it by I know not what deſires of reuenge, that haue power to trouble the moſt quiet hearts.

I am naturally compaſſionate, and well-minded: but as I haue ſaid, the deſire of reuenging a wrong done me, doth ſo daſh this good inclination in me, that I perſeuere in this eſtate, maugre my beſt iudgement: and as one horrour brings on another, and one ſinne: ſo my reuenges haue beene ſo linked together, that I not onely vndergoe mine owne, but alſo other mens: but God is pleaſed, that though I ſee my ſelfe in the midſt of this Labyrinth of Confuſions, I deſpayre not to come to a ſafe harbour.

Don Quixote admired to heare from *Roque* ſuch good & ſound reaſons: for he thought, that amongſt thoſe of this profeſſion of robbing, killing, and high-way-laying, there could bee none ſo well ſpoken, and anſwered him:

Signior *Roque*, the beginning of health conſiſts, in knowing the infirmity & that the ſick mā be willing to take the medicines that the Phyſician ordaines. You are ſicke: you know your griefe and heauen; or (to ſay truer) God who is our Phyſician, will apply medicines that may cure you, which doe heale by degrees, but not ſuddenly, and by miracle: beſides, ſinners that haue knowledge, are neerer amendment then thoſe that are without it: and ſince you, by your diſcourſe haue ſhew'd your diſcretion, there is no more to be done: but bee of good courage, and deſpayre not of the recouering your ſick conſcience; and if you will ſaue a labour, and facilitate the way of your ſaluation; come with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, and how you ſhall vndergoe ſo many labours, and mis-adventures, that taking them by way of penance, you ſhall climbe Heauen in an inſtant.

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Roque laughed at *Don Quixotes* counsaile, to whom (changing their discourse) hee recounted the Tragicall successe of *Claudia Ieronima*: at which *Sancho* wept exceedingly; for the beauty, spirit, and buck-somenesse of the Wench mis-liked him not.

By this the Squires returned with their prize, bringing with them, two Gentlemen on horseback, and two Pilgrims on foot, and a Coach full of women, and some halfe doozen of seruants, that on horseback and on foote, waited on them, with two Mule-men that belonged to the two Gentlemen. The Squires brought them in triumph, the conquerours and conquered, being all silent, and expecting what the Grand *Roque* should determine: who asked the Gentlemen, who they were, whither they would, and what money they carried: One of them answered him, Sir, Wee two are Captaines of Spanish foot, and haue Companies in Naples, and are going to imbarke our selues in foure Gallies, that we heare are bound for Silicia: wee carry with vs two or three hundreth crownes, which we think is sufficient, as being the largest treasure incident to the ordinary penury of souldiours.

Roque asked the Pilgrims the same questions, who answered him likewise, that they were to bee imbarked towards Rome, and that they carried a matter of thirty shillings betweene them both: The same he likewise desired to know of those that went in the Coach, and one of them on horseback, answered,

My Lady *Donna Guiomar de Quinnones*, wife to a Iudge of Naples, with a little Girle and her Maids, are they that goe in the Coach; and some six seruants of vs wait on her: and vvee carry sixe hundreth Pistolets in gold. So that (said *Roque Guinarte*) we haue heere in all, nine hundreth crownes, and sixty Ryals: my souldiours are about a sixtie; let vs see what comes to each mans share: for I am a bad Arithmetician.

When the Theeues heard this, they cryed alowd, Long liue *Roque Guinarte*, in spight of the *Cullions* that seeke to destroy him.

The Captaines were afflicted, the Lady was sorrowfull, and the Pilgrims were neuer a whit glad, to see their goods thus con-

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confiscated. *Roque* awhile held them in this suspence: but hee would no longer detaine them in this sadnesse, which he might see a gun-shoote off in their faces: and turning to the Captaines, said, Captaines, you shall doe me the kindnesse as to lend mee, threescore ducats: and you, Madam, foureſcore, to content my squadron that followes me: for herein consists my reuenue: and so you may passe on freely, onely with a safe-conduct that I shall giue you: that if you meet with any other squadrons of mine, which are diuided vpon these Downes, they doe you no hurt: for my intent is not to wrong Souldiours, or any woman, especially Noble.

The Captaines infinitely extolled *Roques* courteous liberality for leauing them their money. The Lady would haue cast her selfe out of the Coach, to kisse the Grand *Roques* feet & hands: but he would by no meanes yeeld to it, rather asked pardon that he had presumed so farre, which was only to comply with the obligation of his ill employment.

The Lady commanded a seruant of hers, to giue him straight foureſcore ducats, which were allotted him: the Captaines too disburſed their sixty, and the Pilgrims tendered their pouertie: but *Roque* bade them be still: and turning to his people, said, Out of these Crownes, there are to each man two due; and there remaine twenty: let the poore Pilgrims haue ten of them, and the other ten this honest Squire, that he may speake well of this Aduenture: and so bringing him necessaries to write, of which he euer went prouided, hee gaue them a safe-conduct to the heads of his squadrons; and taking leaue of them, let them passe free: and wondring at the nobleneſse of his braue and strange condition, holding him rather for a great *Alexander*, then an open robber: one of the Theeues said in his *Catalan* language, This Captaine of ours were fitter to be a Frier, then a Robber: and if he meane henceforward to bee so liberall, let it be with his owne goods, and not with ours.

This, the wretch spoke not so softly, but *Roque* might ouerheare him; who catching his sword in hand, almost cloue his pate in two, saying, This is the punishment I vse to sawcy knaues: all the rest were amazed, and durst not reply a word: such

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ſuch was the awe in which they ſtood of him *Roque* then retired aſide, and wrote a Letter to a friend of his to *Barſelona*, aduiſing him how the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was with him, that Knight Errant ſo notorious: and he gaue him to vnderſtand, that he was the moſt conceited vnderſtanding fellow in the world: and that about ſome foure dayes after, which was Mid-ſummer day, hee ſhould haue him vpon the Citie Wharfe, armed at all points vpon his Horſe *Roſinante*, and his Squire likewiſe vpon his Aſſe: & that he ſhould let the *Niarros* his friends know ſo much, that they might ſolace themſelues with him: but hee could wiſh the *Cadels* his Aduerſaries might want the paſtime, that the madnes of *Don Quixote*, & his conceited Squire would make. Hee deliuered the Letter to one of his Squires, who changing his Theeues habit, for a Countreymans, went to the Citie, and deliuered it to whom it was directed.

CHAP. LXI.

What hapned to Don Quixote *at his entrance into* Barſelona, *with other euents more true, then witty.*

THree daies & three nights was *Don Quixote* with *Roque*, & had he bin ſo 300. yeeres, he ſhould not haue wated matter to make him ſee & admire his kind of life: one while heere they lye; another, there they dine: ſomtimes they fly from they know not whom; other while, they wait for they know not whom.

They ſleepe ſtanding, a broken ſleepe, changing from place to place: all was ſetting of Spies, liſtening of Sentinels, blowing Musket-matches, though of ſuch ſhot they had but few: moſt of them carrying Petronels. *Roque* himſelfe ſlept apart from the reſt, not letting them know where he lodged; becauſe the many Proclamations which the Vice-Roy of *Barſelona* had cauſed to be made to take him, made him vnquiet and fearfull, and ſo he durſt truſt no body, fearing his own people would either kill or deliuer him to the Iuſtice: a life indeed wretched, & irkeſome, at length by by-waies & croſſe pathes *Roque* and *Don Quixote* got to the Wharfe of *Barſelona*, where *Roque* gaue *Sancho* the ten crownes he promiſed him, & ſo they parted with many complements on both parts.

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Roque

Roque returned, and *Don Quixote* ſtayed there, expecting the day iuſt as he was on horſeback: and awhile after, the face of the white *Aurora*, beganne to peepe thorow the Bay-windowes of the Eaſt, cheering the Hearbs and Flowers, in ſtead of delighting the eare, and yet at the ſame inſtant a noiſe of Hoboyes and Drums delighted their eares, and a noiſe of Morris-bells, with the Pat a pat of Horſemen running to ſee to out of the Citie.

Aurora now gaue the Sunne leaue to riſe out of the loweſt part of the Eaſt, with his face as bigge as a Buckler.

Don Quixote and *Sancho* ſpred their eyes round about, and they might ſee the Sea, which till that time they had neuer ſeen: it ſeemed vnto them moſt large and ſpacious, more by farre then the Lake of *Ruydera*, which they ſaw in the *Mancha*: they beheld the Gallies in the Wharfe, who clapping down their tilts, diſcouered themſelues full of Flagges & Streamers, that waued in the winde, and kiſſed and ſwept the water: within, the *Clarines*, Trumpets and Hoboyes ſounded, that farre and neere filled the Ayre with ſweet and warlike accents: they began to mooue, and to make ſhew of skirmiſh vpon the gentle water; a world of Gallants anſwering them on Land, which came out of the Citie vpon goodly Horſes, and braue in their Liueries.

The Souldiours of the Gallies diſcharged an infinitie of ſhot, which were anſwered from the walles and Forts of the Citie, and the great ſhot with fearefull noiſe cut the Ayre, which were anſwered with the Gallies fore-Caſtle Canons: the Sea was cheerefull, the Land iocund, the sky cleere, onely ſomwhat dimmed with the ſmoke of the Artillery, it ſeemed to infuſe and ingender a ſodaine delight in all men. *Sancho* could not imagine how thoſe Bulks that mooued vpon the Sea could haue ſo many feete. By this, they a-ſhore in the rich Liueries began to runne on with their Mooriſh out-cryes, euen to the very p'ace vvhere *Don Quixote* was wondring and amazed: and one of them, he who had the Letter from *Roque*, ſaid to *Don Quixote* thus alowd, Welcome to our Citie is the Looking-glaſſe, the Lant-horne, and North-ſtarre of all Knight Errantry, where it is moſt in practice. Welcome, I ſay, is the Valorous *Don*

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Quixote

Quixote de la Mancha: not the falſe, fictitious, or Apocryphal, that hath beene demonſtrated to vs of late in falſe Hiſtories; but the true, legall, and faithfull Hee, which *Cid Hamete* the flower of Hiſtorians deſcribes vnto vs. *Don Quixote* anſwered not a word, neyther did the Gentlemen expect hee ſhould; but turning in and out with the reſt, they wheeled about *Don Quixote*: who turning to *Sancho*, ſaid, Theſe men know vs well: I lay a wager they haue read our Hiſtory, and that too of the Aragonians lately printed. The Gentleman that ſpoke to *Don Quixote*, came backe againe, and ſaid to him, Signior *Don Quixote*, come with vs, I beſeech you; for we are all your ſeruants, and *Roque Guinarte's* deare friends. To which *Don Quixote* replied, If courteſies engender courteſies, then yours, Sir Knight, is daughter, or neere kindred to *Roques*: carry mee whither you will, for I am wholly yours, and at your ſeruice, if you pleaſe to command me. In the like Courtly ſtraine, the Gentleman anſwered him, & ſo locking him in the midſt of them, with ſound of Drums and Hoboyes, they carried him towards the City, where at his entrance, as ill lucke would haue it, and the boyes that are the worſt of all ill, two of them, bold Cracke-ropes, came among the thruſt, & one of them lifting vp Dapples taile, & the other *Roſinantes*, they faſtned each their handfull of Nettles. The poore beaſts felt the new ſpurs, and clapping their tailes cloſe, augmented their paines; ſo that after a thouſand winces, they caſt downe their Maſters.

Don Quixote all abaſhed and diſgraced, went to take this Plumage from his Courſers taile, and *Sancho* from Dapples. Thoſe that guided *Don Quixote*, would haue puniſhed the boyes for their ſawcineſſe, but it was not poſſible; for they got themſelues into the thickeſt of a thouſand others that followed. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* returned to their ſeates, and with the ſame applauſe and Muſike, they came to their Guides houſe, which was faire & large, indeed as was fit for a Gentleman of meanes; where wee will leaue him for the preſent, becauſe *Cid Hamete* will haue it ſo.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LXII.

The Aduenture of the Enchanted head, with other flim-flams that must be recounted.

DOn Quixote's Oasts name was *Don Antonio Moreno*, a rich Gentleman and a discreet, and one that loued to be honestly and affably merry; who hauing *Don Quixote* now at home, began to inuent, how, without preiudice to him, he might divulge his madnesse; for iests ought not to be too bitter, nor pastimes in detriment of a third person.

The first thing he did then, was to cause *Don Quixote* to be vnarmed, and to make him appeare in that straight Chamois apparell of his (as heretofore we haue painted and described him:) so he brought him to a Bay window which looked toward one of the chiefest streetes in the City, to be publikely seene by all commers, and the boyes that beheld him as if hee had beene a Monkey. They in the Liueries began a-fresh to fetch Careeres before him, as if for him onely, (and not to solemnize that festiuall day) their Liueries had beene put on: and *Sancho* was most iocund, as thinking he had found out, he knew not how, nor which way, a new *Camacho's* marriage, or another house like *Don Diego* and *Miranda's*, or the Dukes Castle.

That day some of *Don Antonio's* friends dined vvith him, all honouring *Don Quixote*, and obseruing him as a Knight Errant: with which, being most vaine-glorious, hee could scarce containe himselfe in his happinesse. *Sancho's* conceits were such & so many, that all the seruants of the house hung vpon his lippes, and as many also as heard him.

Being at Table, *Don Antonio* said to *Sancho*, We haue heard heere, honest *Sancho*, that thou loues Leech and roasted Oliues so well, that when thou canst eat no more, thou keepest the rest in thy bosome till another time. No, Sir, tis not so, said *Sancho*, for I am more cleanly then so, and my Master *Don Quixote* here present knowes well, that we are wont both of vs to liue eight daies with a handfull of Acornes or Walnuts: true it is, that

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now

now and then I looke not a giuen horse in the mouth (I meane) I eate what is giuen me, and make vse of the time present, and whosoeuer hath said that I am an extraordinary eater, and not cleanely, let him know he doth me wrong; and I should proceed farther, were it not for the company heere at Table.

Truely, said *Don Quixote*, the parsimony and cleanlinesse with which *Sancho* feedes, may be written and graued in sheetes of brasse, that it may be eternally remembred by ensuing Ages: True it is, that when he is hungry, he is somewhat rauenous, eates apace, and chawes on both sides; but for cleanlinesse, that he hath punctually obserued: and when he was a Gouernour, learnt to eat most neatly; for hee would eat you Grapes, nay, Pomegranat seedes with his forke. How, quoth *Don Antonio*, hath *Sancho* beene a Gouernour? I, said *Sancho*, and of an Iland called *Barataria*: tenne daies I gouerned to my will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt to contemne all the Gouernments in the world. From thence I came flying, and fell into a pit, where I thought I should haue died, from whence I escaped miraculously.

Don Quixote recounted all the particulars of *Sancho's* Gouernment, with which the hearers were much delighted. The cloth now taken away, and *Don Antonio* taking *Don Quixote* by the hand, carried him into a priuate chamber, in which there was no other kinde of furniture, but a Table that seemed to bee of Iasper, borne vp with feete of the same, vpon which there was set a Head, as if it beene of brasse, iust as your Romane Emperors are vsed to be, from the brest vpward. *Don Antonio* walked with *Don Quixote* vp and downe the chamber, and hauing gone a good many turnes about the Table, at last he said, Signior *Don Quixote*, now that I am fully perswaded no-body heares vs, and that the doore is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest Aduentures, or rather Nouelties, that can be imagined; prouided, that what I tell you, shall be deposited in the vttermost priuy Chambers of secresie.

That I vow, said *Don Quixote*: and for more safety, I will clap a Tombe-stone ouer it; for let me tell you, Signior *Don Antonio* (for now he knew his name) you conuerse with one, that

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though he haue eares to heare, yet he hath no tongue to tell: so that what is in your breſt, you may freely tranſlate it into mine, and reſt aſſured, that you haue flung it into the *Abiſſus* of ſilence.

In confidence of this promiſe (anſwered *Don Antonio*) I wil make you admire at what you ſhall heare and ſee, and ſo you ſhall ſomewhat eaſe me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my ſecrets with; with which, euery one is not to be truſted.

Don Quixote was in great ſuſpence, expecting what vvould be the iſſue of all theſe circumſtances; ſo *Don Antonio* taking him by the hand, he made him feele all ouer the brazen head & the Table, and Iaſper feet, and then ſaid, This head, Signior, was made by one of the greateſt Enchanters or Magicians that hath beene in the world, and I beleeue, by Nation he was a Polander, and one of that famous *Scotus* his diſciples, of whom ſo many wonders are related, who was heere in my houſe, and for a thouſand Crownes I gaue him, framed me this head, that hath the property and quality to anſwer to any thing that it is asked in your eare: he had his trickes & deuices, his painting of Characters, his obſeruing of Starres, lookt to euery tittle, and finally, brought this head to the perfection that to morrow you ſhall ſee, for on the Fridayes ſtill it is mute, which being this day, we muſt expect till to morrow; and ſo in the meane time you may bethink you what you will demand; for I know by experience, this head anſwers truly to all that is asked.

Don Quixote admired at the vertue and property of the head, and could ſcarce beleeue *Don Antonio*, but ſeeing how ſhort a time there was to the triall, he would not gain-ſay him, but thanked him for diſcouering ſo great a ſecret: So out of the roome they went: *Don Antonio* locked the doore after him, and they came into a Hall where the reſt of the Gentlemen were: in this *interim*, *Sancho* had related to them many of the Aduentures & ſucceſſes that befell his Maſter. That after-noone they carried *Don Quixote* abroad, not armed, but clad in the City garbe, with a looſe coat of tawny cloth, that in that ſeaſon might haue made froſt it ſelfe ſweat: they gaue order to their ſeruants to entertain

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Sancho,

Sancho, and not to let him ſtirre out of dores. *Don Quixote* rode not vpon *Roſinante*, but on a goodly trotting Mule, with good furniture, they put his coat vpon him, and at his backe (hee not perceiuing it) they ſowed a piece of Parchment, wherein vvas written in Text letters, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*: as they began their walke, the ſcrowle drew all mens eyes to looke on it, and as they read, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, hee admired to ſee what a number beheld & named him, and knew him; and turning to *Don Antonio* that went by him, ſaid, Great is the Prerogatiue due to Knight Errantry, ſince ouer all the world, it makes its Profeſſors knowne and renowned; for looke you, Signior *Don Antonio*, euen the very boyes of this City hauing neuer ſeene mee before, know me. Tis true, Signior, quoth *Don Antonio*: for as fire cannot be hidden nor bounded, no more can vertue but it muſt be knowne; and that vvhich is gotten by the profeſſion of Armes, doth moſt flouriſh and triumph aboue the reſt.

It hapned, that *Don Quixote* riding with this applauſe, a Caſtilian that read the ſcrowle at his backe, raiſed his voyce, ſaying, The Deuill take thee for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: and art thou gotten hither without being killed with thoſe infinite baſtings thou haſt borne vpon thy ſhoulders? Thou art a madde man, and wert thou ſo in priuate, and within thy houſe, twere leſſe euill; but thy property is, to make all that conuerſe or treat with thee, mad-men and Coxe-combes, as may appeare by theſe that accompany thee: get thee home, Ideot, and looke to thy Eſtate, Wife, and Children, and leaue theſe vanities that wormeate thy braines, and defile thy intellect. Brother, ſaid *Don Antonio*, follow your way, and giue no counſaile to thoſe that need it not: Signior *Don Quixote* is wiſe, and we that do accompany him, are no fooles, vertue is worthy to be honoured whereſoeuer ſhe is, and ſo be gone with a poxe to you, and meddle not where you haue nothing to doe. I vow (quoth the Caſtilian) you haue reaſon; for to giue counſaile to this man, is to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame: but for all that, it pitties me very much, that the good vnderſtanding they ſay this blocke-head hath in all things elſe, ſhould be let out at the pipe of his Knight Errantry.

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and a pox light on me (as you wish, Sir) and all my posterity, if from henceforward, though I should liue to the yeeres of *Methusalem*, I giue counsaile to any, though it be desired.

Thus the Counseller went by, and the shew went on: but the boyes, and all manner of people prest so thicke to reade the scrowle, that *Don Antonio* was forced to take it off from him, as if he had done something else.

The night came on, and they returned home, where was a Reuels of women: for *Don Antonio's* wife, that was well bred, mirthfull, faire, and discreet, inuited other shee-friends of hers, to come to welcome her new ghest, and to make merry with his strange madnesse. Some of them came, and they had a royall Supper, and the Reuels began about ten a clocke at night. Among these Dames, there were two of a notable waggish disposition, and great scoffers; and though honest, yet they strained their carriage, that their trickes might the better delight without yrksomnes; these were so eager to take *Don Quixote* out to dance, that they wearied not onely his body, but his minde likewise: twas a goodly sight to see his shape, long, lanke, leane, his visage pale, the whole man shut vp in his apparell, vngracefull, and vnweildy. The Damozels wooed him as it were by stealth, and he by stealth disdained them as fast; but seeing himselfe much prest by their courtings, he lifted vp his voyce, and said, *Fugite partes aduersæ*, and leaue me, oh vnwelcome imaginations, to my quiet: Get you further off with your wishes, Ladies; for she that is the Lady of mine, the peerelesse *Dulcinea del Toboso*, will haue none but hers subiect and conquer me: and so saying, he sate him downe in the middest of the Hall vpon the ground, bruised and broken with his dancing exercise. *Don Antonio* made him be taken vp in mens armes, & carried to bed; the first that layd hold on him was *Sancho*, saying, In the name of God, what meant you, Master mine, to dance? Thinke you that all that are valiant, must be dancers? and all Knights Errant, skipiacks? I say, if you thinke so, you are deceiued; you haue some that would rather kill Gyants then fetch a caper: if you were to friske, I would saue you that labour, for I can doe it like a Ier. Falcon: but in your dancing, I cannot worke a stitch.

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With this and such like discourse, *Sancho* made the Reuellers laugh, and laid his Master to bed, laying cloaths enough on him, that hee might sweat out the cold he had taken by dancing.

The next day, *Don Antonio* thought fit to try the Enchanted head, and so, with *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and others his friends, and the two Gentlewomen that had so laboured *Don Quixote* in the dance, that stayd all night with *Don Antonio's* wife, hee locked himselfe in the roome where the head was; he told them it's property, enioyning them to silence: and hee said to them, That this was the first time in which hee meant to make proofe of the vertue of the Enchanted head, and except his two friends, no liuing creature else knew the tricke of that Enchantment; and if *Don Antonio* had not discouered it to them, they also would haue falne into the same admiration that the rest did; for it was not otherwise possible, the fabricke of it being so curious and cunning.

The first that came to the Heads hearing, was *Don Antonio* himselfe, who spoke softly, but so, that he might be heard by all: Tell me, Head, by the vertue that is contained in thee, What thinke I of now? And the head answered (not mouing the lips, with a loud and distinct voyce, that all the by-standers might heare this reason,) I iudge not of thoughts. Which when they all heard, they were astonisht, and the more, seeing neyther in all the roome, nor any where about the table, there was not any humane creature to answere. How many heere be there of vs (quoth *Don Antonio* againe?) And answere was made him in the same tenor voyce: There are thou and thy wife, with two of thy hee-friends, and two of her shee-friends, and a famous Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and a Squire of his that hight *Sancho Pansa*. I marry, sir, heere was the wondring a-fresh, heere was euery ones haire standing on end with pure horror. And *Don Antonio* getting him aside from the head, said, Tis enough now for mee to know that I was not deceiued by him that sold thee mee, Sage Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, Admired Head! Come another now, & ask what he wil: & as your women for the most part are hastiest, & most inquisitiue, the first that came, was one of *Don Antonio's* wiues friends,

and her demand was this, Tell me, Head, What shall I doe to make my selfe faire? The answer was, Be honest. I haue done, said she. Strait came her other companion, and said, I would faine know, Head, whether my Husband loue mee or no: and the answer was, Thou shalt know by his vsage. The married woman stood by, saying; The question might haue been spared: for good vsage is the best signe of affection. Then came one of *Don Antonio's* friends, and asked, Who am I? The answer was, Thou knowest. I aske thee not that said the Gentleman, but whether thou know me? I doe, it was answered; Thou art *Don Pedro Noris*. No more, O Head, let this suffice, to make mee know thou knowest all. And so stepping aside, the other friend came and asked, Tell me, Head, What desires hath my eldest sonne? I haue told you (it was answered) that I iudge not of thoughts; yet let mee tell you, your sonne desires to bury you; That (quoth the Gentleman) I know well, and daily perceiue, but I haue done. *Don Antonio's* wife came next, and said, Head, I know not what to aske thee, I would onely faine know of thee, if I shall long enioy my deare Husband: and the answere was, Thou shalt, for his health and spare diet promise him many yeeres, which many shorten by distempers.

Now came *Don Quixote*, and said, Tell me, thou that answerest, Was it true, or a dreame, that (as I recount) befell mee in *Montesino's* Caue? shall *Sancho* my Squires whipping be accomplisht? shall *Dulcinea* be dis-enchanted? For that of the Caue, (quoth the Answerer) there is much to be said, it partakes of all: *Sancho's* whipping shall be prolonged: but *Dulcinea's* dis-enchanting shall come to a reall end. I desire no more, said *Don Quixote*; for so *Dulcinea* be dis-enchanted, I make account, all my good fortunes come vpon me at a clap.

Sancho was the last Demander, and his question vvas this; Head, shall I haply haue another Gouernment? shall I be free from this penurious Squires life? shall I see my Wife and Children againe? To which it vvas answered him: In thy house shalt thou gouerne; whither if thou returne, thou shalt see thy Wife and children, and leauing thy seruice, thou shalt leaue being a Squire. Very good (quoth *Sancho*) this I could haue told

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before

before my ſelfe, and my fathers horſe could haue ſaid no more. Beaſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, what anſwere wouldſt thou haue? Is it not enough, that the anſweres this head giues thee, are correſpondent to thy queſtions? Tis true, ſaid *Sancho*: but I would haue, knowne more.

And now the queſtions and anſweres were ended: but not the admiration, in which all remained, but *Don Antonio's* friends that knew the conceit. Which *Cid Hameto Benengeli* vvould forthwith declare, not to hold the world in ſuſpence, to thinke that ſome VVitch, or extraordinary myſterie was incloſed in the ſaid head: and thus ſaith he, that *Don Antonio Moreno*, in imitation of another head, which he ſaw in *Madrid*, framed by a Caruer, cauſed this to be made in his houſe, to entertaine the ſimple, and make them wonder at it, and the Fabricke was in this manner:

The table it ſelfe vvas of wood, painted and varniſhed ouer like Iaſper, and the foot on vvhich it ſtood was of the ſame, with foure Eagles clawes ſtanding out to vphold it the better.

The head that ſhewed like the Medall, or picture of a Romane Emperour, and of braſſe colour, was all hollow, and ſo was the Table too; to which, it was ſo cunningly ioyned, that there was no appearance of it: the foot of the Table was likewiſe hollow, that anſwered to the breſt, and neck of the head: and all this anſwered to another Chamber, that was vnder the roome where the head was: and thorow all this hollowneſſe of the foote, the table, breſt and neck of the Medall, there vvent a Tinne pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceiued.

He that was to anſwere, ſet his mouth to the Pipe in the Chamber vnderneath, anſwering to this vpper roome; ſo that the voice aſcended, and deſcended, as thorow a Trunk, cleerely and diſtinctly, and it was not poſſible to find the Iuggling out.

A Nephew of *Don Antonio's*; a Scholler, a good witty and diſcreet Youth, was the anſwerer: who hauing notice from his Vncle, of thoſe that were to enter the Roome, it was eaſie for him to anſwere ſuddenly, and punctually, to their firſt queſtions, and to the reſt he anſwered by diſcreet coniectures.

Moreouer, *Cid Hamete* ſayes, that this maruellous Engine

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lasted for some ten or twelue dayes: but when it was divulged vp and downe the Citie, that *Don Antonio* had an Enchanted head in his house, that answered to all questions; fearing lest it should come to the notice of the waking Centinels of our Faith: hauing acquainted those Inquisitors with the businesse, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalize the ignorant Vulgar: but yet in *Don Quixote* and *Sancho's* opinion the head was still enchanted, and answering: but indeed not altogether so much to *Sancho's* satisfaction.

The Gallants of the Citie, to please *Don Antonio*, and for *Don Quixote's* better hospitalitie, and on purpose that his madnesse might make the more generall sport, appointed a running at the Ring, about a six dayes after, which was broken off vpon an occasion that after hapned.

Don Quixote had a minde to walke round about the Citie on foot; fearing, that if he went on horsebacke, the Boyes would persecute him: so he & *Sancho*, with two seruants of *Don Antonio's*, went a walking. It hapned, that as they passed throow one street, *Don Quixote* looked vp, and saw written vpon a doore in great Letters, *Heere are Bookes printed*, which pleased him wonderously; for till then he had neuer seene any Presse; and he desired to know the manner of it.

In he vvent, with all his retinue, vvhere hee saw in one place drawing of sheetes, in another Correcting, in this Composing, in that mending: Finally, all the Machine that is vsuall in great Presses.

Don Quixote came to one of the Boxes, and asked vvhat they had in hand there? The Workmen told him: he wondred and passed further. To another he came, and asked one that was in it, what he vvas doing? The vvorkman answered, Sir, This Gentleman you see; (and he shewed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat ancient) hath translated an Italian Booke into Spanish; and I am composing of it heere to be printed.

What is the name of it (quoth *Don Quixote*?) To which (said the Author) Sir, it is called *Le Bagatele*, to wit, in Spanish, The *Trifle*: and though it beare but a meane name, yet it containes in it many great and substantiall matters.

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I vnderſtand a little Italian, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and dare venter vpon a *Stanza* of *Arioſto's*: but tell me, Signior mine (not that I would examine your skill, but onely for curioſitie:) haue you euer found ſet downe in all your writing, the vvord *Pinnata*? Yes, often quoth the Author: and how tranſlate you it, ſaid *Don Quixote*?

How ſhould I tranſlate it, ſaid the Author, but in ſaying, *Potage-Pot*? Body of me (ſaid *Don Quixote*) and how forward are you in the Italian Idiome? Ile lay a good wager that vvhere the Italian ſayes, *Piaccie*, you tranſlate it, *Pleaſe*; and vvhere *Piu*, you ſay, *more*, and *Su*, is *aboue*; and *Giu*, *beneath*.

Yes indeed doe I, ſaid the Author: for theſe be their proper ſignifications.

I dare ſweare (quoth *Don Quixote*) you are not knowne to the world, which is alwayes backward in rewarding flouriſhing wits, and laudable induſtry: Oh what a company of rare abilities are loſt in the vvorld! What wits cubbed vp, what vertues contemned: but for all that, mee thinkes this tranſlating from one language into another (except it be out of the Queenes of Tongues, Greeke and Latine) is iuſt like looking vpon the wrong ſide of Arras-Hangings: that although the Pictures be ſeene, yet they are full of threed ends, that darken them, and they are not ſeene with the plaineneſſe & ſmoothneſſe, as on the other ſide; and the tranſlating out of eaſie languages, argues neither wit, nor elocution, no more then doth the copying from out of one paper into another: yet I inferre not from this, that tranſlating is not a laudable exerciſe: for a man may be far worſe employed, and in things leſſe profitable.

I except amongſt Tranſlators our two famous ones: the one, Doctor *Chriſtoual de Figueroa* in his *Paſtor fido*, and the other, *Don Iohn de Xaurigni*, in his *Amyntas*, vvhere they haply leaue it doubtfull, which is the Tranſlation or Originall. But tell me, Sir, Print you this Booke vpon your owne charge, or ſell you your licence to ſome Booke-binder? Vpon mine owne, ſaid the Author, and I thinke to get a thouſand crownes by it at leaſt, vvith this firſt impreſſion: for there will be two thouſand Copies, and they will vent at three ſhillings apiece roundly.

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You

You vnderſtand the matter well, ſaid *Don Quixote*: it ſeemes you know not the paſſages of Printers, and the correſpondencies they haue betwixt one and the other: I promiſe you, that when you haue two thouſand Copies lying by you, you'le be ſo troubled, as paſſeth; and the rather, if the booke be but a little dull, and not conceited all thorow.

Why, would you haue me (quoth the Author) let a Booke-ſeller haue my Licence, that would giue me but a halfe-penny a ſheete, and that thinkes he doth me a kindnes in it too? I print not my workes to get fame in the world: for I am by them vvell knowne in it, I muſt haue profit; for without that, fame is not worth a ruſh.

God ſend you good lucke, ſaid *Don Quixote*; ſo he paſſed to another Box, where he ſaw ſome correcting a ſheete of a Book, Intituled, *The Light of the Soule*: and in ſeeing it, he ſaid, Such bookes as theſe (though there be many of them) ought to bee imprinted: for there be many ſinners, and many lights are needfull, for ſo many be darkned.

Hee went on, and ſaw them correcting another Booke; and enquiring the Title, they anſwered him, that it was called, The ſecond part of the Ingenious Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, made by ſuch a one, an Inhabitant of *Tordeſillas*.

I haue notice of this Book, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and in my conſcience, I thought before now, it had beene burnt and turned to aſhes for an idle Pamphlet: but it will not, like Hogs, [a] want it's Saint *Martin*: for your fained Hiſtories are ſo much the more good and delightfull, by how much they come neere the truth, or the likeneſſe of it: and the true ones are ſo much the better, by how much the truer; and ſaying thus, with ſome ſhewes of diſtaſte, he left the Preſſe: and that very day *Don Antonio* purpoſed to carry him to the Gallies, that vvere in the Wharfe: at which *Sancho* much reioyced; for hee had neuer in his life ſeene any.

[a] Againſt that Saints day is Hogs fearing.

Don Antonio gaue notice to the Generall of the Gallies, that in the afternoone he would bring his gheſt, the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, to ſee them: of whom all the Citie by this

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this time had notice. And in the next Chapter, what hapned to him, shall be declared.

CHAP. LXIII.

Of the ill chance that befell Sancho *at his seeing the Gallies, with the strange Aduenture of the* Morisca.

GReat were the Discourses that *Don Quixote* framed to himselfe, touching the answeres of the Enchanted head, but none of them fell into the Imposture, and all concluded in the promise, which he held for certaine, of the dis-enchantment of *Dulcinea*: there his bloud flowed within him, and he reioyced within himselfe, beleeuing he should soone see the accomplishment of it: and *Sancho*, though (as hath beene said) he abhorred to be a Gouernour, yet he desired to beare sway againe, and to bee obeyed: for such is the desire of rule, though it be but in iest.

In conclusion, that afternoone *Don Antonio Moreno* their Oast, with his two friends, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, went to the Gallies. The Generall, who had notice of their comming, as soone as they were come neere the Sea side, made all the Gallies strike their Tilt-sayles, and the Hoboyes sounded, and they lanched a Cock-boat to the water, which was all couered with rich clothes, and Cushions of crimson Veluet: and iust as *Don Quixote* entred into it, the Admirall Gally discharged her fore-Castle peece; and the rest of the Gallies likewise did the same: and as *Don Quixote* mounted at the right side Ladder, all the fry of the Slaues, as the custome is when any man of quality enters the Gally, cryed, *Hu, Hu, Hu*, thrise a-row.

The Generall, who was a man of qualitie, a *Valencian* Gentleman, gaue him his hand: & being entred, embraced him, saying, This day will I marke with a white stone, for one of the best that shall haue befalne me in all my life time: hauing seene Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: the time and signes that appeare in him, shewing that all the worth of a Knight Errant, is con-

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contained and summed vp in him. With the like courteous phrase, reply'd *Don Quixote*, iocund aboue measure, to see himselfe so Lord-like treated withall.

They all went a-Sterne, which was very well dresst vp, and they sate vpon the Railes. The Boat-Swaine got him to the fore-Castle, and gaue warning with his whistle to the Slaues, to dis-robe themselues: which was done in an instant.

Sancho that saw so many naked men, was astonisht: and the more, when he saw them hoyst vp their Tilt so speedily, that he thought all the Diuels in Hell laboured there. *Sancho* sate vpon the Pilots seate, neere the hindermost Rower, on the right hand: who being instructed what he should doe, laid hold on *Sancho*: and so lifting him vp, passed him to another; and the second to a third: so the whole rabble of the slaues, beginning from the right side, passed and made him vault from one seat to another so violently, that poore *Sancho* lost his sight; and vndoubtedly beleeued, that the Fiends of hell carried him; and they gaue him not ouer, till they had passed him ouer all the left side too, and then set him againe on the Sterne: so the poore soule was sore brused, and bemauled, and scarce imagined what had hapned to him.

Don Quixote, that saw this flight of *Sancho's* without wings, asked the Generall if those were Ceremonies, that were vsed to such as came newly into the Gallie? for if they were, that he who intended not to professe in them, liked no such pastime: and he vowed to God, that if any came to lay hold on him, to make him tumble, he would kicke out his soule: and in so saying, he stood vp, and grasped his sword.

At this instant they let downe the Tilt againe, and with a terrible noise let fall the Maine-yard, so that *Sancho* thought Heauen was off the Hindges, and fell vpon his head, which he crouched together, and clapped it for feare betwixt his legges. *Don Quixote* was not altogether as he should be: for hee began to quake and shrinke vp his shoulders, and grew pale. The Slaues hoisted the Maine-yard with the same fury and noise that they had formerly strooke it with, and all with such silence, as if they had had neither voice nor breath. The Boate-Swaine made

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signes

ſignes to them, to weigh Anchor: & leaping toward the fore-caſtle, in the middeſt of them, with his whip or Buls-Pizzle, he began to fly-flap their ſhoulders.

When *Sancho* ſaw ſuch a company of Red-feet mooue at once: for ſuch he ghelſed, the oares to be, he ſaid to himſelfe, I marry, heere bee things truely enchanted, and not thoſe my Maſter ſpeakes of. What haue theſe vnhappy ſoules committed, that they are thus laſhed? and how dares this fellow that goes whiſtling vp and downe alone, whip ſo many? VVell, I ſay, This is Hell, or Purgatorie at leaſt.

Don Quixote, that ſaw with what attention *Sancho* beheld all that paſſed, ſaid, Ah friend, *Sancho*, how ſpeedily, and vvith how little coſt might you, if you would, take off your dubler, and clap your ſelfe amongſt theſe fellowes, and make an end of diſ-enchanting *Dulcinea*? For hauing ſo many companions in miſery, you would not be ſo ſenſible of paine: and beſides, it might be, that the ſage *Merlin* might take euery one of theſe laſhes, being well laid on for ten.

The Generall would haue asked what laſhes thoſe were, and what diſ-enchantment of *Dulcinea's*: when a Marriner cryed out, *Moniri*, makes ſignes that there is a Veſſell, with Oares towards the Weſt-ſide of the Coaſt. (Which ſaid) The Generall leapt vpon the fore-Caſtle, and cryed, Goe to, my Hearts, let her not ſcape: this Boat, that our watch-tower diſcouers, is ſome Frigot of Argiers Pirates.

And now the three other Gallies came to their Admirall, to know what they ſhould do. The General commanded that two of them ſhould lanch to the Sea: and he with the other would goe betwixt Land and Land, that ſo the veſſell might not eſcape them.

The Slaues rowed hard, and ſo furiouſly draue on the Gallies, as if they had flowne: and thoſe that lanched firſt into the Sea, about a two miles off diſcouered a Veſſell, which in ſight they marked to haue about a fourteene or fifteene Oares, as it fell out to be true: which Veſſell, when ſhe diſcouered the Gallies, ſhe put her ſelfe in chaſe; hoping by her ſwiftneſſe to eſcape: but it preuailed nothing; for the Admiral Gally was one of the ſwif-

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reſt

reſt veſſels that ſayled in the Sea, and ſo got of the other, ſo much, that they in the Frigot plainely ſaw, that they could not eſcape; and ſo the Maſter of her would haue had them forſaken their Oares, and yeelded, for feare of offending our Generall; but fate that vvould haue it otherwiſe, ſo diſpoſed the matter, that as the Admirall came on ſo nigh, that they in the Barke might heare a cry from the Gally that they ſhould yeeld: two *Toraquis*, that is, two drunken Turkes, that were in the Frigot with twelue others, diſcharged two Calieuers, with which they killed two Souldiours, that ſtood abaft our Gally. Which when our Generall ſaw, he vowed not to leaue a man aliue in the veſſell; and comming in great fury to grapple vvith her, ſhee eſcaped vnder the Gallies Oares: the Gally paſſed forward a pretty way: they in the Veſſell ſaw themſelues gone, and beganne to ſet ſayle, and to fly afreſh, as they ſaw the Gally comming on them: but their induſtrie did them not ſo much good, as their preſumption, hurt: for the Admirall ouertaking them vvithin one halfe mile, clapped his Oares on the Veſſell, and ſo tooke her and euery man aliue in her.

By this the two other Gallies came, and all foure returned to the Wharfe with their prize, vvhere a vvorld of people expected them, deſirous to ſee what they brought: the Generall call Anchor neere Land, & perceiued that the Vice-Roy of the Citie was on the ſhore; he commanded that a Cock-boat ſhould be lanched to bring him; and that they ſhould ſtrike the Maine-yard, to hang preſently the Maſter of the Frigot, and the reſt of the Turkes that they had taken in her, which were about ſix and thirty perſons; all goodly men, and moſt of them Turkiſh ſhot.

The Generall asked, who was Maſter of the Barke? and anſwere was made him by one of the Captiues in Spaniſh, (who appeared after to bee a run-agate Spaniard:) This Youth you ſee heere is our Maſter: and he ſhewed him one of the goodlieſt comely Youths that could be deciphered by humane imagination.

He was not to ſee too, aboue twenty yeeres of age: the Generall asked, Tell meill-aduiſed Dogge, what mooued thee to

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kill

kill my Souldiers, since thou saw'st it was impossible to escape? is this the respect due to Admirals? Know'st not thou that rashnesse is not valour? Doubtfull hopes may make men bold, but not desperate.

The Master would haue repli'd, but the General could not as yet giue him the hearing, by reason of his going to welcome the Viceroy aboord, who entred now the Gally with some seruants of his, and others of the City.

You haue had a pretty chase on't, my Lord Generall, said the Viceroy. So pretty, said the Generall, that your Excellency shall see it hanged vp at the Maine-yard. How so (quoth the Viceroy?) Why, they haue killed mee (said he) against all Law of Armes, reason, or custome of Warres, two of the best Souldiers I had in my Gallies, and I haue sworne to hang them all, especially this youth; the Master of the Frigot and he shewed him one that had his hands bound, & the halter about his necke, expecting his death. The Viceroy beheld him, and seeing him so comely, hand some, and so humble withall, his beauty giuing him in that instant, as it were, a Letter of recommendation, the Viceroy had a minde to saue him, and therefore asked;

Tell me, Master, art thou a Turke borne, or a Moore, or a Renegate?

To which the Youth answered him in his owne language, Neyther of all. Why, what art thou, quoth the Viceroy? A Christian woman, said the young man. A Woman, and a Christian in this habit, in these employments? a thing rather to bee wondred at, then beleeued. My Lords, I beseech you quoth the Youth, let my execution be a little deferred, whilest I recount my life. What heart so hard that would not be softned with that reason, at least to heare the sad and grieued Youth, to tell his story? The Generall bad him proceed, but that there was no hope for him of pardon for his notorious offence. So the Youth began in this manner: Of that linage, more vnhappy then wise, on which a Sea of misfortunes in these latter times haue rained, am I, borne of Moriscan Parents, and in the current of their misery, was carried by two of my Vncles into Barbary; it nothing auailing me to say I was a Christian,

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an, as I am indeed, and not seeming so, as many of vs; but truly Catholike: but this truth preuailed nothing with the Officers that had charge giuen them to looke to our banishment, neyther would my Vncles beleeue I was a Christian, but that it was a tricke of mine to stay in my natiue Country: and so rather forcibly, then by my consent, they carried me with them. My Mother was a Christian, and my Father discreet, and so likewise I sucked the Catholike faith in my milke: I was well brought vp, & neither in my language or fashion, made shew to be a Morisca. With these vertues, my beauty (if so be I haue any) increased also, and though my restraint and retirement was great, yet it was not such, but that a young Gentleman, called *Don Gaspar Gregorio* had gotten a sight of me: This Gentleman was sonne and heyre to a Knight that liued neere to our towne; hee saw me, and we had some speech; and seeing himselfe lost to me, but I not wonne by him, twere large to tell, especially fearing that as I am speaking, this halter must throttle mee: yet I say, that *Don Gregorio* would needs accompany mee in my banishment, and so mingling himselfe with Moriscos that came out of other places (for he vnderstood the language well) in our voyage hee got acquainted with my two Vncles that went with me; for my Father, wisely, when hee heard the Edict of our banishment, went out of our towne, and went to seeke some place in a forraine Country, where we might be entertained; and he left many pearles, precious stones, and some money in double Pistolets hidden in a secret place (which I onely know of) but he commanded me, by no means to meddle with it, if we were banish'd before his returne. I did so, and with my Vncles and others of our kindred, passed into Barbary, and our resting-place was *Argiers*, I might haue said, Hell. The King there, had notice of my beauty, and likewise that I was rich, which partly fell out to be my happinesse. He sent for me, and asked me of what part of Spaine I was, and what money and iewels I brought? I told him the place, but that my iewels and monies were buried: but that they might easily be had, if I might but goe thither for them. All this I sayd, hoping his owne Couetousnesse would more blinde him then my beauty.

Whilest

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Whileſt we were in this diſcourſe, they told him there came one of the goodlieſt faire Youths with me that could be imagined. I thought preſently it was *Don Gregorio* they meant, whoſe comelineſſe is not to be paralell'd. It troubled mee to thinke in what danger he would be; for thoſe barbarous Turkes do more eſteeme a handſome boy, then a woman, be ſhee neuer ſo faire. The King commanded ſtraight, that hee ſhould be brought before him, that he might ſee him, and asked me if it were true they ſaid of the Youth. I told him Yes (and it ſeemed Heauen put it into my head) but that hee was no man, but a woman as I vvas, and I deſired him he would giue me leaue to cloath her in her naturall habit, that her beauty might appeare to the full, and that otherwiſe too, ſhe would be too ſhamefaſt before him. Hee bad me doe ſo, and that on the morrow he would giue order for my returne to Spaine to ſeeke the hidden Treaſure. I ſpoke vvith *Don Gaſpar*, and told him what danger he had been in by being a man: ſo I clad him like a Mooriſh woman, and that afternoon brought him to the Kings preſence, who ſeeing him, admired at her beauty, and thought to reſerue him, & to ſend him for a Preſent to the *Grand Signior*: & ſo to auoid the danger in his *Serraglio* of women if he put her there, he commanded her to be kept in a houſe of certain Mooriſh Gentlewomē, whither he was carried. How this troubled vs both (for I cannot deny that I loue him) let them conſider that haue been abſent from their Loues. The King gaue order then, that I ſhould come for Spaine in this Frigot, & that theſe two Turks that killed your Souldiers, ſhould accompany mee, and this Renegate Spaniard, pointing to him that had firſt ſpoken, who I know is in heart a Chriſtian, and hath a greater deſire to remaine heere, then to returne into Barbarie, the reſt are Moores and Turkes that onely ſerue for Rowers. The two couetous and inſolent Turkes, not reſpecting the order we had, that they ſhould ſet me and this runnagate Spaniard on the firſt ſhore, in the habits of Chriſtians (of which we were prouided) would needs firſt ſcowre the coaſt, & take ſome prize, if they could, fearing that if they firſt ſhould ſet vs on land; by ſome miſchance we might diſcouer the Frigot to be vpon the coaſt: ſo that they might be taken by the Gallies, and ouernight

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we descried this wharfe, and not knowing of these foure Gallies, we were discouered, and this hath befalne vs that you haue seene. In fine, *Don Gregorio* remaines in his womans habit amongst women, in manifest danger of his destruction, and I am heere prisoner, expecting, or to say truer, fearing the losing of my life, which notwithstanding wearies me. This, Sirs, is the conclusion of my lamentable History, as true as vnfortunate: my request is, that I may die a Christian, since (as I haue said) I am not guilty of that crime into which the rest of my Nation haue fallen: and with this she broke off, her eyes pregnant with teares, which were accompanied with many from the standers by also.

The Viceroy, all tender and compassionate, came to her, and vndid the Cord that bound the Moores faire hands. In the meane time, whilest this Christian Morisca related her Storie, an ancient Pilgrim that entred the Gally, had his eyes fastned vpon her; and she had no sooner ended her discourse, when he cast himselfe at her feet, and embracing them with interrupted words, sighes, and sobs, said, Oh my vnfortunate daughter *Añа Felix*, I am *Ricote* thy Father, that haue returned to seeke thee, as not being able to liue without thee; for thou art my very soule. At these words *Sancho* opened his eyes, and lifted vp his head (which he held downe, thinking vpon his ill-fauoured tossing in the Gally) and beholding the Pilgrim, knew him to be the same *Ricote* that hee met the same day hee left his Gouernment, and it appear'd she was his daughter, when being vnbound, she embraced her Father, mingling her teares with his. Then said he to the General and Viceroy, This, my Lords, is my daughter, more vnhappy in her successe, then in her name, as famous for beauty, as I for wealth. I left my Country, to finde a resting-place in some strange Country, and hauing found one in Germany, returned in this Pilgrimes weed in company of other Germanes to seeke my daughter, and to dig out my hidden treasure, but found not her, and the treasure I bring with me, and now by strange chance haue lighted on my greatest treasure, that is, my beloued daughter: if so be our small offence, & her teares and mine together, with the integrity of your Iustice, may open the gates of mercy, shew it vs, that neuer had so much as a

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thought

thought once to offend you, nor conſpired with thoſe of our owne linage who were iuſtly baniſhed. Then ſaid *Sancho*, I know *Ricote* well, and know all is true he ſaith, concerning that *Ana Felix* is his daughter, but for other flim-flams, whether he had a good or bad intention, I intermeddle not.

The by-ſtanders wondring all at this accident, the Generall ſaid, Well, your teares will not let me accompliſh my vow: liue, faire *Ana Felix*, as long as Heauen will giue thee leaue, and let thoſe raſh ſlaues die that committed the fault: ſo he commanded that the two Turkes that had killed his two Souldiers, ſhould preſently be hanged vpon the maine Yarde: but the Vice-roy deſired him earneſtly not to hang them, ſince they had ſhewed more madneſſe then valour. The Generall condeſcended, for reuenge is not good in cold bloud; and ſtraight they contriued how to get *Don Gregorio* free. *Ricote* offered two thouſand Ducats hee had in Pearles and Iewels towards it: Many meanes were thought on, but none ſo good, as that of the *Renegado* Spaniard that was mentioned, who offered to returne to Argiers in ſome ſmall Barke, onely with ſome ſixe Chriſtian Oares; for he knew where, how, and when he might diſ-embarke himſelfe, & the houſe alſo where *Don Gaſpar* was. The Generall and Vice-roy were in ſome doubt of him, or to truſt him with the Chriſtians that ſhould row with him. But *Anna Felix* vndertooke for him, and *Ricote* offered to ranſome the Chriſtians if they were taken. And being agreed, the Vice-roy went aſhore, and *Don Antonio Moreno* carried the Moriſca and her Father vvith him, the Vice-roy enioyning him to vſe them as well as poſſibly he might, and offered him the command of any thing in his houſe toward it. Such was the charity and beneuolence that the beauty of *Ana Felix* had infuſed into his breſt.

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CHAP. LXIIII.

Of an Aduenture that most perplext Don Quixote, *of any that hitherto befell him.*

THe Hiſtory ſayes, that *Don Antonio Morenos* wife took great delight to ſee *Aña Felix* in her houſe: ſhee welcommed her moſt kindely, enamoured as well on her goodneſſe, as beauty and diſcretion; for in all, the Moriſca was exquiſite, and all the City came (as if by a warning bell) to ſee her. *Don Quixote* told *Don Antonio*, that they tooke a vvrong courſe for the freeing of *Don Gregorio*, which was more dangerous then conuenient, and that it had beene better, that he were ſet on ſhore in Barbary with his Horſe and Armes; for that hé would deliuer him in ſpight of the whole Moriſme there, as *Don Gayferos* had done his Spouſe *Meliſendra*.

Looke you, Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, when he heard this, *Don Gayferos* brought his Spouſe through firme Land, and ſo carried her into France; but here, though wee ſhould deliuer *Don Gregorio*, we haue no meanes to bring him into Spaine, the Sea being betwixt vs and home.

There is a remedy for euery thing but Death, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for tis but hauing a Barke ready at the Sea ſide, and in ſpite of all the world we may embarke our ſelues.

You doe prettily facilitate the matter, ſaid *Sancho*, but tis one thing to ſay, and another to doe: and I like the Runnagate, for me thinkes he is a good honeſt plaine fellow. *Don Antonio* ſaid, that if the Runnagate performed not the buſineſſe, that then the Grand *Don Quixote* ſhould paſſe ouer into Barbary. Some two daies after, the Runnagate embarkt in a little boat with ſix oares on a ſide, manned with luſty tall fellowes, and two daies after that, the Gallies were Eaſtward bound; the Generall hauing requeſted the Viceroy, that he would be pleaſed to let him know the ſucceſſe of *Don Gregorio's* liberty, & likewiſe of *Aña Felix*. The Viceroy promiſed to fulfill his requeſt.

And *Don Quixote* going out one morning to take the ayre

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vpon

vpon the wharfe, armed at all points; for as he often vſed to ſay, his Armes were his ornaments, and to skirmiſh his delight, and ſo he was neuer without them; hee ſaw a Knight come toward him, armed from top to toe, carrying vpon his ſhield a bright ſhining Moone painted, who comming within diſtance of hearing, directing his voyce to *Don Quixote* aloud, ſaid, Famous Knight, and neuer ſufficiently extolled *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the white Moone, whoſe renowned deeds perhaps thou haſt heard of: I am come to combat vvith thee, and by force of Armes to make thee know and confeſſe, that my Miſtreſſe, be ſhe whom ſhe will, is without compariſon fairer then thy *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; which truth if thou plainly confeſſe, thou ſhalt ſaue thy life, and me a labour in taking it: and if thou fight, and that I vanquiſh thee, all the ſatisfaction I will haue, is, that thou forſake thy Armes, and leaue ſeeking Aduentures, and retire thy ſelfe to thy home for the ſpace of one whole yeere, where thou ſhalt liue peaceable and quietly, without laying hand to thy ſword, which befits thy eſtate, and alſo thy ſoules health: and if thou vanquiſh me, my head ſhall be at thy mercy, and the ſpoyles of my Horſe and Armour ſhall be thine, and alſo the fame of my exploits ſhall paſſe from mee to thee: Conſider what is beſt to be done, and anſwer me quickly, for I haue onely this daies reſpite to diſpatch this buſineſſe.

Don Quixote was aſtoniſht and in ſuſpence, as well at the *Knight of the white Moone* his arrogance, as the cauſe of it, for which he challenged him, and ſo with a quiet and ſtaied demeanor anſwered him;

Knight of the white Moone, whoſe exploits hitherto I haue not heard of, I dare ſweare thou neuer ſaweſt the famous *Dulcinea*; for if thou hadſt, I know thou wouldſt not haue entred into this demand: for her ſight would haue confirmed, that there neyther hath beene, nor can be a beauty to be compared vvith hers: and therefore not to ſay you lye, but that you erre in your propoſition, I accept of your challenge, with the aforeſaid conditions; and ſtrait, becauſe your limited day ſhall not paſſe, and I onely except againſt one of your conditions, which is, that the fame of your exploits paſſe to me, for I know not what kinde of

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ones yours be, and I am content with mine owne ſuch as they be: begin you then your Carreere when you will, and I will doe the like, and God and S. *George*.

The Viceroy had notice of this, and thought it had been ſome new Aduenture plotted by *Don Antonio Moreno*, or ſome other Gentleman: and ſo out of the City he went with *Don Antonio*, & many other Gentlemen that accompanied him to the wharfe, iuſt as *Don Quixote* was turning *Roſinantes* reines to take vp as much ground as was fit for him. When the Vice-roy ſaw in both of them ſignes to encounter, he put himſelfe betwixt them, & asked what was the cauſe of their ſingle combat. The *Knight of the white Moone* anſwered him, that it was about a precedency in beauty, and briefly repeated what hee had formerly done to *Don Quixote*, together with the conditions accepted by both parties.

The Vice-roy came to *Don Antonio*, and asked him in his eare, if he knew that *Knight of the white Moone*, or if it were ſome tricke they meant to put vpon *Don Quixote*?

Don Antonio made anſwer, that he neyther knew the Knight, or whether the Combat were in ieſt or earneſt.

This anſwer made the Vice-roy doubt whether he ſhould let them proceed to the Combat; but being perſwaded that it could not be but a ieſt, hee remoued, ſaying; Sir Knights, if there be no remedy but to confeſſe or dye, & that Signior *Don Quixote* be obſtinate, and you *Knight of the white Moone*, more ſo then he, God haue mercy on you, and too't.

The Knight of the white-Moone moſt courteouſly thanked the Vice-roy for the licence he gaue them, and *Don Quixote* too did the like; vvho heartily recommending himſelfe to heauen, and his Miſtris *Dulcinea* (as he vſed vpon all ſuch occaſions) he turned about to begin his Careere, as his enemy had done, and without Trumpets ſound, or of any other warlike inſtrument that might giue them ſignall for the onſet: they both of them ſet ſpurres to their Horſes, and the Knight of the white-Moones being the ſwifter, met *Don Quixote* ere hee had ranne a quarter of his Careere ſo forcibly (without touching him with his Lance, for it ſeemed he carried it aloft on purpoſe) that he tum-

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bled horſe and man both to the ground, and Don *Quixote* had a terrible fall: ſo he got ſtraight on the top of him; and clapping his Lances point vpon his Viſor, ſaid, You are vanquiſhed, Knight, and a dead man, if you confeſſe not, according to the conditions of our combate. Don *Quixote* all bruiſed and amazed, vvithout heauing vp his Viſor, as if he had ſpoken out of a toombe, with a faint and weake voice, ſaid, *Dulcinea del Toboſo* is the faireſt woman in the world, and I the vnfortunateſt Knight on earth; and it is not fit that my weaknes defraud this truth: thruſt your Lance into me, Knight, and kill mee, ſince you haue bereaued me of my honour. Not ſo truely, quoth he of the white-Moone, let the fame of my Lady *Dulcinea's* beauty liue in her entireneſſe: I am onely contented that the Grand *Don Quixote* retire home for a yeere, or til ſuch time as I pleaſe, as we agreed, before we began the battell.

All this, the Vice-Roy with Don *Antonio* and many others ſtanding by heard; and Don *Quixote* anſwered, that ſo nothing vvere required of him in preiudice of his Lady *Dulcinea*, hee vvould accompliſh all the reſt, like a true and punctuall Knight.

This Confeſſion ended, the Knight of the white-Moone turned his Horſe, and making a low obeyſance on horſeback to the Vice-Roy, he rode a falſe gallop into the Citie. The Vice-roy willed *Don Antonio* to follow him, and to know by all meanes who he was.

Don *Quixote* was lifted vp, and they diſcouered his face, and found him diſcolour'd and in a cold ſweat. *Roſinante* out of pure hard handling, could not as yet ſtirre.

Sancho all ſad and ſorrowfull knew not what to doe or ſay, and all that had hapned, to him ſeemed but a dreame: and all that Machine, a matter of Enchantment: he ſaw his Maſter was vanquiſhed, and bound not to take Armes for a yeere. Now he thought the light of his glory was eclipſed, the hopes of his late promiſes were vndone, and parted as ſmoke with winde; he feared leſt *Roſinante's* bones vvere broken, and his Maſters out of ioynt: Finally, in a Chaire, which the Vice-Roy commanded to be brought, he was carried to the Citie, whither the Vice-

Roy too returned, desirous to know vvho the Knight of the White-Moone vvas, that had left *Don Quixote* in so bad a taking.

CHAP. LXV.

Who the Knight of the white-Moone was, with Don Gregorio's *libertie, and other passages.*

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White-Moone, and many Boyes too followed & persecuted him, til he got him to his Inne into the Citie. *Don Antonio* entred, desirous to know him; and hee had his Squire to vn-arme him: he shut himselfe in a lower roome, and *Don Antonio* with him, vvho stood vpon Thornes, till he knew who he was.

Hee of the White-Moone, seeing then that the Gentleman would not leaue him, said, I vvell know, Sir, wherefore you come, and to know who I am; and since there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whil'st my man is vn-arming mee, the truth without erring a iot. Know, Sir, that I am stiled the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, and am one of *Don Quixotes* town: whose wilde madnes hath mooued as many of vs as know him to compassion; & me amongst the rest most: and beleeuing that the best meanes to procure his health, is to keep him quiet, & so to haue him in his own house. I thought vpon this deuice: and so about a three moneths since, I met him vpon the way, calling my selfe by the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, with a purpose to fight with him, and vanquish him, vvithout doing him any hurt; and making this the condition of our combate, that the vanquished should be left to the discretion of the vanquisher: and that which I would inioyne him (for I held him already conquered) was, that he should returne home, and not abroad againe in a vvhole yeere; in which time he might haply haue beene cured: but Fortune vvould haue it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and vn-horsed me, and so my proiect tooke

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no effect: he went on his vvay, and I returned, conquered, ashamed, and bruised with my fall, that vvas very dangerous: but for all that, I had still a desire to finde him againe, and to conquer him, as now you haue seene.

And hee beeing so punctuall, in obseruing the orders of Knight Errantry, will doubtlesse keepe his promise made to mee.

This, Sir, is all I can tell you, and I beseech you conceale me from *Don Quixote*, that my desires may take effect; and that the man who hath otherwise a good vnderstanding, may recouer it if his madnesse leaue him.

Oh, Sir, said *Don Antonio*, God forgiue you the wrong you doe the whole world, in seeking to recouer the pleasantest mad man in the world.

Perceiue you not, that this recouery cannot bee so much worth, as the delight that his fopperies cause? but I imagine, Sir Bachelor, that all your Art will not make a man so irrecouerably mad, wise againe: and if it were not vncharitable, I would say, Neuer may he recouer: for in his health wee lose not onely his owne conceits, but *Sancho Pansa* his Squires too, each of which would turne melancholy it selfe into mirth: for all that, I will hold my peace, I will say nothing, and see whether I ghesse right, that Signior *Carrasco's* paines will be to no purpose. Who answered, that as yet the businesse was brought to a good passe, and he hoped for a happy successe: and so offering *Don Antonio* his seruice hee tooke leaue of him. And causing his Armor to be packed vpō a great hee Mule, at the instant he got himselfe vpon the Horse, with which hee entred the Lists; and the same day he went out of the Citie homeward, where by the way nothing hapned to him, worth the relating in this true Historie.

Don Antonio told the Vice-Roy all that *Carrasco* said; at which he receiued not much cōtent, for in *Don Quixotes* retirement, was theirs also that euer had notice of his mad prankes.

Sixe dayes was *Don Quixote* in his bed, all muddy, sad and sorrowfull, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts vpon his ill-fortune to be vanquished. *Sancho* comforted him, & amongst other

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other reasons, told him, Signior mine, cheere vp, be liuely, if you can, giue Heauen thankes, that though you came vvith a tumbling cast to the ground, yet you haue neuer a rib broken; and since you know that sweet meat must haue sowre sawce, and that there is not alwayes good cheere, vvhere there is a smoking Chimney, cry, A fig for the Physician, since you need not his help in this disease. Let's home to our houses, and leaue looking after these Aduentures thorow Countreys and places wee know not: and if you consider it vvell, I am heere the greatest loser, though you be in the worst pickle.

I, though when I left to be a Gouernour, left also my desires that way; yet left not my desire of being an Earle, which vvill neuer be effected, if you leaue to be a King, by leauing the exercise of Chiualrie, and so my hopes are like to vanish into smoke.

Peace, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, my retirement shall be but for a yeere, and then Ile straight to my honourable profession againe, and I shall not want a Kingdome for my selfe, and some Earledome for thee.

God grant it, said *Sancho*, and let sinne be deafe: for I haue alwayes heard, that a good hope is better then a bad possession. In this discourse they were, when as *Don Antonio* entred, with shewes of great content, saying, My reward, Signior *Don Quixote*, for the newes I bring; for *Don Gregorio* and the runagate Spaniard with him, are vpon the Wharfe: the Wharfe, quoth I? In the Vice-Royes house, and will be here presently.

Don Quixote was somewhat reuiued, and said, Truely, I was about to haue said, I would it had beene otherwise, that I might haue gone into *Barbary*, and with the strength and vigour of this Arme, not onely haue giuen liberty to *Don Gregorio*, but to all the Christian captiues in *Barbary*.

But what say I, wretch that I am? Am not I vanquished? Am not I ouerthrowne? Am not I hee that must not touch Armes this twelue moneths? What then do I promising? Why doe I praise my selfe, since it were fitter for mee to vse a distaffe then a sword? No more of that, Sir, said *Sancho*: a man is a man, though he haue but a hose on his head. To day for thee, and to morrow for me: and for these thumps and encounters there is

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no heed to be taken : for he that falls to day, may rise to morrow, except it be that he meane to lye a-bed ; I meane, to dismay and not take heart to fresh skirmishes : and therefore raise you your selfe now, to welcome *Don Gregorio* : for mee thinkes, the people of the house are in an vprore, and by this hee is come : and he said true ; for *Don Gregorio* hauing giuen the Vice-Roy account of his going and comming, desirous to see *Ana Felix*, he came vvith the run-agate to *Don Antonio's* house : and though *Don Gregorio*, vvhen they brought him out of *Argiers*, were in a womans habit ; yet by the vvay in the Boate hee changed it with a Captiue, that came with him : but in vvhatsoeuer habit he had beene in, hee vvould haue seemed a personage, vvorthy to be coueted, sought after, and serued : for he was extraordinary comely, and about some seuenteene or eighteene yeeres of age. *Ricote* and his Daughter went out to welcome him ; the Father with teares, and the Daughter vvith honesty.

They did not embrace each other ; for where there is loue, there is neuer much loosenesse.

The two inynt beauties of *Don Gregorio*, and *Ana Felix* astonished all the by-standers.

Silence there spoke for the two Louers, and their eyes were tongues, that discouered their ioyfull, but honest thoughts : the run-agate told them the meanes and slight hee had vsed to get *Don Gregorio* away. *Don Gregorio* told his dangers and straites he was put to, amongst the women with whom hee remained, not in tedious manner, but with much breuitie ; where hee shewed that his discretion was aboue his yeeres.

Finally, *Ricote* paid and royally satisfied as well the run-agate, as those that had rowed with him. The run-agate was reduc't and re-incorporated with the Church, and of a rotten member, became cleane and sound, by penance and repentance.

Some two dayes after, the Vice-Roy treated with *Don Antonio* about meanes, that *Ricote* and his Daughter might remaine in Spaine ; thinking it to be no inconuenience, that so Christianly a Father and Daughter should remaine, and to see too so vvell intentionated.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other businesse, for

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for which hee was to goe to the Court of neceſſitie, letting them know, that there by fauour and bribes many difficult matters are ended.

There is no truſt in fauors or bribes, ſaid *Ricote* then preſent; for with the *Grand Don Bernardino de Velaſco*, Counte *Salazar*, to whom his Maieſty hath giuen in charge our expulſion, neyther entreaties, promiſes, bribes or compaſſion can preuaile: for though true it be, that he mixeth his iuſtice with mercy, yet becauſe he ſees, that the whole body of our Nation is putrid and contaminated, he vſeth rather Cauterizing that burnes it, then oyntment that ſoftens it: and ſo with prudence, skill, diligence, and terror, he hath borne vpon his ſtrong ſhoulders, & brought to due execution, the waight of this great Machine; our induſtries, tricks, ſlights and frauds, not being able to blinde his vvatchfull eyes of *Argus*, which vvake continually: to the end that none of ours may remaine; that like a hidden roote, may in time ſprout vp, and ſcatter venemous fruit throughout all Spaine, now clenſed, and free from the feare, into which their multitude put her (a heroike reſolution of the Grand *Philip* the third, and vnheard of wiſedome, to haue committed it to *Don Bernardino* and *Velaſco*.

Well, vvhen I come thither ſaid *Don Antonio*, I will vſe the beſt meanes I can, and let Heauen diſpoſe vvhat ſhall bee fitteſt. *Don Gregorio* ſhall goe with me, to comfort the affliction of his parents for his abſence; *Ana Felix* ſhal ſtay vvith my wife heere, or in a Monaſtery: and I know the Vice-roy will bee glad to haue honeſt *Ricote* ſtay vvith him, till he ſees how I can negotiate.

The Vice-roy yeelded to all that was propoſed: but *Don Gregorio* knowing what paſſed, ſaid, that by no meanes he could or would leaue *Ana Felix*: but intending to ſee his friends, and to contriue how he might returne for her, at length he agreed. *Ana Felix* remained with *Don Antonio's* wife, and *Ricote* in the Vice-roy his houſe.

The time came that *Don Antonio* was to depart, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, which vvas ſome two dayes after, for *Don Quixotes* fall would not ſuffer him to trauell ſooner. When

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Don Gregorio parted from *Ana Felix*, all was teares, ſwouning, ſighs and ſobs. *Ricote* offred Don Gregorio a 1000. crownes: but he refuſed them, and borrowed onely fiue of Don Antonio, to pay him at the Court againe: with this they both departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho next (as hath beene ſaid) Don Quixote diſ-armed, and Sancho on foote, becauſe Dapple vvas laden with the Armour.

CHAP. LXVI.

That treats of what the Reader ſhall ſee, and hee that hearkens heare.

AS they went out of *Barſelona*, Don Quixote beheld the place where he had his fall, and ſaid, *Hic Troia fuit*, here vvas my ill fortune, and not my cowardize, that bereaued mee of my former gotten glory: here Fortune vſed her turnes, and returnes with me: heere my exploits were darkned, and finally, my fortune fell, neuer to riſe againe. Which Sancho hearing, ſaid, Signior mine, 'Tis as proper to great ſpirits to be patient in aduerſitie, as iocund in proſperity, and this I take from my ſelfe: for if when I my ſelfe being a Gouernour was merry; now that I am a poore Squire on foot, I am not ſad. For I haue heard ſay, that ſhe you call vp and downe Fortune, is a drunken longing vvoman, and vvithall blinde, and ſo ſhee ſees not what ſhe doth; neither knowes whom ſhe caſts downe, or whom ſhe raiſeth vp.

Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou art very Philoſophicall: thou ſpeak'ſt maruellous wiſely, I know not who hath taught thee. All I can tell thee, is, that in the world there is no ſuch thing as Fortune; neither doe things that happen in it, good or euill, fall out by chance, but by the particular prouidence of heauen: hence 'tis ſaid, That euery man is the Artificer of his own Fortune; which I haue beene of mine, but not with the diſcretion that might haue beene fitting, and ſo my raſhnes hath been

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requited:

requited: for I might haue thought that it was not possible for *Rosinantes* weaknesse, to haue resisted the powerfull greatnesse of the Knight of the white-Moones Horse. In fine, I was hardy, I did what I could: downe I came, and though I lost my honour; yet I lost not, nor can lose my vertue, to accomplish my promise. When I was a Knight Errant, bold and valiant, with my workes and hands I ennobled my deedes: and now that I am a foot Squire, I will credit my workes, with the accomplishment of my promise: log on then, *Sancho*, and let vs get home there to passe the yeere of our Probationership: in which retirednesse, we will recouer new vertue, to returne to the neuer-forgotten exercise of Armes.

Sir, said *Sancho*, 'Tis no great pleasure to trauell great iourneys on foot: let vs leaue your Armour hanged vp vpon some tree, in stead of a hanged man: and then I may get vpon Dapple, and ride as fast as you will: for to thinke that I will walke great iourneys on foote, is but a folly.

Thou hast said well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: hang vp my Armes, for a Trophy; and at the bottome, or about them we will carue in the Trees, that which in the Trophy of *Roldans* was written.

Let none these moone,
That his Valour will not
With Roldan *proue.*

All this (me thinks, said *Sancho*) is precious: and if it were not that we should want *Rosinante* by the way, 'twere excellent good hanging him vp.

Well, neither he, nor the Armour, quoth *Don Quixote*, shall be hanged vp, that it may not be said, So a good seruant, an vngratefull Master.

You say marueilous well, quoth *Sancho*: for according to the opinion of wise men, the fault of the Asse must not be layd vpon the pack-saddle: and since in this last businesse you your selfe were in fault, punish your selfe, and let not your fury burst vpon the hacked and bloudy Armour, or the mildnesse of *Rosinante*, or the tendernes of my feet, making me walke more then is fitting.

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All that day and foure more they paſſed in theſe reaſons and diſcourſes: and the fift after, as they entred a towne, they ſaw a great many of people at an Inne dore, that by reaſon of the heat were there ſhading themſelues.

When *Don Quixote* approched, a Husbandman cried aloud, Some of theſe Gentlemen, that know not the parties, ſhall decide the buſineſſe of our wager. That will I (ſaid *Don Quixote*) with all vprightneſſe, if I may vnderſtand it. Well, good ſir, ſaid the Husbandman, this is the matter; Heere's one dwells in this towne ſo fatte, that he weighes eleuen Arrobes, and her challenged another to run with him that weighes but fiue: the wager was to runne one hundred paces with equall waight, and the Challenger beeing asked how they ſhould make equall waight, ſaid, That the other that weighed but fiue Arrobes, ſhould carry ſixe of Iron, and ſo they ſhould both weigh equally.

[a] *Arrobe*, meaſure of 25. pound waight

No, no, ſaid *Sancho*, before *Don Quixote* could anſwer, It concernes mee (that not long ſince left being a Gouernour and a Iudge as all the world knowes) to decide doubts, and to ſentence this buſineſſe. Anſwer on Gods name, friend *Sancho* (ſaid *Don Quixote*) for I am not in the humor to play at boyes-play, ſince I am ſo troubled and tormented in minde.

With this licence, *Sancho* ſaid to the Husbandmen that were gaping round about him, expecting his ſentence, Brothers, the fat mans demand is vnreaſonable, and hath no appearance of equity; for if hee that is challenged may chooſe his weapons, the other ought not to chuſe ſuch as may make his contrary vnweyldy and vnable to be Victor: and therefore my opinion is, that the fat Challenger doe picke, and cleanſe, and with-draw, and polliſh, and nibble, and pull away ſixe Arrobes of his fleſh, ſome-where or other from his body (as he thinkes beſt) and ſo hauing but fiue remaining, hee will be made equall with his oppoſite, and ſo they may runne vpon equall termes.

I vow by me, ſaid the Husbandman that heard *Sancho's* ſentence, this Gentleman hath ſpoken bleſſedly, and ſentenced like a Canon: but I warrant, the fat man will not loſe an ounce of his fleſh, much leſſe ſixe Arrobes.

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The best is, said another, not to runne, that the leane man straine not himselfe with too much waight, nor the fat man diſ-flesh himselfe, and let halfe the wager be spent in wine, and let vs carry these Gentlemen to the Tauerne that hath the [a] best, and giue me the cloke when it raines.

[a] A good wish, as if hee would haue said, Let the burden light vpon him.

I thanke your Sir, said *Don Quixote*; but I cannot stay a iot: for my sad thoughts make mee seeme vnmannerly, and trauell more then ordinarily. And so spurring *Rosinante*, he passed forward, leauing them to admire and note, as well his strange shape as his mans discretion; for, such they iudged *Sancho*. And another of the Husbandmen said; If the man be so wise, what think ye of the Master? I hold a wager, that if they went to study at *Salamanca*, they would be made Iudges of the Court in a trice, for all is foppery to your studying: study hard, and with a little fauour and good lucke, when a man least thinkes of it, hee shall haue a Rod of Iustice in his hand, or a Miter vpon his head.

That night the Master and man passed in the open field: and the next day being vpon their way, they saw a footman comming towards them with a paire of Wallets about his necke, & a Lauelin or Dart in his hand, iust like a footman, who comming neere *Don Quixote*, mended his pace, and beginning to runne, came and tooke him by the right thigh; for hee could reach no higher, and said with a great deale of gladnesse; Oh my Signior *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and how glad my Lord Duke will be, when he knowes you will return to his Castle? for he is there still with my Lady Duchesse.

I know you not, friend, said *Don Quixote*, who you are, except you tell me.

I, Signior *Don Quixote*, said the foot-man, am *Tosilos* the Dukes Lackey, that would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of *Donna Rodriguez* daughter.

God defend me, said *Don Quixote*, and is it possible? and are you he, into whom the Enchanters my enemies transformed my contrary, to defraud me of the honour of that combat?

Peace, Sir, quoth the Letter foote-post, there was no Enchantment, nor changing of my face, I was as much *Tosilos* the Lackey, when I went into the Lists, as when I came out: I thought

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thought to haue married without fighting, becauſe I liked the wench well; but it fell out otherwiſe. My Lord Duke cauſed me to be well-banged, becauſe I did not according as I was inſtructed before the battell was to begin; and the Concluſion is, the wench is turned Nun, and *Donna Rodriguez* is gone backe againe into Caſtile, and I am going now to Barſelona to carry a packet of Letters to the Vice-roy which my Lord ſends him: and if it pleaſe you to drinke a ſup (though it be hot, yet pure) I haue a litle Gourd heere full of the beſt wine, with ſome ſlices of excellent cheeſe, that ſhall ſerue for a prouoker & Alarum to thirſt if it be aſleepe.

I ſee the vy, ſaid *Sancho*, and ſet thereſt of your courteſie, and therefore skinke, honeſt *Toſilos*, in ſpight of all the Enchanters in the Indies.

Well, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou art the onely Glutton in the world, and the onely Aſſe aliue, ſince thou canſt not bee perſwaded that this foote-man is Enchanted, and this *Toſilos* counterfait; ſtay thou with him and fill thy ſelfe, Ile go on faire and ſoftly before, and expect thee.

The Lackey laughed, and vnſheathed his bottle, & drawing out his bread and cheeſe, hee and *Sancho* ſate vpon the greene graſſe, and like good fellowes they caſt Anchor vpon all the Wallets prouant ſo hungrily, that all being gone, they licked the very Letter-packet becauſe it ſmelt of cheeſe.

Toſilos ſaid to *Sancho*; Doubtleſſe thy Maſter, friend *Sancho*, is a very mad-man. Hee owes no man nothing in that kinde, ſaid *Sancho*; for if the money he were to pay, be in madneſſe, he hath enough to pay all men. I ſee it well enough, and tell him of it, but tis to no purpoſe; for hee is now euen paſt recouery, ſince hee hath beene vanquiſhed by the Knight of the white Moone. *Toſilos* deſired him to tell him what had befalne him: but *Sancho* anſwered, it was a diſcourteſie to let his Maſter ſtay for him, but at ſome other time when they met, he ſhould know: and ſo riſing vp after he had well duſted himſelfe, and ſhaked the crums from his beard, he caught hold of Dapple before, and crying farewell, left *Toſilos*, and ouertook his Maſter that ſtayed for him vnder the ſhade of a tree.

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CHAP. LXVII.

Of the resolution Don Quixote *had to turne Shepheard, and to leade a Country life, whilest the promise for his yeere was expired, with other accidents, truely good, and seuerie.*

IF *Don Quixote* were much troubled in minde before his fall, he was so much more after it: Hee stood shading himselfe vnder the tree (as you heard) and there his thoughes set vpon him, as flies vpon hony; some tending to the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, others to the life that he meant to lead in the time of his forced retirement.

Sancho now drew neere, and extolled the liberality of *Tosilos*. Is it possible, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that still thou thinkest that that was a true Lackey, and that thou hast forgotten too that *Dulcinea* was conuerted and transformed into a Country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*: all these by the doings of Enchanters my enemies that persecute me? But tell me now, didst thou ask that *Tosilos*, what became of *Altisidora*? did she lament my absence, or hath she forgoten her amorous passions, that when I was present troubled her?

I neuer thought on't (said *Sancho*) neyther had I leysure to aske after such fooleries. Body of me, Sir, you are now in a humour of asking after other folkes thoughts, and amorous ones too.

Look thee, *Sancho*, there is a great deale of difference betwixt loue and gracefulnesse; it may well be that a Gentleman may not be amorous: but it cannot be (speaking in all rigour) that he should be vngracefull: *Altisidora* in likelihood loued me very well, she gaue me the three night-caps thou woteſt of, she cried at my departure, curſed mee, reuiled mee, and without modesty railed publikely, all signes that she adored me; for the anger of louers often ends in maledictions. I could giue her no comfort, nor no treasure, all I haue being dedicated to *Dulcinea*, and the

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treasure

treasure of Knights Errant is like that of Faitries, false and apparant onely, and all I can doe, is but to remember her, and this I may doe without preiudice to *Dulcinea*, whom thou wrongest with thy slacknesse in whipping thy selfe, and in chastising that flesh of thine, that I wish I might see deuoured by wolues, that had rather preserue it selfe for wormes, then for the remedy of that poore Lady.

Sir, said *Sancho*, if you will haue the truth, I cannot perswade my selfe that the lashing of my posteriors can haue any reference to the dis-enchanting of the Enchanted, which is as much as if you should say, If your head grieue you, anoint your knees, at least, I dare sweare, that in as many histories as you haue read of Knight Errantry, you neuer saw whipping dis-enchant any body: but howsoeuer, I will take it when I am in the humour, and when time serues Ile chastise my selfe.

God grant thou doest, said *Don Quixote*, and heauen giue thee grace to fall into the reckoning and obligation thou hast to help my Lady, who is thy Lady too, since thou art mine.

With this discourse they held on their way, till they came iust to the place where the Bulls had ouer-runne them: and *Don Quixote* called it to minde, and said to *Sancho*; In this field we met the braue shepheard-lasses, and the lusty swaines, that would here haue imitated and reuiued the Pastorall Arcadia: an inuention as strange as witty; in imitation of which, if thou thinkest fit, *Sancho*, wee will turne Shepheards for the time that wee are to liue retired: Ile buy sheepe, and all things fit for our pastorall vocation, and calling my selfe by the name of the Shepheard *Quixotiz*, and thou the Shepheard *Pansino*, we will walke vp and downe the Hills, thorow Woods and Meadowes, singing and versifying, and drinking the liquid Christall of the fountaines, sometimes out of the cleere springs, and then out of the swift running riuers; The Oakes shall afford vs plentifully of their most sweet fruit, & the bodies of hard Cork-trees shall be our seates, the willowes shall giue vs shade, the roses their perfume, and the wide medowes carpets of a thousand flourished colours: the Ayre shall giue vs a free and pure breath: the Moone and Starres in spight of Nights darkenesse shall giue vs light,

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light, our songs shall afford vs delight, and our waking, mirth, *Apollo*, verses, and Loue conceits, with which we may be eternalized and famous, not onely in this present age, but ages to come also. By ten, quoth *Sancho*, this kinde of life is very sutable to my desires, and I beleeue the Bachelor *Samson*, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber will no sooner haue seene it, but they will turn shepheards with vs: and pray God the Vicar haue not a minde to enter into the sheep coat too, for he is a merry Lad and iolly. Thou hast said very wel, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, & the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, if so be he enter the Pastorall lap (as doubtlesse he will) may call himselfe the shepheard *Samsonino*, or *Carrascon*. Mr. *Nicholas* may call himselfe *Nicoloso*, as the ancient [a] *Boscan* called himselfe, *Nemoroso*. I know not what name wee shuld bestow vpon the Vicar, except it were some deriuatiue frō his own, calling him the shepheard *Curiambro*. The shepheardesses on whom we must be enamoured, we may chuse their names as amongst Peares: and since my Ladies name serues as well for a shepheardesse as for a Princesse, I need not trouble my selfe to get her another better, giue thou thine what name thou wilt.

[a] Alluding to the word *Bosque* for a Wood.

Mine, said *Sancho*, shall haue no other name but *Teresona*, which will fit her fatnesse well, and it is taken from her Christian name, which is *Teresa*, and the rather I celebrating her in my verses, doe discouer my chaste thoughts, since I seeke not in other mens houses better bread then is made of wheat: 'twere not fit that the Vicar had his shepheardesse, to giue good example, but if the Bachelor will haue any, 'tis in his owne free choice.

[b] Lord blesse me, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and what a life shall we haue on't? what a world of horne-pipes, and *Zamora* bag-pipes shall we heare? what Tabouring shall we haue? what iangling of bells and playing on the *Rebeske*? and into these different musikes we haue the *Albogue* too, we shall haue all kinde of pastorall instruments.

[b] What is *Albogue* (quoth *Sancho*)? It is, said *Don Quixote*, a certaine plate made like a Candlestick, and being hollow, giues, if not a very pleasing or harmonious sound, yet it displeaseth not altogether, and agrees well with the rustick Tabor and bag-pipe; and this word *Albogue* is Moorish, as all those in

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our Castilian tongue are, that begin with *Al*, to wit, *Almoasa*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucena*, *Almazon*, *Alsuncia* and the like, with some few more; and our language hath onely three Moorish words that end in *I*, which are *Borcegui*, *Zaguicami*, and *Meruedi*: *Alheli* & *Alfaqui* are as well known to be Arabicke by their beginning with *Al*, as their ending in *I*.

This I haue told thee by the way, the word *Albogne* hauing brought it into my head, and one maine helpe wee shall haue for the perfection of this calling, that I, thou knowest, am somewhat Poeticall, and the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco* is a most exquisit one; for the Vicar I say nothing, but I lay a wager he hath his smacke, and so hath Master *Nicolas* too: for all these, or the most of them play vpon a Guittern, and are Rimers, I vvill complaine of absence: thou shalt praise thy selfe for a Constant Louer, the shepheard *Carrascon* shall mourn for being disdain'd, and let the Vicar *Curiambro* do what he pleaseth, and so there is no more to be desired.

To which (said *Sancho*) Sir, I am so vnlucky, that I feare I shal not see the day, in which I may see my selfe in that happy life: oh what neat spoones shall I make when I am shepheard! what hodge-potches and creame! what garlands and other pastorall trumperies? that though they get me not a fame of being wise, yet they shall, that I am witty. My little daughter *Sanchica* shall bring our dinner to the flocke: but soft, she is handsome, and you haue shepheards more knaues then fooles, and I vvould not haue her come for wooll, and returne shorne: and your loose desires are as incident to the fields as to Cities, and as well in shepheards Cotages, as Princes Palaces, and the cause being remoued, the sin will be saued, and the heart-dreames not of what the eye sees not, & better a fair paire of heels, then die at the gallows.

No more Prouerbs, *Sancho*, (said *Don Quixote*) since each of these is enough to make vs know thy meaning, and I haue often aduised thee, not to be so prodigall of thy Prouerbs, but more sparing: but 'tis in vaine to bid thee; for the more thou art bid, the more thou wilt doe it. Mee thinkes, Sir, said *Sancho*, you are like what is said, that the Frying-pan said to the Kettle, Auant, blacke-browes; you reprehend me

for ſpeaking of Prouerbs, and you thred vp yours by two and two.

Look you, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I vſe mine to purpoſe, and when I ſpeake them, they fitte as well as a little ring to the finger: but thou bringeſt in thine ſo by head and ſhoulders, that thou rather draggeſt then guideſt them: and if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that Prouerbs are briefe ſentences, drawne from the experience and ſpeculation of our Ancient Sages, and a Prouerbe ill applied, is rather a foppery then a ſentence: but leaue we this now; and ſince night comes on vs, let's retire a little out of the high-way, where we will paſſe this night, & God knowes what may befall vs to morrow. So they retired, and made a ſhort ſupper, much againſt *Sancho's* will, who now began to thinke of the hard life of Knight Errantry in Woods and Mountaines, eſpecially calling to his remembrance, the Caſtles and houſes as well of *Don Diego de Miranda*, and vvhere the rich *Camacho's* mariage was, and likewiſe *Don Antonio Moreno's*: but he conſidered with himſelfe, that nothing could laſt euer: and ſo he ſlept away the reſt of that night, which his Maſter paſſed watching.

CHAP. LXVIII.

Of the Briſtled Aduenture that befell Don Quixote.

THe night was ſomewhat darke, though the Moon were vp, but ſhe was obſcured; for ſometimes my Lady *Diana* goes to walke with the *Antipodes*, and leaues the Mountaines blacke, and the Vallies darkened. *Don Quixote* complide with Nature, hauing ſlept his firſt ſleepe, he broke off his ſecond, contrary to *Sancho*, for his laſted from night till morning: a ſigne of his good complexion, and few cares. Theſe kept *Don Quixote* waking in ſuch ſort, that he awakened *Sancho*, and ſaid to him;

I wonder, *Sancho*, at thy free condition: I imagine thou art made

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made of Marble, or of hard Braſſe, vvhich neither mooues, or hath any feeling. I wake, when thou ſleepeſt; I vweepe, when thou ſingeſt; I am ready to faint vvith faſting, vvhen thou art lazy, and vnweildy vvith pure cramming in: 'twere the part of good ſeruants, to haue a fellow-feeling of their Maſters griefes, if it were but for decency: behold this nights brightnes, and the ſolitude we are in, which inuites vs to intermingle ſome watching with ſleepe: riſe by thy life, and get thee a little apart, and with a good courage and thankefull cheere, giue thy ſelfe three or foure hundreth laſhes vpon account, for *Dulcinea's* diſ-enchanting: and this I intreat of thee; for I will not now, as heretofore, come to handy-gripes with thee; for I know, thou haſt ſhrewd Clutches: and after thou haſt done, we will paſſe the reſt of the night; I, chanting my abſence, and thou thy conſtancy, beginning from henceforward our Paſtorall exerciſe, which we are to keep in our Village.

Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, I am of no Religious order, that I ſhould riſe out of the middeſt of my ſleepe to diſcipline my ſelfe; neither doe I thinke it poſſible, that from the paine of my whipping, I may proceede to Muſick. Pray, Sir, let mee ſleepe, and doe not preſſe me ſo to this whipping; for you wil make me vow neuer to touch ſo much as a hayre of my coat, much leſſe of my fleſh. O hard heart! oh vngodly Squire! oh ill giuen bread, and fauours ill placed which I beſtowed, and thought to haue more and more conferred vpon thee: by me thou waſt a Gouernour, and from me thou waſt in good poſſibilitie of being an Earle, or hauing ſome æquiualent Title, and the accompliſhment ſhould not haue failed, when this our yeere ſhould end: for I *poſt tenebras ſpero lucem*. I vnderſtand not that, ſaid *Sancho*, only I know that whileſt I am ſleeping, I neither feare nor hope, haue neither paine nor pleaſure: and well fare him that inuented ſleepe, a cloke that couers all humane thoughts; the foode that ſlakes hunger; the water that quencheth thirſt; and the fire that vvarmeth cold; the cold that tempers heate; and finally a currant coine, with which all things are bought, a ballance and weight that equals the King to the Shepheard; the foole to the wiſeman: onely one thing (as I haue heard) ſleepe hath ill, which is;

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that it is like death, in that betweene a man asleepe, and a dead man, there is little difference.

I haue neuer, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, heard thee speake more elegantly then now: whereby I perceiue, the Prouerbe thou often vsest is true; You may know the man, by the conuersation he keepes. Gods me, Master mine, I am not onely hee now that threeds on Prouerbs: and they come freer from you (me thinkes) and betwixt yours and mine, there is this onely difference, that yours are fitly applyed, and mine vnseasonably.

In this discourse they were, when they perceiued a deafe noise thorow all the Valleys. *Don Quixote* stood vp, and laid hand to his sword, and *Sancho* squatted vnder Dapple, and clapt the bundle of Armour, and his Asses Pack-saddle on each side of him, as fearefull, as his Master was outragious: still the noyse encreast, and drew neerer the two timorous persons (at least one) for the others valour is sufficiently knowne.

The Businesse was, that certaine fellowes draue some sixe hundreth Swine to a Fayre to sell, with whom they trauelled by night; and the noise they made, with their grunting and squeaking was so great, that it deafed *Don Quixotes* and *Sancho's* eares, that neuer marked what it might be. It fell out, that the goodly grunting Herd were all in a troope together, and without respect to *Don Quixote* or *Sancho's* person, they trampled ouer them both, spoiling *Sancho's* Trenches, and ouerthrowing not onely *Don Quixote*, but *Rosinante* also: the fury of the sudden comming of these vncleane beasts, made a confusion, and laid on ground the pack-saddle, Armour, *Rosinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*. *Sancho* rose as well as he could, and desired his Masters sword, telling him, he would kill halfe a doozen of those vnmannerly Hogs, for now he knew them to be so.

Don Quixote said, Let them alone, friend, for this affront is a penalty for my fault, and a iust punishment it is from Heauen, that Dogs and Wasps eate a vanquisht Knight Errant, and that Swine trample ouer him.

And it is a punishment of Heauen too, belike, said *Sancho*, that Flyes doe bite the Squires of vanquished Knights, that Lice eate them, and hunger close with them.

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If

If we Squires were sonnes or neere Kinsmen to the Knights we serue, 'twere not much wee were partakers with them, euen to the fourth generation: but what haue the *Pansa's* to do with the *Quixotes*?

Well: yet let's goe fit our selues againe, and sleepe the rest of the night, and 'twill be day, and we shall haue better lucke.

Sleepe thou, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for thou wast borne to sleepe, and I was borne to wake: betwixt this and day-breake, I will giue reines to my thoughts, and vent them out in some Madrigall, that without thy knowledge I compos'd this night.

Me thinkes, said *Sancho*, that thoughts that giue way to Verses, are not very troublesome: and therefore versifie you as much as you list, and Ile sleepe as much as I can: and so taking vp as much of the ground as he would, he crowched vp together, and slept liberally: Debts, nor suretiship, nor any other affliction disturbing him.

Don Quixote leaning to the body of a Beech or Cork-tree (for *Cid Hamete Benengeli* distinguisheth not what tree it was) to the Musick of his owne sighes, sung as followeth: *Loue, when I thinke*, &c Each of which Verses were accompanied with many sighs, and not few teares, fit for a vanquisht Knight, and one who had his heart pierc't thorow with griefe, and tormented with the absence of his *Dulcinea*.

Now day came on, and Sir *Sol* with his beames playd in *Sancho's* eyes; who awoke, and lazed himselfe, shaking and stretching out his lither limbs, he beheld the hauock the Swine had made in his Sumpterie, and he curs'd & re-curs'd the Herd.

Finally, both of them returned to their commenced iourny; and toward Sun-set, they saw some ten Horse-men comming toward them, and foure or fiue foot-men. *Don Quixote* was agast at heart, and *Sancho* shiuered, for the troope drew neerer to them, who had their Speares and Shields all in warlike array.

Don Quixote turned to *Sancho*, and said, If, *Sancho*, it were lawfull for me to exercise Armes, and that my promise had not bound my hands, I should thinke this were an Aduenture of Cake-bread: but perhaps it may bee otherwise then wee thinke for.

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By this the Horſe-men came, and lifting vp their Lances, without a vvord ſpeaking, they compaſſed in *Don Quixote* before and behinde; one of the foot-men threatening him vvith death, and clapping his finger to his mouth, in ſigne hee ſhould not cry out; and ſo he laid hold on *Roſinante's* bridle, and led him out of the way: and the reſt of the foot-men catching *Sancho's* Dapple, all of them moſt ſilently followed after thoſe that carried *Don Quixote*; who twice or thrice vvould haue asked, whither they carried him, and what they vvould with him? but he no ſooner began to moue his lips, when they were ready to cloſe them with their Lances points: & the ſame hapned to *Sancho*, when one of the foot-men pricked him with a Goad, he offering but to ſpeake, and Dapple they punched too, as if he would haue ſpoken: it now begame to grow darke, ſo they mended their pace: the two priſoners feares encreaſed; eſpecially when they might heare that ſometimes they vvere cryed out on, On, on, ye *Trecleditες*, peace, ye barbarous Slaues: Reuenge, ye *Anthropophagi*: complaine not, ye *Scythians*; open not your eyes, ye murderous *Polyphemans*, ye Butcherous Lyons, and other ſuch names as theſe, with vvhich they tormented the eares of the lamentable Knight and Squire.

a *Sanchos* miſtakes.

Sancho ſaid vvithin himſelfe, a We *Tortelites*? We Barbers Slaues? we Popingeyes? we little Bitches to vvhom they cry, *Hiſt*, *Hiſt*: I doe not like theſe names, this winde winnowes no corne, all our ill comes together, like a whip to a Dogge: and I vvould to God this Aduenture might end no worſe.

Don Quixote was embeſel'd: neither in all his diſcourſe could he finde, vvhat reprochfull names thoſe ſhould be, that were put vpon him, whereby hee plainely perceiued there was no good to be hoped for; but on the contrary much euill.

Within an houre of night they came to the Caſtle: which *Don Quixote* well perceiued to be the Dukes, where but a while before they had beene.

Now God defend (ſaid he) as ſoone as hee knew the place: what haue we heere? Why, in this houſe, all is courteſie & good vſage: but for the vanquiſhed, all goes from good to bad, and from bad, to worſe.

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They

They entred the chiefe Court of the Caſtle, and they ſaw it ſo dreſſed and ordered, that their admiration increaſed, and their feare re-doubled; as you ſhall ſee in the following Chapter.

CHAP. LXIX.

Of the newest and ſtrangeſt Aduenture, that in all the courſe of this Hiſtory befell Don Quixote.

THe Horſemen all alighted, and the footmen taking *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* forcibly in their Armes, they ſet them in the Court, where round about were burning a hundreth Torches in their Veſſels of purpoſe; and about the Turrets aboue fiue hundreth lights; ſo that in ſpight of darke night, they might there ſee day.

In the midſt of the Court there was a Hearſe raiſed ſome two yards from the ground, couered with a Cloth of State of blacke Veluet, and round about it there burned a hundred Virgin Waxe Candles in ſiluer Candleſtickes; on the top of it there lay a faire Damozell, that ſhewed to be dead, that with her beauty made death her ſelfe ſeeme faire: her head was laid vpon a Pillow-beare of Cloth of gold, crowned with a Garland, wouen with diuers odoriferous Flowers: her hands were croſſed vpon her breſt, and betwixt them was a bough of flouriſhing yellow Palme.

On one ſide of the Court there was a kinde of Theater ſet vp, and two Perſonages in their Chaires, who with their crownes on their heads, and Scepters in their hands, ſeemed to be eyther reall or fained Kings: at the ſide of this Theater where they went vp by ſteps, there were two other Chayres, vvhere they that brought the priſoners, ſet *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, and all this vvith ſilence and ſignes to them that they ſhould bee ſilent too: but without that they held their peace: for the admiration of what they there ſaw, tyed their tongues: After this two other principall Perſonages came vp, vvhom *Don Quixote* ſtraight

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straight knew to be the Duke and Ducheſſe, his Oaſt and Oaſteſſe, who ſate downe in two rich Chaires, neere the two ſeeming Kings. Whom would not this admire? eſpecially hauing ſeene that the body vpon the Hearſe, was the faire *Altiſidora*? When the Duke and Ducheſſe mounted, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* bowed to them, and the Dukes did the like, nodding their heads a little: and now an Officer entred athwart them, and comming to *Sancho*, clapt a Coat of blacke Buckram on him, all painted vvith flames of fire: and taking his Cap off, hee ſet a Miter on his head, iuſt ſuch a one as the Inquiſition cauſes to be ſet vpon Heretikes, and bade him in his eare, he ſhould not vnſowe his lips, for they would clap a gagge in his mouth, or kill him.

Sancho beheld himſelfe all ouer, and ſaw himſelfe burning in flames: but ſince they burned not indeed, he cared not a ruſh for them: he tooke off his Miter, and ſaw it painted with Diuels: he put it on againe, and ſaid within himſelfe, Well yet, neither the one burnes me, nor the others carry me away.

Don Quixote beheld him alſo, and though feare ſuſpended his ſences, he could not but laugh at *Sancho's* Picture: and now from vnder the Herſe there ſeemed to ſound, a low and pleaſing ſound of Flutes; which being vn-interrupted by any mans voice (for there it ſeemed Silence ſelfe kept Silence) was ſoft and amorous.

Straight there appeared ſuddenly on the Pillow of the Hearſe, a Carkeiſe of a goodly Youth, clad like a Romane, who to the ſound of a Harpe himſelfe playd on, with a moſt ſweet and cleere voice, ſung theſe two *Stanza's* following. Enough ſaid one of the two, that ſeemed to be Kings: Enough, diuine ſinger: for it were to proceede in *infinitum*, to paint vnto vs the misfortunes and graces of the peereleſſe *Altiſidora*, not dead, as the ſimple world ſurmiſeth; but liuing in the tongues of Fame, and in the penance that *Sancho* is to paſſe, to returne her to the loſt ſight: and therefore thou, oh *Radamanthus*, that iudgeſt with mee in the darkſome Caues of *Dis*, ſince thou knoweſt all that is determining in the inſcrutable Fates, touching the reſtoring of this Damozel, tell and declare it forthwith, that

[a] Which I likewiſe omit as being baſely made on purpoſe, & ſo not worth the tranſlation.

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that the happineſſe we expect from her returne, may not be deferred.

Scarce had Iudge *Minos* ſaid this, when *Radamanthus* ſtanding vp, ſaid, Goe too, Miniſters of this houſe, high and low, great and ſmall, come one after another, and ſeale *Sancho's* Chin with foure and twenty tuckes, twelue pinches, and vvith pins pricke his armes and buttocks ſixe times, in which *Altiſidora's* health conſiſts.

When *Sancho Panſa* heard this, he broke off ſilence, and ſaid, I vow, you ſhall as ſoone tucke me, or handle my face, as make me turne Moore. Body of me, vvhat hath the handling my face to doe with this Damozels reſurrection? The old Woman taſted the Spinage, &c. *Dulcinea* is enchanted, and I muſt be whipped to diſ-enchant her: *Altiſidora* dyes of ſome ſickneſſe it pleaſed God to ſend her; and her raiſing muſt bee with foure and twenty tuckes giuen me, and with grinding my body with pins thruſts, and pinching my armes blacke and blue: away with your tricks to ſome other, I am an old Dogge, and there's no hiſſing to me.

Thou dyeſt, quoth *Radamanthus* alowd: relent, thou Tyger, humble thy ſelfe proud *Nembroth*, ſuffer and be ſilent, ſince no impoſſibilities are required of thee; and ſtand not vpon difficulties in this buſineſſe: thou ſhalt be tuckt, and ſee thy ſelfe grinded, thou ſhalt grone with pinching. Goe too, I ſay, Miniſters, fulfill my command; if not, as I am honeſt man, you ſhall rue the time that euer you vvere borne.

Now there came thorow the Court, ſixe like old Waiting-women, one after another in Proceſſion; foure with Spectacles, and all vvith their right hands lifted aloft, with foure fingers breadths of their wriſts diſcouered, to make their hands ſeeme larger (as the faſhion is.)

No ſooner had *Sancho* ſeene them, vvhen bellowing like a Bull, he ſaid, Well might I ſuffer all the world elſe to handle me; but that Waiting-vvomen touch mee, I vvill neuer conſent: Let vm Cat-ſcratch my face, as my Maſter was ſerued in this Caſtle: let vm thruſt me thorow with Bodkin-pointed Daggers: let vm pull off my fleſh vvith hote burning Pincers, and I will

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will beare it patiently, and serue these Nobles: but that Waiting-women touch me, let the Diuell take me, I will not consent.

Don Quixote then interrupted him, saying, Haue patience soone, and please these Lordings, and thanke God, that hee hath giuen such vertue to thy person, that with the martyrdome of it thou mayst dis-enchant the Enchanted, and raise vp the dead.

And now the Waiting-women drew neere *Sancho*; who being wonne and perswaded, settled in his Chaire, offered his face and chin to the first that came, who gaue him a well-scaled tuck, and so made him a curtsie. Lesse curtsie, and lesse slabber-sauces, good Mistris *Mumpsimus*, quoth *Sancho*: for, I protest your hands smell of Vineger.

At length all the Waiting-women scaled him, and others pinched him: but that which hee could not suffer, was the Pins pricking; and therefore he rose out of his Chaire very moody, and laying hold of a lighted Torch that was neere him, he ran after the women, and his Executioners, saying, Auant, infernall Ministers, for I am not made of Brasse, not to be sensible of such extraordinary martyrdome.

By this *Altisidora* that was weary with lying so long vpon her backe, turned on one side: which when the by-standers saw, all of them cryed out ioyntly, *Altisidora* liues, *Altisidora* liues.

Radamanto commanded *Sancho* to lay aside his choller, since now his intent was obtained.

And as *Don Quixote* saw *Altisidora* stirre, he went to kneele downe to *Sancho*, saying, Sonne of my entrailes: 'Tis now high time, that thou giue thy selfe some of the lashes to which thou art obliged, for the dis-enchanting of *Dulcinea*.

Now, I say, is the time, wherein thy vertue may be seasoned, and thou mayst with efficacie effect the good that is expected from thee.

To which (quoth *Sancho*) Hoida: this is sowre vpon sowre: 'twere good after these pinchings, Tucks & Pins-prickings, that lashes should follow; there's no more to be done, but euen take a good stone, and tye it to my necke, and cast me into a Well: for which I should not grieue much; if so be that to cure other folkes ills, I must be the Pack-horse: let me alone, if not, I shall

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marre

marre all; and now *Altisidora* sate vp in the Herse, and the Hoboyes, accompanied with Flutes and Voyces, began to sound, and all cryed out, Liue *Altisidora*, *Altisidora* liue. The Dukes rose vp, & with them *Minos* & *Radamanthus*, and all together with *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* went to receiue *Altisidora*, and to helpe her out of the Herse, who faining a kinde of dismaying, bowed downe to her Lords, and to the two Kings, and looking askonce on *Don Quixote*, said; God pardon thee, discourteous Knight, since by thy cruelty I haue remained in another world, methinkes at least these thousand yeeres, and thee I thanke, the most compassionate Squire in the world, I thanke thee for the life I possesse: and now dispose of sixe of my smockes, which I giue thee to make sixe shirts; and if they be not all whole, yet they are cleane at least.

Sancho kissed her hands with his Miter off, and his knees on the ground, and the Duke commanded they should return him his cap, and in stead of his gowne with the flames, they should returne him his Gaberdine. *Sancho* desired the Duke that they would leaue him both, which he would carry into his Country, in memory of that vn-heard-of successe. The Duchesse answered, they should, and that he knew how much she was his friend. The Duke commanded all to auoid the Court, and to retire to their lodgings, and that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* should be carried to theirs they knew of old.

CHAP. LXX.

Of diuers rare things, which serue for the better illustration and cleering of this History.

Sancho slept that night vpon a Quilt & in *Don Quixote's* owne chamber, which he would faine haue auoyded, had it beene in his power; for he knew full well, that his Master would hardly let him sleepe all night, by reason of the many questions he would demand of him, to which he must of necessity

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ſity make anſwer. Now was hee in no good humour to talke much; for hee felt yet the ſmart of his fore-paſſed torments, which were an hindrance to his tongue. And without doubt, he would rather haue layne alone in any poore Shed, then with company in that goodly houſe; ſo true was his feare, and ſo certaine his doubt, as he was ſcarce laid in his bed, but his Maſter began this diſcourſe vnto him.

Sancho, what thinkeſt thou of this nights ſucceſſe? Needes muſt a man confeſſe, that great and powerfull is the force of diſdaine, ſince as thou thy ſelfe haſt ſeene with thine owne eyes, *Altiſidora* had ſurely died, and that by no other arrowes, nor by any other ſword, nor other inſtrument of warre, no, nor by the force of poyſon, but by the apprehenſion of the churliſh rigor, and the diſdaine wherewith I haue euer vſed her.

She might (anſwered *Sancho*) haue died in good time, and at her choice and pleaſure, ſo ſhe would haue let me alone in mine owne houſe, ſince I was neuer the cauſe that ſhee became a Louer, nor did I euer in all my life ſcorne or diſdaine her. But I wot not, nor can I imagine how it may be, that the health or welfare of *Altiſidora*, a Gentlewoman more fantaſticall then diſcreet, hath any reflection (as I haue ſaid heretofore) vpon the afflictions of *Sancho Panſa*. Now I plainely and diſtinctly perceiue, that there be both Enchanters and Enchantments in the world, from whom God deliuer me, ſince I cannot well deliuer my ſelfe from them. And therewithall I intreat you to let mee ſleepe, and except you wil haue me throw my ſelfe out of a window, aske me no more queſtions.

Sleepe, my friend *Sancho* (replied *Don Quixote*) vnleſſe the nipping ſcoffes and bitter frumps which thou haſt receiued, will not permit thee ſo to doe.

There is no griefe (anſwered *Sancho*) comparable vnto the affront of ſcoffing frumps, and ſo much the more ſenſible am I of ſuch affronts, as that I haue receiued them by olde women; a miſchiefe take them: I beſeech you once more that you will ſuffer mee to ſleepe, ſince that ſleepe is an eaſing of all miſeries. Be it as thou ſayeſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, and God accompanie thee.

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So they both fell a-sleepe, and whilest they slept, *Cid Hamete*, Author of this great History, would needs write and relate, why the Duke and the Dutchesse had caused this monument to bee built, and inuented all that you haue seene aboue.

He writes then, that the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco*, hauing not forgotten what had hapned vnto him, at what time, vnder the name of the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*, he was vanquished and ouerthrown by *Don Quixote*: and therewithall how all his designes and purposes were vanished into smoake; yet neuerthelesse would he (hoping for better successe) attempt the combat againe: Therefore is it, that being informed by the Page who brought the Letter, and with it the Present vnto *Teresa Pansa*, the wife of *Sancho*, from the place where *Don Quixote* made his residence, he recouered new Armes and a Horse.

Then caused he the white Moone to be painted in his shield: A Mulet carried all this equipage, and a Lob or Swaine led the same, and not *Thomas Cecial* his ancient Esquire, for feare hee should be known of *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*.

He so well bestirred himselfe in his iournies, that at last hee came to the Dukes Castle, who taught him the way or tract that *Don Quixote* had taken, and how he had a great desire to be present at the Tiltings and Turnaments of *Saragosa*. He likewise related vnto him the gullings or gudgeons that hee had giuen him, with the inuention of *Dulcinea's* dis-enchantment, which should be accomplished at the charges of *Sancho's* buttocks. In summe, he vnderstood from him the fob or iest that *Sancho* had vsed toward his Master, in making him beleeue that *Dulcinea* was Enchanted and transformed into a Country Lasse, and how the Dutchesse his wife had giuen *Sancho* to vnderstand, that himselfe was the man that deceiued himselfe, for somuch as *Dulcinea* was verily Enchanted.

The Bachelor could not containe himselfe from laughing, and therewithall to be amazed, considering the quaint subtilty, and plaine simplicity of *Sancho*, equall vnto the extreme folly of *Don Quixote*. The Duke desired him, that if hee met with him, and eyther vanquished him or not, he would be pleased to come that way againe, to the end hee might aduertise him of it.

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The Bachelor promised him to doe it, and so tooke his leaue of the Duke, to goe and see whether hee could finde *Don Quixote*. He found him not a *Saragosa*, but went further, and then befell him what you haue already heard.

He came afterward to the Dukes Castle, and there made report of all, together with the conditions of the combat. Hee moreouer told them, that *Don Quixote* came againe to accomplish, as a perfect Knight Errant, the promise which hee had made, to retire himselfe to his owne Village, and there to abide the full space of one full yeere. And that during the said time, it might peraduenture be brought to passe (said the Bachelor) that he might be cured of his folly. That he neuer had other intention, and that for this onely cause he had thus disguised himselfe; for, it was great pitty that a Gentleman, so well skilled and versed in all things as *Don Quixote* was, should become a foole.

With that he tooke leaue of the Duke, and went to his Burrough, where he staid for *Don Quixote*, who was comming after him. Whereupon the Duke tooke occasion to put his tricke vpon him; for, he tooke a wondrous pleasure of what succeeded vnto *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*: and therefore hee caused all the approches and high-waies about his Castle to be layd and watched, especially where he imagin'd our Knight might come. And for the said cause, he placed diuers of his seruants, as well on foot as on horse-backe, to the end that if they met with him, willed hee, or nilled hee, they should bring him to the Castle.

Now it fortuned that they met with him, and forth-with they gaue the Duke knowledge of it, who was already resolued what he would doe. As soone then as he knew of his comming, he caused all the torches and lights that were in the Court to be lighted, and *Altisidora* to bee placed vpon the Tombe with all the preparation that you haue seene before; and that so liuely represented, as one would haue found very little difference betweene the truth, and that which was counterfeit.

Cid Hamete goeth yet further; for he saith, That he assuredly beleeueth, that the mockers were as foolish as the mocked: and

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that

that there wanted not two inches of the Dukes and Duchesses vtter prination of common vnderstanding, since they tooke so much paines to mocke two fooles, whereof the one was then found asleepe; and the other broad awake, transported with his rauing and ranging thoughts.

In the meane time the day surprized them, and they desired to rise; for the sluggish feathers were neuer pleasing vnto *Don Quixote*, were he conquered or conqueror.

Altisidora, who, as *Don Quixote* supposed, being risen from death to life, conforming her selfe to her Master and Mistresses humour, being crowned with the very same garland which she had in the tombe; attired in a loose gowne of white Taffata, all beset with flowers of gold: her haire loose, and dangling down her shoulders, leaning vpon a staffe of fine Ebony wood; shee entred into *Don Quixote's* chamber, who so soone as he saw her, was so amazed and confounded at her presence, as he shrunke downe into his bed, all couered with the clothes, and lapt with the sheetes and counterpoint, that hee neither spake word, nor vsed any manner of gesture towards her, as might witnesse that he desired to shew her any courtesie.

Altisidora sat downe in a chayre, which was neere vnto *Don Quixote's* head, & after fetching a deepe deepe sigh, with a low, sweet, and milde voyce, she thus bespake him:

Sir *Don Quixote*, whensoeuer women of quality, or maidens of discretion trample their honor vnder their feet, and giue their tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conueniency or modesty, publishing the secrets lurking in their hearts, they then shall finde themselues brought to extreme misery and distresse.

Now am I one of those, pressed, vanquished, and also enamoured: All which notwithstanding I suffer patiently, and continue honest. So that hauing beene so too much silence was the cause that my soule went out of my body, and I lost my life. It is now two daies since, that the consideration and remembrance of the rigor, which thou (oh more stony-minded then any marble, and inexorable Knight, so to reiect my plaints) which you haue vsed towards me, brought me to my liues end,

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or at least I haue beene deemed and taken for dead by all those that saw me. And had it not beene, that Loue, who taking pity of me, deposed my recouery among the grieuous torments of this good Esquire, I should for euer haue remained in the other world. Loue might well depose it (replyed *Sancho*) in those of my Asse, and I would haue beene very glad of it. But tell me, I pray you good Damozell, euen as Heauen may prouide you of another more kind-louing-Louer then my Master, what is it that you haue seene in the other world? What is there in Hell, that he who dyeth desperate, must necessarily vndergoe? I must needs (quoth *Altisidora*) tell you the plaine truth of all. So it is, that I was not wholly or thorowly dead, since I came not into Hell: for had I once beene therein, there is no question, but I had neuer beene able to come out of it at my pleasure.

True it is, that I came euen vnto the gate thereof, where I met with a doozen of Diuels, who in their hosen and doublets were playing at Tennis-ball; they did weare Falling-bands set with peakes of Flemmish Bone-lace, with Cuffs vnto them of the very same, so deep, as they appeared foure good inches longer then the arme, to the end their hands might seeme the greater. Their Battledors or Rackets were of fire. But that vvhich made me wonder most, was, that they vsed Bookes in stead of Balls, which bookes were full-stuft with winde and slifning, a thing both wondrous and newly-strange, yet did not that so much astony me: for, as it is proper vnto those, that winne at any game, to reioyce and be glad; whereas those that lose, are euer sad and discontent: there, all grumbled, chafed, fretted and bitterly cursed one another.

That's no wonder (quoth *Sancho*) since the Diuels, vvhether they play, or play not, whether they vvinne, or winne not, at that play they can neuer be content.

Belike it is euen so (replyed *Altisidora*:) but there is also another thing, which like wise bred some amazement in me; that is to say, brought me into admiration. Which is, that the ball, that was but once tossed or strucken, could not serue another time, so that at euery stroke, they were forced to change bookes vvhether they were old or new, which was a maruellous thing to behold.

Now

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Now it hapned, that they gaue so violent a stroke vnto a moderne booke, and very fairely bound, that it made the very guts to fly out of it, and scattered the leaues thereof vp and downe.

Then said one Diuell vnto another, I prethee looke vvhat that booke treateth of. It is (answered the other Diuell) the second part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by *Cid Hamete*, it's first Authour, but by an *Aragonois*, vvho braggeth to be borne at *Tordesillas*. Now fie vpon it (quoth the other Diuell) out of my sight with it, and let it be cast into the very lowest pit of Hell, so deepe as mine eyes may neuer see it againe. But why (said the other Diuell?) is it so bad a booke? It is so vile a booke (replide the first Diuell) that had I my selfe expressely composed it, I could neuer haue encountred worse.

In the meane time they followed on their game, tossing other bookes to and fro; but hauing heard the name of *Don Quixote*, he whom I loue so passionately, I haue laboured to engraue that vision in my memory.

Now without doubt then (said *Don Quixote*) it was a right vision: for, there is no other man of that name in the vvhole vvorld but my selfe: And that History doth already goe from hand to hand thorow all parts of the Vniuerse: and yet stayes in no place, for so much as euery one will haue a kicke at it. Now I haue not been angry or vexed, when I haue heard that I wander vp and downe like a fantasticke body, amidst the pitchy shades of Hell, and not in the light of the earth; since I am not the man that History speaketh of. If it be true and faithfully compiled, it will liue many ages; but if it be nothing worth, it will dye euen at it's birth.

Altisidora would haue continued her plaints, accusing *Don Quixote* of rigour and vnkindnes; but hee said thus vnto her, Madame, I haue often told you, that I am very angry, that you haue settled your thoughts on me; since you can draw nothing from me but bare thanks, and no remedy at all. I was onely borne for *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, and to her onely haue the Destinies (if there be any) wholly dedicated me. To thinke, that any other beauty can possesse or vsurpe the place, which she pos-

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ſetſeth in my ſoule, were to beleeue an impoſſibility. And this ſhould ſuffice to diſ-abuſe you, and to make you to retire your ſelfe within the bounds of your honeſty, ſince no creature is tyde vnto impoſſibilities.

Altiſidora hearing theſe words, made a ſemblance to be very angry: ſo that, as it were in a great anger, ſhe thus beſpake him, I ſweare by the Prince of the Mumps, the ſoule of a Morter, and ſtone of a Date; more obſtinate and hard-hearted, then a rude and baſe Peſant when one ſueth vnto him, and when he addreſſeth his leuell to the Butt or Marke: if I take you in hand, I will plucke your very eyes out of your head.

Doe you haply ſuppoſe, Sir vanquiſhed, and Don Knocke-downe with Bats and Cudgels, that I would haue dyde for you? No, no, Sir, what ſoeuer you haue ſeene this night, hath been nothing but a fiction, or thing fained. I am not a Maiden, that would ſuffer ſo much as the leaſt-leaſt paine at the tip of my nailes for ſuch a Camell as you are; much leſſe that I vvould dye for ſuch a groſſe animall.

I beleeue it well (quoth *Sancho* then) for all theſe louers deaths are but to cauſe ſport and laughter. Well may they ſay, that they dye: but that they will haſten their deaths, *Indas* may beleeue it if he liſt.

As they were in theſe diſcourſes, the Muſician and Poet, who had ſung the fore-going *Stanza's*, entred into the Chamber, and making a very low reuerence vnto *Don Quixote*, hee thus ſaid vnto him, Sir Knight, I beſeech you to hold me in the number of your humbleſt ſeruants. I haue long ſince been moſt affectionate vnto you, as wel by reaſon of your farre-bruted renowne, as for your high-raiſed feates of Armes.

Tell me (anſwered *Don Quixote*) who you are, that my courteſie may anſwere your merit.

The Yongman gaue him to vnderſtand, that he was the Muſician and the Panegiricke of the fore-paſſed night.

In good ſooth (replide *Don Quixote*) you haue a very good voice: Neuertheleſſe me ſeemes, that what you ſung, was not greatly to the purpoſe: for, what haue the *Stanza's* of *Garcilaſſe* to doe with the death of this Damozell? My faire Sir, ſaid the Muſi-

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Musician, you ought not to wonder at that: The best & choisest Poets of our age doe practice it: so that euery man writes as best pleaseth his fantasie, and stealeth what, and from vvhom he lists, whether it co-here with the purpose or not. By reason whereof, all the follies, absurdities, or fopperies that they sing, indite, or vvrite, they ascribe vnto a Poeticall licence.

Don Quixote would haue answered, but he was hindred by the Duke and Duchesse, who both entred the Chamber to see him. Amongst whom there passed so long a discourse, and pleasant a conference, in which *Sancho* alledged so many ready quips, witty conceits, merry Prouerbs, and therewithall so many wyly shifts, and subtile knaueries, as the Duke and the Duchesse were all astonished againe; as well by reason of his simplicitie, as of his subtilty.

Don Quixote besought them to giue him leaue to depart the very same day; since that Knights subdued as he was, ought rather to dwell in an homely Cottage, or simple Shed, then in Kingly Palaces: which they most willingly granted him: And the Duchesse demanded of him, whether *Altisidora* was in his good fauour, or no. Madame, (answered *Don Quixote*) you are to vnderstand, that all the infirmitie of this Damozell, takes it's beginning and being from idlenesse, and that an honest occupation, and continuall exercise is the onely remedy for it. She was euen now telling me, that in hel they are working Tapistry worke, and that there are made Tyrings and Net-workes.

I thinke that she is skilfull in such workes, and that's the reason she therein employes her selfe, neuer ceasing to handle small Spindles or Spooles: and thus the images of him she loueth will neuer be remoued in her imagination.

What I tell you is most certaine: It is my opinion, it is my counsell.

And mine also, quoth *Sancho*, since I neuer saw any workeman, that applide or busied himselfe about such workes, that dyde for loue. The Maidens, I say, occupied about such works, thinke more on the accomplishing of their taske, then on that of their Loues. I iudge of it by my selfe, whilest I am digging or deluing, I neuer thinke on my Pinkaney at all; I speake of my

Tereſa Panſa, whom I loue better a thouſand times, then my very eye-lids.

Sancho, you ſpeake very well, ſaid the Ducheſſe: and I will take ſuch order, as my *Altiſidora* ſhall henceforward occupy her ſelfe about ſuch workes: for, ſhe can worke them excellently well.

Madame (quoth *Altiſidora*) I ſhall not need to vſe ſuch a remedy, ſince the remembrance or conſideration of the cruelties and vnkindneſſes which this Robber and rouing Thiefe hath vſed towards me, will be of force, without any other deuice or artifice, to blot and deface them out of my memory. In the meane while, with your Highneſſes permiſſion, I will be gone from hence, that ſo mine eyes may not behold not onely his filthy and gaſtly ſhape; but his vgly and abominable countenance.

The words (replyde the Duke) which you vtter, make me remember the old Prouerbe, which teacheth vs, that he vvho ſharpely chides, is ready to pardon.

Altiſidora made a ſhew to dry vp the teares from her eyes with a Handkercher; and then making a very low curtſie vnto her Maſter and Miſtreſſe, ſhe went out of the Chamber.

Alas, poore Damozel (ſaid then *Sancho*) I ſend thee ill lucke, ſince thou haſt already met with it, in lighting vpō a ſoule made of a Skuttle, and a heart of Oake. Hadſt thou had to doe vvith me, thou ſhouldſt haue found a Cock of me, that would haue crowed after another faſhion.

Thus their diſcourſe brake off; *Don Quixote* took his clothes, dined with the Duke and Ducheſſe, and in the afternoone went his way.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LXXI.

Of what befell Don Quixote *and his Squire* Sancho Panſa, *in their trauell towards their Village.*

THe vanquiſhed Knight Errant, D*on Quixote de la Mancha* went on his iourney, very ſad and penſiue on the one ſide, and moſt glad and buck-ſome on the other. From his being conquered proceeded the cauſe of his ſadneſſe; and his gladnes, in conſidering the worth and vertue of *Sancho*, whereof he gaue manifeſt euidence in the reſurrection of *Altiſidora*; although with ſome ſcruple he perſwaded himſelfe, that the enamored Damozell was not verily dead.

Sancho was no whit well pleaſed, but chafed to himſelfe, becauſe *Altiſidora* had not kept promiſe with him, and giuen him the Shirts he expected at her hands. And therefore muſing and pondering on them, he ſaid to his Maſter, By my faith, Sir, I am the moſt vnfortunate Phyſician, that may be found in the world. There be ſome Leaches, that kill a ſick man vvhom they haue vnder cure, and will neuertheleſſe be well paid for their paines. Now all they doe, is but to write a ſhort Bill of certaine medicines, which the Apothecary, and not they, doth afterward compound: Whereas I, cleane contrary, to whom the recouery and health of others doth coſt many a clod of bloud, many a flirt and bob, many a bitter frump, and many a laſh with whips and rods, reape not ſo much as one poore farthing.

But certainely I promiſe you, if any diſeaſed or ſicke body fall into my hands againe, before I cure vm, I'le be very well greazed for my paines. For, the Abbot liueth ſinging, and I can not thinke, that the heauens haue endowed me with the vertue and knowledge I haue, to the end I ſhould communicate and impart the ſame vnto others for nothing.

My good friend *Sancho* (anſwered D*on Quixote*) thou art in the right, & *Altiſidora* hath done very ill, that ſhe hath not giuen thee the ſhirts, which ſhe promiſed thee, although that vertue &

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pro-

proprietie which thou haſt, haue beene giuen thee *gratis*, and that in learning and ſtudying it, thou haſt not beene at a penny charge: neuertheleſſe, the troubles and vexations, vvhich thou haſt receiued, and endured in thine owne perſon, are farre more, then all the ſtudies that thou couldeſt haue vndergone or employed about it. As for mee, I can tell thee, that if thou wouldeſt haue had the full pay for the whip-laſhes, that thou ſhouldeſt giue thy ſelfe for diſ-enchanting of *Dulcinea*, thou hadſt already fully receiued it. Yet know I not whether the wages or hire, will anſwere the cure, or recouerie, and I would not haue it be an hindrance to the remedy. Me ſeemes notwithſtanding, that one ſhall loſe nothing in the tryall.

Conſider, *Sancho*, what thou wilt haue, and forthwith whip thy ſelfe, and with thine own hands pay thy ſelfe downe-right, ſince thou haſt money of mine in thy keeping.

Sancho preſently opened his eyes and eares a foote wide at theſe kinde offers, and tooke a reſolution with a cheerefull heart to whip and laſh himſelfe: and therefore ſaid vnto his Maſter, Now is the time, my Noble Sir, that I will wholly diſpoſe my ſelfe to giue you ſatisfaction, ſince I ſhall reape ſome benefit by it. The loue of my children and my wife, induceth me to haue no regard at all vnto the harme or ill, that may thereby come vnto me.

Tell me then, what will you giue me for euery ſtripe or laſh? If I were bound to pay thee (replyed *Don Quixote*) equiualent to the greatneſſe and qualitie of the remedy, the treaſure of *Venice*, and the rich Mynes of *Peru*, would not ſuffice to recompence thee. Looke well thy ſelfe, what thou haſt of mine, and value euery laſh as thou wilt. The whip-laſhes (quoth *Sancho*) are in number three thouſand, three hundred and odde: I haue already giuen my ſelfe fiue, the other remaine behinde. Let the fiue ſerue to deduct the odde number remaining, and let all be reduced to three thouſand and three hundred. My meaning is, to haue for euery laſh a piece of three blanks, (and leſſe I will not haue, ſhould all the world command me the contrary) ſo that they will amount to 3300. pieces of three blankes. The three thouſand, make a thouſand and fiue hundred halfe

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Ryalls,

Ryalls, and they make seuen hundred and fifty whole Ryalls; and the three hundred make one hundred & fifty halfe Ryalls, which amount vnto the summe of three score and fifteen Ryalls, which, added vnto the seuen hundred and fifty, the whole sum amounteth vnto eight hundred and fiue and twenty Ryalls.

I will reckon this summe, and deduct it from that I haue of yours in my keeping, and by this meanes shall enter into my house both rich and well satisfied, albeit well whipt and scourged: for, Trouts are not caught with nothing, and I say no more.

Oh thrice-happy *Sancho*! oh amiable *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) how am I and *Dulcinea* bound to serue thee, so long as the Heauens shall be pleased to giue vs life? If she recouer her first being, and if it be impossible to continue still in that state, her misfortune shall proue most fortunate, and my defeat or conquest, a most glorious and happy triumph. Then look, *Sancho*, when thou wilt begin this discipline, and I will giue thee one hundred Ryalls ouer and aboue, that so I may binde thee to begin betimes. When (replied *Sancho*?) Euen this very night. Be you but pleased, that this night we meet in the open fields, and you shall see me open, gash, and flay my selfe.

To be short, the night came, which *Don Quixote* had with all manner of impatience long looked for: to whom it seemed that the wheeles of *Apollo's* Chariot had beene broken, and that the day grew longer then it was wont, euen as it happeneth vnto Louers, who thinke that they shall neuer come to obtaine the accomplishment of their desires. At last they entred a groue of delightsome trees, which was somewhat remote, and out of the high way. After they had taken off the Saddle and Pack-saddle of *Rosinante* and Dapple, they sate downe vpon the green grasse, and supped with such victuals as *Sancho* had in his Wallets.

This good Squire hauing made of Dapples halter or head-stall, a good big whip or scourge, he went about twenty paces from his Master, and thrust himselfe among bushes and hedges.

Don Quixote seeing him march thus all naked, and vvith so good a courage, began thus to discourse vnto him, Take heed,

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good friend, that thou hack not thy ſelfe in pieces, and that the ſtripes and laſhes ſlay the one anothers leaſure; thou muſt not make ſuch haſte in thy Careere, that thy winde or breath faile in thy courſe. My meaning is, that thou muſt not laſh thy ſelfe ſo hard and faſt, that thy life faint, before thou come to thy deſired number: But to the end that thou loſe not thy ſelfe for want of a paire of writing-tables, more or leſſe, I will ſtand aloofe off, & vpon theſe my prayer-beades will number the laſhes that thou ſhalt giue thy ſelfe. Now the heauens fauour thee, as thy good meaning well deſerueth.

A good Pay-maſter (anſwered *Sancho*) will neuer grudge to giue wages; I thinke to curry or ſo be-labour my ſelfe, that without endangering my life, my laſhes ſhall bee ſenſible vnto me, and therein muſt the ſubſtance of this miracle conſiſt. And immediately *Sancho* ſtripped himſelfe bare from the girdle vpward, and taking the whip in his hand, began to ribbe-baſte and laſh himſelfe roundly; and *Don Quixote* to number the ſtrokes. When *Sancho* had giuen himſelfe ſeuen or eight ſtripes, hee thought he had killed himſelfe; ſo that pawſing awhile, hee ſaid to his Maſter, that he was very much deceiued, and would therfore appeale, forſomuch as euery whip-laſh did in lieu of a piece of three Blanks, deſerue halfe a Ryall.

Make an end, my friend *Sancho*, (quoth *Don Quixote*) and be not diſmaid; for I will redouble thy pay.

Now by my life then (quoth *Sancho*) blowes ſhall ſhowre vpon me as thicke as haile: but the Mountibanke and cheating companion, in ſtead of laſhing his ſhoulders, he vvhipped the trees, and ſo ſighingly groaned at euery ſtroake, that you would haue thought his ſoule had flowne out of his body.

Don Quixote, who was now full of compaſſion, fearing hee would kill himſelfe, and that, through the folly of *Sancho*, his deſires ſhould not be accompliſhed, began thus to ſay vnto him, Friend, I coniure thee, let this buſineſſe end heere: This remedy ſeemes to mee very hard and ſharpe. It ſhall not be amiſſe that we giue time vnto Time; for, *Rome* was neuer built in one day. If I haue told right, thou haſt already giuen thy ſelfe more then a thouſand laſhes: it now ſuffiſeth, let mee vſe a homely

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phraſe,

phraſe) that the Aſſe endure his charge, but not the ſurcharge.

No, no, my good Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, it ſhall neuer be ſaid of me, Money well paid, and the Armes broken. I pray you goe but a little aſide, and permit me to giue my ſelfe one thouſand ſtripes more, and then we ſhall quickly make an end; yea, and we ſhall haue more left behinde. Since thou art ſo well diſpoſed, replyde *Don Quixote*, I will then withdraw my ſelfe, may the heauens aſſiſt and recompence thee.

Sancho returned to his taske, with ſuch an earneſt paſſion, that the barke of many a tree fell off, ſo great was the rigour and fury wherewith he ſcourged himſelfe. Now in giuing ſuch an exceeding and outragious laſh vpon a hedge, hee cryde out aloud, Heere is the place where *Samſon* ſhall dye, with all thoſe that are with him.

Don Quixote ran preſently at the ſound of that wofull voice, and at the noiſe of that horrible whip-ſtroke. Then laying faſt hold on the Halter, which ſerued *Sancho* in lieu of an Oxe-pizell, he ſaid to him, Friend *Sancho*, let Fortune neuer permit, that thou, to giue me contentment, hazzard the loſſe of thy life, which muſt ſerue for the entertainment of thy Wife and Children. I will containe my ſelfe within the bounds of the next hope, and will ſtay vntill thou haue recouered new ſtrength, to the end this buſineſſe may be ended, to the ſatisfaction of all parties.

My good Sir (quoth *Sancho*) ſince you will needs haue it ſo, in good time be it. In the meane while, I beſeech you, Sir, caſt your Cloke vpon my ſhoulders. I am all in a ſweat, and I would be loth to take cold. Our new diſciplinants runne the like danger.

Don Quixote did ſo, and leauing himſelfe in his doublet, he couered *Sancho*, who fell aſleepe, and ſlept vntill the Sunne awakened him. They kept on their way ſo long, that at laſt they arriued to a place three Leagues off, and at laſt ſtaid at an Inne.

Don Quixote knew it to be an Inne, and not a Caſtle round enuironed with ditches or trenches, fortified with Towers, with Port-culliſſes, and ſtrong draw-bridges: for, ſince his laſt defea-

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ture,

ture he discerned and distinguished of all things that presented themselues vnto him with better iudgement, as we shall presently declare.

Hee was lodged in a low chamber, to which certaine olde-worne curtaines of painted Serge serued in lieu of Tapistry hangings, as commonly they vse in Country Villages. In one of the pieces might be seene painted by a bungling and vnskilfull hand, the rape of *Helen*, at what time her fond-hardy ghest stole her from *Menelaus*. In another was the history of *Dido* and *Æneas*; Shee on an high Turret, with a sheet making signe vnto her fugitiue ghest, who on the Sea, carried in a Ship, vvas running away from her.

Don Quixote obserued in these two stories, that *Helen* seemed not to be discontented with her rape; for so much as shee leered and smiled vnder-hand; whereas beauteous *Dido* seemed to trickle downe teares from her eyes as big as Walnuts. *Don Quixote* in beholding this painted worke, said; These two Ladies were exceedingly vnfortunate, that they were not borne in this age, and I most of all thrice-vnhappy, that I vvas not borne in theirs; In faith I would so haue spoken to these Lordly gallants, as Troy should not haue beene burned, nor Carthage destroyed, since that onely by putting *Paris* to death, I should haue beene the occasion that so many mischiefes would neuer haue hapned.

I hold a wager (quoth *Sancho*) that ere long there shall be neuer a Tipling-house, Tauerne, Inne, Hostery, or Barbers shop, but in them all we shall see the History of our famous acts painted: neuertheles I would wish with all my hart, that they might bee drawne by a more cunning and skilfull hand, then by that which hath pourtraid these figures.

Thou hast reason, *Sancho* (answered *Don Quixote*) for, this Painter is like vnto *Orbaneja*, who dwelled at *Vbeda*, vvho when he was demanded what hee was painting, made this answere, That which shall come forth to light: And if perchance hee drew a Cocke, hee would write a aboue it, This is a Cocke, lest any man should thinke it to be a Foxe. Now me thinkes, *Sancho*, that such ought to be the Painter or the Writer:

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(for

(for all is one same thing) who hath set forth the History of this new *Don Quixote*, because he hath painted or written that which may come forth to the open light. He hath imitated a certaine Poet named *Mantuan*, who the last yeere was at the Court, who suddenly would make answer to whatsoeuer vvas demanded him. And as one asked him one day, what these words *Donne do Dio* signified, he answered in Spanish, *De donde diere*. But omitting all this, tell me *Sancho*, Hast thou a mind to giue thy selfe another touch this night, and wilt thou haue it to be vnder the roofe of a house, or else in the open ayre?

Now I assure you (quoth *Sancho*) for the stripes and lashes that I intend to giue my selfe, I loue them as well in the house as in the open fields: yet with this *Promise*, that I would haue it to be amongst trees; for me thinks, that they keepe me good company, and doe exceedingly help me to indure and vndergoe my trauell and paines.

Friend *Sancho* (said *Don Quixote*) that shall not be: rather reserue them, that you may exercise them when we shall be arriued at our Village, whither at the furthest we shall reach the next day after to morrow; and in the mean time thou shalt haue recouered new strength.

Sancho answered, that he might doe what best pleased him; but notwithstanding he desired to dispatch this businesse in hot bloud, and whilest the Mill was going; for, dangers consist often in lingring and expectation, and that with prayers vnto God, a man must strike with his mallet; that one, Take it, is more worth then two, Thou shalt haue it: and better is one sparrow in the hand, then a vulture flying in the ayre.

Now for Gods sake, *Sancho* (replied *Don Quixote*) let vs not alledge so many Prouerbs; me thinkes thou art still returning vnto *Sicut erat*. I prethee speake plainely, cleerly, and goe not so about the bush with such embroyling speeches, as I haue often told thee: and thou shalt see, that one loafe of bread will yeeld thee more then an hundred.

I am so vnlucky (quoth *Sancho*) that I cannot discourse without Prouerbs, nor can I alleage a Prouerbe, that seemes not to be a reason vnto mee: Neuertheless, if I can, I will correct my selfe:

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ſelfe, and with that they gaue ouer their enterparlie at that time.

CHAP. LXXII.

How Don Quixote *and* Sancho *arriued at their Village.*

Don Quixote and *Sancho* looking for night, ſtayed in that Inne: the one to end in the open fields, the taske of his diſcipline; and the other to ſee the ſucceſſe of it, whence depended the end of his deſires. During which time, a Gentleman on horſebacke, followed by three or foure ſeruants, came to the gate of the Inne, to whom one of his attendants ſaid thus; My Lord *Don Aluaro Tarfe*, you may heere reſt your ſelfe, and paſſe the great heat of the day. This Inne ſeemeth to be very cleanly and coole.

Which ſpeech *Don Quixote* hearing, he ſaid vnto *Sancho*, Thou oughteſt to know, that when I turned ouer the booke of the ſecond part of my hiſtory, me thought that in reading of the ſame, I met with this name of *Don Aluaro Tarfe*.

That may very well be, ſaid *Sancho*: but firſt let vs ſee him alight from his horſe, and then we will ſpeake vnto him.

The Knight alighted, and the Hoſteſſe appointed him a low chamber, neere vnto that of *Don Quixote*, and which was furniſhed with like figures of painted Serge. The new-come Knight did forth-with put off his heauy cloathes, and now going out of the Inne-porch, which was ſomewhat ſpacious and freſh, vnder which *Don Quixote* was walking, he demanded of him, Whither goe you, my good Sir Gentleman? I am going (anſwered *Don Quixote*) vnto a certaine Village not farre off, where I was borne. And you, my Lord, whither goe you? I trauell (ſaid the Knight) towards Granada, which is my native Country. Sir, you were borne (replied *Don Quixote*) in a very good Country; In the mean time, I pray you in courteſie, tel me your name; for it ſtands me very much vpon to know it, yea

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more then can well be imagined. I am called *Don Aluaro Tarfe* (answered the Knight.) Then are you vndoubtedly (quoth *Don Quixote*) that *Aluaro Tarfe*, whose name is imprinted in the second part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, which a moderne Author hath lately set forth. I am the very same man of whom you speake (said the Knight) and that *Don Quixote* who is the principal subiect of such an History, was my very great friend.

It was euen I that drew him first out of his village, or at least that perswaded him to be at the Iusts and Tiltings which were then kept at *Saragosa*, and whither I was going: and in good truth I did him a great fauour; for I was the cause that the hangman did not well claw and bum-baste his backe, hauing rightly deserued such a punishment, because he had beene ouer-rash and foole-hardy.

But tel me, I beseech you then (quoth *Don Quixote*) my Lord *Don Aluaro*, do I in any thing resemble the said *Don Quixote* of whom you speake? Nothing at all, answered the other. And did that *Don Quixote* (replied our Knight) conduct with him a Squire named *Sancho Pansa*? Yes verily, (quoth *Don Aluaro*) And the report went, that this Squire was very blithe, pleasant, and gamesome; but yet I neuer heard him speak any thing with a good garbe or grace, nor any one word that might cause laughter.

I beleeue it well, said *Sancho* then; for, it suits not with all the world to be pleasant and iesting: and the very same *Sancho* of whom you speake (my Lord the Gentleman) must be some notorious rogue, some greedy-gut, and notable theefe. It is I that am the right *Sancho Pansa*, that can tell many fine tales; yea more then there are drops of water when it raineth. If so you please, my Lord, you may make experience of it, and follow me at least one yeere, and you shall then see, that at euery step I shall speake so many vnpleasant things, that very often without knowing what I vtter, I make all them to laugh that listen vnto me. In good sooth, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the farre renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the amorous; he who is the redresser of wrongs, the reuenger of outrages, the tutor of in-

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fants, the Gardian of Orphanes, the Rampire or fortreſſe of Widdowes, the Defender of Damozels and Maidens: he who hath for his onely Miſtreſſe, the matchleſſe *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, is the very ſame Lord whom you ſee heere preſent, and vvho is my good Maſter. All other *Don Quixotes*, and all other *Sancho Panſa's* are but dreames, fopperies, and fables.

Now by my holydom I beleeue as much (anſwered *Don Alvaro*;) for, in thoſe few vvords by you euen now vttered, you haue ſhewed more grace then euer did the other *Sancho Panſa*, in al the long & tattling diſcourſes that I haue heard come from him. He ſauoured more of the Gourmand, then of a well-ſpoken man; more of a Coxe-combe, then of a pleaſant. Without doubt I beliue, that the Enchanters, which perſecute the good *Don Quixote*, haue alſo gone about to perſecute me, in making me to know the other *Don Quixote*, who is of no worth or merit at all. Neuertheleſſe, I wot not well what to ſay of it, ſince I durſt ſweare, that I left him at Toledo in the Nuncio his houſe, to the end he might be cured and healed, and behold heere another *Don Quixote*, but farre different from mine.

As for me (quoth *Don Quixote*) I know not whether I be good or no, but well I wot I am not the bad. And for a manifeſt triall of my ſaying, my Lord *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, if you pleaſe, you ſhall vnderſtand, that in all my life-time I was neuer at *Saragoſa*. And hauing of late vnderſtood, that the imaginary *Don Quixote* had beene preſent at the Turnaments and Tiltings in that City, I would by no meanes come or goe into it, that in view of all the vvorld I might manifeſt his falſe tale: Which was the reaſon that I went ſtrait vnto *Barſelona*, the treaſury or ſtore-houſe of all courteſie, the retreat and refuge of all ſtrangers, the relieuing harborough of the poore and needy, the native home of valorous men, vvhere ſuch as bee wronged or offended, are auenged; and where true friendſhips are reciprocall, and in ſumme, a City that hath no peere, be it eyther for beauty, or for the faire ſituation of it.

And albeit what hath befalne me bring me no great contentment, I doe notwithſtanding ſomewhat allay the griefe vvith the pleaſure, vvhich by the ſight thereof I haue receiued & felt.

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To conclude, my Lord *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the very same man of whom Fame speaketh, and not he, that vnhappy wretch, who to honour himselfe with my designes, hath gone about to vsurpe my name.

In the meane while I humbly beseech you, by the profession which you make to be a Noble Knight, that before the ordinary Iudge of this place, you will be pleased to make me a declaration and certificate, how, so long as you haue liued, euen vntill this present howre, you neuer saw me, & that I am not the said *Don Quixote* imprinted in this second part, and likewise that this *Sancho Pansa* my Squire is not hee whom you heeretofore haue knowne.

I shall doe it with all my heart, (quoth the Knight *Don Alvaro*) although I be very much amazed to see two *Don Quixotes*, and behold, two *Sancho's* at one very instant, so conformable in name, and so different in actions. But I tell you againe and againe &, I assuredly beleeue that I haue not viewed vvhat I haue seene, and that what hath hapned vnto me concerning this subiect, hath not befalne at all.

Without doubt, my Lord, then said *Sancho*, it is very likely that you are enchanted, euen as my Lady *Dulcinea of Toboso* is: would to God that your dis-enchanting might be brought to passe with giuing other three thousand and odde whip-lashes, as I doe for her; I would most willingly giue them vnto my selfe, vvithout any interest at all.

I know not what you meane (quoth *Don Alvaro*) by these whip-lashes. To whom *Sancho* said, that it vvould be too long a discourse to relate; but yet hee would make him acquainted with the whole story, if peraduenture they should both trauell one same vvay.

By this time the houre of dinner was at hand, and they fed and ate together. At the very same time the Iudge of the place came into the Inne, attended on by a Clerke or Notary, whom *Don Quixote* required that he would take a certificat or declaration, vvhich this Knight *Don Alvaro Tarfe* would declare vnto him: forsomuch as it did highly concerne his honor and reputation.

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Now the Tenor of this Declaration was, that the ſaid Gentleman did in no ſort know *Don Quixote*, who vvas there preſent, and that hee was not the man, vvhoſe name they had lately imprinted in an Hiſtory, entituled, *The ſecond Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, compoſed by *Abellaneda*, borne at *Tordeſillas*.

To conclude, the Iudge engroſſed all according to the forme of Law. The Declaration vvas made in forme and manner as all Notaries are accuſtomed to be, in ſuch and the like caſes. By vvhich meanes *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* reſted very glad, and well apaid, as if ſuch a declaration had beene of very great moment and conſequence vnto them, & as if their actions & ſpeeches had not apparently ſhewed the difference and ods that was betweene the two *Don Quixotes*, and the two *Sancho's*.

Diuers complements, and many offices & offers of courteſie did mutually enterpaſſe betweene *Don Alvaro*, & *Don Quixote*, wherein our heroyke Knight *de la Mancha*, declared ſo much wiſedome, and ſuch diſcretion, that he reſolued *Don Alvaro* of the doubt wherein he was: For, he perſwaded himſelfe that he vvas enchanted, ſince with his owne hands hee felt and touched two *Don Quixotes* ſo different and contrary one to another.

Mid-day being paſt, and the heat allayed, they departed from that place all together. They had not gone aboue halfe a league, but they met vvith two ſeuerall paths, the one led to *Don Quixotes* Village, and the other to the place vvhither *Don Alvaro* was going.

During vvhich little ſpace, *Don Quixote* related at large vnto him, the diſaſter of his ouer-throw, the enchantment, and the remedy of *Dulcinea*. All vvhich things bred and cauſed a new admiration in the minde of *Don Alvaro*, vvho kept on his vvay, and *Don Quixote* his.

Our Knight paſſed that night among the trees, to the end he might giue *Sancho* meanes and leyſure to fulfill his penance, vvhich he accompliſhed euen as hee had done the fore-paſſed night, more at the charges of the hedges, ſhrubs, and trees there growing, then of his backe and ſhoulders. For hee kept them

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so safe and vvell, that the lashes which he gaue himselfe, would not haue caused a flye to stirre, had shee taken vp her stand there.

Don Quixote thus abused, lost not one stroke vvith misreckoning, and found that those of the fore-going night, ioyned vnto these, vvere iust the summe of three thousand, nine and twenty.

It seemed the Sunne rose that morning earlier then his wont, to behold this sacrifice, and they perceiuing that it was bright day, vvent on their iourney, discoursing of the error vvherein *Don Alvaro* vvas, and how they had done very well in taking a declaration before the Iudge, and that so authentically.

They vvandred all that day, and the night succeeding, without encountring any thing worthy the relation, vnlesse it be, that the very same night *Sancho* finished his vvhipping taske, to the great contentment of *Don Quixote*, vvho greedily longed for peepe of day, to see if in their trauels they might meete with his sweet Mistresse *Dulcinea*, vvho vvas now disenchanted.

Thus vvandring, they met no vvoman, but they would approach & close vvith her, to take perfect view of her, and to discerne vvhether it were *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*, confidently assuring themselues, as of an infallible truth, that the promises of the prophet *Merlin* could not possibly proue false.

Whilest they vvere musing on these things, and their longings encreasing, they vnawares ascended a little hillocke, whence they discouered their Village. Which *Sancho* had no sooner perceiued, but hee prostrated himselfe on his knees, and vttered these words;

Oh my deare-dearely-beloued, and long desired natiue countrey, open thine eyes, and behold how thy sonne *Sancho* returnes at last to thee againe: who if he be not very rich, yet is he at least very well whipt and lashed. Open thine armes likewise, and friendly receiue thy sonne *Don Quixote*. And if he returneth to thee vanquished by the force of a strange arme, he yet at least returneth conquerour of himselfe. And as himselfe hath

hath often told me, it is the greateſt victory, that any man can deſire, or wiſh for. I haue good ſtore of money: for, if they gaue me ſound whip-laſhes, I found much good in being a worthy Knight.

Let vs leaue theſe fooleries, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and forthwith wend vnto our Village, where we will giue free paſſage vnto our imaginations and preſcribe vnto our ſelues the forme and method, that we are to keepe and obſerue in the rurall or paſtorall life, which we intend to put in practiſe. Thus reaſoning together, they faire and gently deſcended the hillock, and approched to their Village.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Of the preſages and fore-boadings, which hapned to Don Quixote, *at the entrance into his Village; with other Aduentures, which ſerue for grace and ornament vnto this famous Hiſtory, and which giue credit vnto it.*

CID *Hamete* reporteth, that as they were come neere vnto the entrance into their Village, *Don Quixote* perceiued how in the Commons thereof there were two yong Lads, who in great anger conteſted and diſputed together. The one ſaid to the other, *Pierrot*, thou muſt not chafe nor bee angry at it: For, as long as thou liueſt, thou ſhalt neuer ſet thine eyes vpon her. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, he began this ſpeech vnto *Sancho*; Friend (ſaid he) doeſt not thou vnderſtand what yonder yong Lad ſaith? So long as thou liueſt thou ſhalt neuer ſet eyes vpon her.

And what imports (quoth *Sancho*) what that youg Lad hath ſpoken? What (replyed *Don Quixote*?) ſeeſt thou not, how that applying the words vnto mine intention; his meaning is, that I ſhall neuer ſee my *Dulcinea*? *Sancho* was about to anſwere him, but he was hindred by an Hare, which chaſed, croſſed their way. She vvas eagerly purſued by diuers Gray-hounds

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and Hunts-men, so that fearfully amazed she squatted down betweene the feete of Dapple.

Sancho boldly tooke her vp, and presented the same vnto *Don Quixote*, who cryed out alowd, *Malum signum, malum signum*: A Hare runnes away, Gray-hounds pursue her, and *Dulcinea* appeares not. You are a strange man (then quoth *Sancho*, let vs imagine that this Hare is *Dulcinea*, and the Gray-hounds which pursue her, the wicked Enchanters, that haue transformed her into a Country-Lasse. She runnes away, I take her vp, and deliuer her into your owne hands: you hold her in your armes, you hugge and make much of her. What ill-boading may this be, and what misfortune can be implide vpon this?

In the meane while, the two yong Boyes came neere vnto them to see the Hare: and *Sancho* demanded of one of them the cause or ground of their brabbling controuersie? Then he, who had vttered the words, So long as thou liuest, thou shalt neuer set eyes vpon her, related vnto *Sancho*, how that he had taken from the other Boy a little Cage full of Crickets, and that he neuer purposed to let him haue it againe. Then *Sancho* pul'd out of his pocket a piece of sixe Blankes, and gaue it to the other Boy for his Cage, which he put into *Don Quixotes* hands, saying thus vnto him, Behold, good Sir, all these fond Sooth-sayings and ill presages are dasht and ouerthrowne, and haue now nothing to doe with our Aduentures, (according to my vnderstanding, although I be but a silly gull) no more then with the last yeeres snow. And if my memory faile mee not, I thinke I haue heard the Curate of our Village say, that it fits not good Christians and wise folkes to stand vpon such foolish fopperies.

It is not long since you told me so your selfe, and gaue me to vnderstand, that all such Christians, as plodded & amused themselues vpon Augures or Diuinations, were very fooles. And therefore let vs no longer trouble our selues with them, but let vs goe on, and enter into our Village. There whilest the hunters came in, they demanded to haue their Hare, and *Don Quixote* deliuered the same vnto them.

Then he and *Sancho* kept on their way; and at the entrance into

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into the Village, in a little meddow, they met with the Curate, and the Bachelor *Carrasco*, who with their Beads in their hands were saying their prayers.

It is to be vnderstood, that *Sancho Pansa* had placed vpon Dapple, and vpon the fardell of their weapons the Iacket or Gaberdine of *Boccasin* all painted ouer with fierie flames, which was vpon him in the Dukes Castle; the night that *Altisidora* rose againe from death to life: which iubb or iacket serued them in stead of a Carpet or Sumpter-cloth.

They had likewise placed vpon the Asses head the Myter, whereof we haue spoken before. It was the newest kinde of transformation, and the fittest decking or array, that euer Asse did put vpon his head.

The Curate and the Bachelor knew them incontinently, and with wide-open armes ranne towards them.

Don Quixote alighted presently and very kindly embraced them. But the little children, who are as sharpe-sighted as any Linx, hauing eyed the Asses Myter, flocked suddenly about them to see the same, saying the one to the other, Come, come, and runne all you *Camarados*, and you shall see *Sancho Pansa's* Asse more braue & gallant then *Mingo*: and *Don Quixote's* Palfry leaner, fainter, and more flaggy then it was the first day.

Finally, being enuironed with a many yong children, and attended on by the Curat and Bachelor, they entred the Village, and went directly vnto *Don Quixote's* house. At the dore whereof they met with his Maid-seruant, and with his Neece, who had already heard the newes of their comming.

Teresa Pansa, the wife of *Sancho*, had likewise been aduertised thereof. She ranne all disheueled and halfe naked to see her Husband, leading her Daughter *Sanchica* by the hand. But when she saw, that he was not so richly attired as she imagined, and in that equipage a Gouernour should be, she thus began to discourse with him, My Husband, after what fashion doest thou come home? Mee-thinkes thou commest on foot, and vvith toylesome trauelling all tyred and faint-hearted: Thou rather bearest the countenance of a miserable wretch, then of a Gouernour.

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Hold thy peace *Tereſa* (quoth *Sancho*:) for, oftentimes, when there be Bootes, there be no Spurres. Let vs goe vnto our houſe, and there thou ſhalt heare wonders. So it is, that I haue money, which is of more conſequence, and I haue gotten it by mine owne induſtry, without doing wrong to any body.

Why then you haue money, my good Husband (replyed *Tereſa?*) That's very well. It is no matter how you came by it, be it by hooke or crooke. For, after what manner ſoeuer you haue laid hands on it, you bring no new cuſtom into the world. *Sanchica* embraced her Father, and asked him whether he had brought her any thing; and that ſhe had as earneſtly looked for him, as men doe for dew in the moneth of May.

Thus his Wife holding him by the one hand, and his Daughter by the one ſide of his girdle, and with the other hand leading Dapple, they entred into their Cottage, leauing *Don Quixote* in his owne houſe in the power of his Neece and Maid-ſeruant, and in the company of the Curat, and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without longer delay, at that very inſtant drew the Bachelor and the Curate aſide, and in few words related his being defeated vnto them, and the Vow, which he had been forced to make, not to goe out of his Village during the ſpace of one whole yeere: how his purpoſe was fully to keep the ſame, without tranſgreſſing it one iot or atome: ſince that by the rules of Knight Errantry, and as he was a true Knight Errant, he was ſtrictly obliged to performe it. Which was the reaſon that he had reſolued, during the time of that yeere, to become a Shepheard, and entertaine himſelfe among the Deſarts and ſolitarie places of that Countrey, where he might freely vent out and giue ſcope vnto his amorous paſſions, by exerciſing himſelfe in commendable and vertuous paſtorall exerciſes: And now beſought them, if they had no greater affaires in hand, and vvere not imployed in matters of more importance, they would both be pleaſed to become his companions, and fellow-Shepheards. For, he would buy ſtore of ſheepe, and get ſo ſufficient a flock together, as they might vvell take vpon them the name of ſhepheards.

And in the meane time, he gaue them to vnderſtand, that the chie-

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chiefeſt point of this buſineſſe was already effected: for, he had already appointed them ſo proper and conuenient names, as if they had been caſt in a mould.

The Curat would needs know theſe names. *Don Quixote* told him, that himſelfe would be called, the Shepheard *Quixotis*: the Bachelor, the Shepheard *Carraſcon*; and the Curat, the Shepheard *Curambro*; and as for *Sancho Panſa*, hee ſhould be ſtiled *Panſino*.

They were all aſtoniſhed at *Don Quixotes* new folly: Neuertheleſſe, that he might not another time goe out of his Village, and returne to his Knight-hoods, and Caualliers tricks: and therewithall ſuppoſing, that in the ſpace of this yeere he might be cured and recouered: they allowed of his deſigne and new inuention, and in that rurall exerciſe offered to become his companions.

We ſhall leade a pleaſant life, ſaid *Samſon Carraſco*, ſince, as all the world knoweth, I am an excellent Poet, and ſhall euery hand-while be compoſing of Paſtorall Ditties and Eglogues, or elſe ſome Verſes of the Court, as beſt ſhall agree to our purpoſe. Thus ſhall we entertaine our ſelues by the wayes we ſhall paſſe and goe.

But good Sirs, the thing that is moſt neceſſary, is, that euery one make choiſe of the name of the Shepheardeſſe, whom he intendeth to celebrate in his Verſes: and that there be no Tree, how hard and knurry ſoeuer, but therein we ſhall write, carue, and engraue her name, euen as amorous Shepheards are accuſtomed to doe.

In good ſooth, that will doe paſſing well (quoth *Don Quixote*) albeit I neede not goe farre to finde out the name of an imaginary Shepheardeſſe; ſince I haue the neuer-matched or paralelled *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, the glory of all theſe ſhores; the ornament of theſe meddowes; the grace and comelineſſe of beauty; the creame and prime of all gracefulneſſe: and (to be ſhort) the ſubiect, on which the extremitie of all commendations may rightly be conferred, how hyperbolicall ſoeuer it be.

It is moſt true, ſaid the Curate. But for vs, we muſt ſeek out ſome barren Shepheardeſſes, and at leaſt, if they bee not fit

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and

and proper for vs, yet one way or other they may ſtead vs, if not in the maine, yet in the by. Although we haue none (quoth *Samſon Carraſco*) yet will we giue them thoſe very names as we ſee in print, and wherewith the world is full. For we will call them *Phillis*, *Amarillis*, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Galathea*, and *Beliſarda*. Since they are publikely to be ſold in the open market-place, we may very well buy them, and lawfully appropriate them vnto our ſelues.

If my Miſtreſſe, or, to ſay better, my Shepheardeſſe haue to name *Anna*, I will celebrate her vnder the ſtile of *Anarda*; if ſhe be called *Francis*, I will call her *Franciua*; and if ſhe hight *Lucie*, her name ſhall be *Lucinda*: for, all ſuch names ſquare and encounter. As for *Sancho Panſa*, if he will be one of our fraternitie, he may celebrate his wife *Tereſa Panſa* vnder the name of *Tereſaina*.

Don Quixote burſt out a laughing at the application of theſe names, whilſt the Curat did infinitely commend and extoll his honourable reſolution, and againe offered to keepe him company all the time that he could ſpare, hauing acquitted himſelfe of the charge vnto which he was bound.

With that they tooke leaue of him, perſwading, and entreating him to haue a care of his health, and indeuour to be merry.

So it hapned, that his Neece and his Maid-ſeruant heard all the ſpeeches, which they three had together: And vvhen the Bacheler and the Curat were gone from him, they both came neere vnto *Don Quixote*, and thus his Neece beſpake him:

What meanes this (my Lord, mine Vncle?) Now vvhen we imagined, that you would haue continued in your owne houſe, and there liue a quiet, a repoſed and honourable life, you goe about to caſt your ſelfe headlong into new Labyrinths and troubles, with becomming a Swaine or Shepheard? Verily the corne is already ouer-hard to make Oaten-pipes of it.

But how (quoth the Maid-ſeruant) can you indure and vndergoe in the open fields the ſcorching heate of Summer, and the cold and froſt of winter nights, and heare the howlings

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lings of Wolues, without quaking for very feare? No truely, for so much as that belongs onely to such as are of a robust and Surly complexion, of a hard and rugged skinne, and that from their Cradles are bred and enured to such a trade and occupation. If the worst come to the worst, it were better to bee still a Knight Errant, then a Shepheard.

I beseech you, good my Lord, follow my counsell, which I giue you, not as being full of wine and bread, but rather fasting, and as one, that haue fifty yeeres vpon my head. Abide still in your house, thinke on your domesticke affaires, confesse your selfe often, serue God, doe good vnto the poore, and if any harme come to you of it, let mee take it vpon my soule.

Good Wenches hold your peace (replyed *Don Quixote*:) for I know what I haue to doe. In the meane while, let me be had to bed. Mee thinkes I am not very well: yet assure your selues, that whether I be an Errant Knight, or a Shepheard, I will carefully prouide for all that you may stand in need of, and you shall see the effects of it.

The Neece and the Maidseruant, who without doubt were two merry good Wenches, layd him in his bed, and attended, and lookt so well vnto him, as they could not possibly haue done better.

CHAP.

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CHAP. LXXIIII.

How Don Quixote *fell Sicke: of the Will he made, and of his death.*

AS all humane things being transitorie, and not eternal, are euer declining from their beginnings, vntill they come vnto their last end and period; but more especially the liues of men. And as that of *Don Quixote* had no priuiledge from Heauen to continue in one estate, and keepe it's course, his end surprised him, at what time he least thought of it. I wot not whether it proceeded of the melancholy, which the sad remembrance of his being vanquished caused in him; or whether the disposition of the heauens had so decreed: so it is, that a burning Feuer seyzed vpon him, which forced him to keepe his bed sixe dayes.

During which time, the Curate, the Bachelor, and the Barber, who were all his good friends, did very often visit him: and *Sancho Pansa* his good Squire neuer went from his bed-side.

They supposing, that the vexation and fretting, which he felt for hauing bin conquered; as also because he saw not the accomplishment of his desires, touching the dis-enchantment of *Dulcinea*, caused this sicknes in him, endeuoured by all possible meanes to make him merry.

The Bachelor desired him to be of good courage, and to rise, that they might begin their Pastorall Exercise, and how he had already composed an Eglogue, which was nothing behinde those that *Sanazaro* had compiled: That for the same purpose he had bought two goodly and faire dogges, and of great renowne, for to keepe their flocke, whereof the one was called *Barcino*, and the other *Butron*; and how a Shepheard of Quintanar had sold them to him.

But for all this *Don Quixote* quitted not his sorrow, nor left off his sadnesse.

His friends called for a Phisician, who was nothing well pleased

pleased with his pulse which he felt. And therefore hee told him, that whatsoeuer might happen, he should not doe amisse to begin to thinke on the saluation of his soule; for, the health of his body was in very great danger.

Don Quixote, without being any whit amazed, did very quietly listen vnto this discourse, which neyther his Niece, his maid, nor his Squire did: for, they were so deepely plunged in teares & weeping, as, had they seene gastly death in the face, they could haue done no more.

The Physician told them plainely, that onely melancholy, and his troublesome cares were the cause of his death.

Don Quixote entreated the company to leaue him alone, because he had a great desire to sleepe a while. They did so, and he had a sound nap (as they say) of fiue houres, so that the maid and his Neece thought hee would neuer haue waked againe. Well, hee waked at last, and vvith a loud and audible voyce, he vttered these words; The Almighty God be for euer blessed, that hath done so much good for mee. To be short, his mercies haue no bounds, they are neyther shortned nor hindred by the sinnes of man.

The Neece listned vvith heedy attention vnto her Vncles words, and perceiuing that they were better couched, and wiser disposed then those he was accustomed to pronounce in al his sicknesses, she proposed this question vnto him: My Lord and Vncle, what is that you say? Is there any new matter befalne? what mercies doe you speake off? or what sinnes of men? My good Neece, (replied *Don Quixote*) the mercies I talke of, are those which God of his goodnes hath at this instant conferred vpon me wretched sinner, and my sinnes haue beene no stop or let vnto them. I possesse now a free and cleare iudgement, and nothing ouershadowed vvith the mysty clouds of ignorance, which the continuall reading and plodding on bookes of Chiualry had ouer-cast mee withall.

I acknowledge all these extrauagancies, and confesse them to be but coozening tricks; and am aggreeued that this disbuse hath hapned so late vnto me, as it affords me no leysure

to

to make amends for my ouerſight, by reading of other good bookes, and which might ſerue and tend to the enlightning of my ſoule. My deare Neece, I feele my ſelfe neere vnto death, but I would not haue it to be ſuch, as the ſurname of foole ſhould reſt vpon mee; for, although I haue beene fooliſh in my life, I deſire not to confirme the truth of it in my death. And therefore my deare friend, goe and cauſe the Curate, the Bachelor *Samſon Carraſco*, and Maſter *Nicholas* the Barber to come immediately vnto me. I deſire to confeſſe my ſelfe, and to make my laſt Will and Teſtament. His Neece was eaſed of this labour, by the comming of them all three, who euen then entred the Chamber. *Don Quixote* no ſooner ſaw them, but ſaid thus vnto them;

My good Sirs, giue me ſome new yeeres gift, I am no more *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but rather *Alanſo Quixano*, vnto whom my honeſt life and ciuill conuerſation hath heretofore appropriated the ſurname of *Good*. I am now a profeſſed enemy to *Amadis de Gaule*, and of all the infinit rabble of his race. Now are all the prophane Hiſtories of Errant Chiualry hatefull vnto me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceiue the danger whereinto the reading of them hath brought me. But now, by the meere mercy of my God, become wiſe, at my owne proper coſt and charges, I vttely abhorre them. When theſe three friends heard him ſpeake ſo, they beleiued vndoubtedly, that he was poſſeſſed with ſome new kind of fooliſhneſſe. My Lord *Don Quixote* (ſaid *Samſon* vnto him) now that the newes are come vnto vs, that the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo* is diſ-enchanted, doe you ſpeake in this manner? And now that we are ſo neere hand to become ſhepheards, that ſo vve may in ſinging mirth and iollity lead a kinde of Princely life, doe you intend to become a Hermite?

Hold your peace, I pray you (replied *Don Quixote*) recollect your wits together, and let vs leaue all theſe diſcourſes: That, which hath hitherto ſerued mee to my hurt and detriment, my death, by the aſſiſtance of heauen, ſhall turne to my good, and redound to my profit. Good ſirs, I perceiue and feele death to follow mee at my heeles. Let vs leaue off, and quit

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quit all merriments and ieſting, and let mee haue a Confeſſor to ſhrift mee, and a Notary to draw my laſt Will and Teſtament. In the extremity whereunto I now finde and feele my ſelfe, a man muſt not make a ieſt of his ſoule: and therefore whileſt Maſter Curate is taking of my Confeſſion, let mee haue a Scriuener fetche.

They ſtood all gazing one vpon another, wondring at *Don Quixote's* ſound reaſons, although they made ſome doubt to beleeue them. One of the ſignes which induced them to coniecture, that he was neere vnto Deaths dore, was, that vvith ſuch facility hee was from a ſtarke foole become a wiſe man. For, to the words already alleadged, he added many more ſo ſignificant ſo Chriſtian-like, and ſo well couched, that without doubt they confidently beleeued that *Don Quixote* was become a right wiſe man. The Curate made all thoſe who were in the Chamber to auoid, and being left alone with him, tooke his Confeſſion. The Bachelor *Carraſco* went to finde out a Notary, who not long after came with him, and with *Sancho Panſa*. This good Squire hauing vnderſtood from the mouth of the Bachelor, that his Maſter was in a very bad eſtate, and finding his Maid-ſeruant and his Neece weeping very bitterly, began like a mad-man with his owne fiſts to thump and beate himſelfe, and to ſhead brackiſh teares.

The Confeſſion being ended, the Curate came forth, and was heard to vtter theſe words, Verily, verily, he is at his laſt gaſpe, and verily the good *Alonſo Quixano* is become wiſe, and it is high time for him to make his laſt Will and Teſtament.

Theſe heauy newes opened the ſluces of the teares-full and ſwolne-blubbering eyes of the maid, of the Neeces, and of his good Squire *Sancho Panſa*; ſo that they ſhowred forth whole fountains of teares, and fetched from the very bottom of their aggrieued hearts, a thouſand groaning ſighes. For, in effect (as we haue already declared elſewhere) whilſt *Don Quixote* was ſimply the good *Alonſo Quixano*, and likewiſe vvhen he was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was euer of a milde and affable diſpoſition, and of a kinde and pleaſing conuerſation: and

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and therefore was he not onely beloued of all his houſhold, but alſo of all thoſe that knew him.

In the meane ſpace the Notary came, who after hee had written the beginning of his Will; and that *Don Quixote* had diſpoſed of his ſoule, with all the circumſtances required and neceſſarie in a true Chriſtian: and that hee was come vnto the Legacies, he cauſed this to be written. *Item*, concerning a certaine ſumme of money, which *Sancho Panſa*, whom I made my Squire, whileſt my folly poſſeſſed me, hath yet in his cuſtody. For ſo much as betweene him and me, there remaine certaine odde reckonings and accounts to bee made vp, of what he hath receiued, and laid out, my will and pleaſure is, that he be not tyde to yeeld any account at all, nor bee in any bond for it: Nay rather, if any ouer-plus remaine in his hands, hauing firſt fully paid and ſatisfied him of what I owe and am endebted to him (which is no great matter,) my purpoſe is, that it be abſolutely his owne, and much good may it do him.

And as being then a foole, I was the cauſe that hee had the Gouernment of an Iland giuen him, I would to God (now I am wiſe and in my perfect ſences) it were in my power to giue him a Kingdome: For, the ſincerity of his minde, and the fidelitie of his comportments doe well deſerue it. Then addreſſing himſelfe vnto *Sancho*, he made this ſpeech vnto him, My deare friend, pardon mee, that I haue giuen thee occaſion to ſeeme a foole as I was, in making thee to fall into the ſame errour wherein I was falne, that in the world there haue beene, and ſtill are Errant Knights.

Alas and welladay, my good Sir, anſwered *Sancho* throbbing and weeping, yeeld not vnto death I pray you, but rather follow my counſell; which is, that you endeuour to liue many faire yeeres. The greateſt folly that any man can commit in this world, is to giue himſelfe ouer vnto death without apparant cauſe, except he be wilfully ſlaine, or that no other hand bring him to his end, but that of melancholy.

Once more I beſeech you, ſuffer not remiſſeneſſe or faintheartednes to ouercome you. Rather riſe out of your bed, and leaus go into the fields attired like Shepheards, as we were

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once resolued to doe. It may come to paſſe, that we behinde ſome buſh or ſhrub ſhall finde the Lady Madame *Dulcinea* diſenchanted, ſo that we ſhall haue no more buſineſſe. If the vexation or irkeſomeneſſe you feele to haue been vanquiſhed, attempt to bring you vnto death, let me vndertake the blame, who will ſtoutly maintaine in all places, and before all men, that you were ouerthrowne and quelled, becauſe I had not well gyrt your Palfrey *Rozinante*.

And you haue ſeene and read in your Bookes of Chiualry, that it is an ordinarie thing for one Knight to thruſt another out of his ſaddle, and that he who is to day conquered, is to morrow a conqueroure.

It is moſt true (quoth *Samſon*) and *Sancho Panſa* relates the very truth of ſuch accidents.

My Sirs, (replyed *Don Quixote*) I pray you goe not on ſo faſt, ſince that in the neſts of the laſt yeere, there are no birds of this yeere. Whilome I was a foole, but now I am wiſe: Sometimes I was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but am now (as I haue already told you) the good *Alonſo Quixano*. Let my vnfained repentance, and the truth of what I ſay, obtaine this fauour at your courteous hands, that you will haue the ſame eſtimation of me now, which you haue had heretofore. And ſo let Maſter Notary proceed.

Item, I make and inſtitute my Neece *Antonietta Quixana*, (who is heere preſent) generall heyre of all my goods whatſoeuer, hauing firſt deducted out of them all, that ſhall be neceſſary for the full accompliſhment of the Legacies which I haue bequeathed: And the firſt thing I would haue diſcharged, I purpoſe, ſhall bee the wages which I owe vnto my Maid-ſeruant; and that, ouer and beſides, ſhe haue twenty ducats deliuered vnto her, to buy her ſome good clothes withall.

Item, I appoint and inſtitute Maſter Curate, and Maſter *Samſon Carraſco* the Bachelor heere preſent, to be the ouerſeers and Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament.

Item, my will and pleaſure is, that if *Antonietta Quixana* my Neece chance to marry, that it be to a man of whom diligent enquiry ſhall firſt be made, that he is vtterly ignorant of bookes

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bookes of Chiualrie, and that he neuer heard speech of them. And if it should happen, that hee haue read them, and that notwithstanding my Neece will, or take him to her Husband, that she vtterly lose, and neuer haue any thing that I haue bequeathed her as an inheritance, all which, my Executors and Assignes may, at their pleasure as shall seeme good vnto them, imploy and distribute in pious vses.

Item, I intreat the said Executors and Ouer-seers of my Will, that if by good fortune, they come to the knowledge of the Author, who is said to haue composed an History, which goes from hand to hand, vnder the Title of The second part of the heroike feates of Armes of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they shall in my behalfe most affectionately desire him to pardon me; for that I haue vnawares giuen them occasion to write so infinite a number of great extrauagancies and idle impertinencies: for so much as I depart out of this life with this scruple vpon my conscience, to haue giuen him subiect and cause to publish them to the world.

He had no sooner ended his discourse, and signed and sealed his Will and Testament, but a swouning and faintnesse surprising him, he stretched himselfe the full length of his bed. All the company were much distracted and moued thereat, and came presently to help him: And during the space of three dayes, that he liued after he had made his will, he did swoune and fall into trances almost euery houre.

All the house was in a confusion and vproare: All which notwithanding the Neece ceased not to feede very deuoutly; the Maid-seruant to drinke profoundly, and *Sancho* to liue merrily. For, when a man is in hope to inherit any thing, that hope doth deface, or at least moderate in the minde of the inheritor the remembrance or feeling of the sorrow and griefe, which of reason he should haue a feeling of the Testators death.

To conclude, the last day of *Don Quixote* came, after he had receiued all the Sacraments; and had by many and godly reasons made demonstration to abhorre all the Bookes of Errant Chiualry.

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The Notary was present at his death, and reporteth, how he had neuer read or found in any book of Chiualrie, that any Errant Knight died in his bed, so mildly, so quietly, and so Christianly as did *Don Quixote*.

Amidst the wailefull plaints, and blubbering teares of the by-standers, he yeelded vp the ghost, that is to say, hee died, which the Curate perceiuing, he desired the Notary to make him an attestation or certificate, how *Alonso Quixano*, surnamed the good, and who was commonly called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he was deceased out of this life vnto another, and dyed of a naturall death. Which certificate he desired, to remoue all occasions from some Authors, except *Cid Hamete Benengeli* falsely to raise him from death againe, and write endlesse histories of his famous acts.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman *de la Mancha*, of whose birth-place *Cid Hamete* hath not beene pleased to declare manifestly the situation vnto vs, to the end that all Villages, Townes, Boroughs and Hamlets of *la Mancha* should contest, quarrell, and dispute among themselues the honor to haue produced him, as did the seuen Cities of Greece for the loue of *Homer*: wee haue not beene willing to make mention and relate in this place, the dolefull plaints of *Sancho*; nor those of the Neece and Maid-seruant of *Don Quixote*, nor likewise the sundry new and quaint Epitaphs which were grauen ouer his tombe; Content your selfe with this which the Bachelor *Samson Carrasco* placed there.

Heere lyes the Gentle Knight, and stout,
That to that height of valour got,
As if you marke his deeds throughout,
Death on his life triumphed not
With bringing of his death about.

The world as nothing hee did prize,
For as a Scar-crow in mens eyes,
He liu'd, and was their Bug-beare too;
And had he luck with much adoe,
To liue a foole, and yet die wise.

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In the meane while, the wise and prudent *Cid Hamete Benengeli* addrest this speech vnto his writing pen: Heere it is (oh my slender quill, whether thou be ill or well cut) that thou shalt abide hanged vpon those racks whereon they hang spits and broaches, being there-unto fastned with this copper wire. There shalt thou liue many ages, except some rash, fond-hardy and lewd Historian take thee downe to profane thee. Neuertheless, before they lay hands vpon thee, thou maist, as it were by way of aduertisment, and as well as thou canst, boldly tell them, Away, packe hence, stand a farre off, you wicked botchers, and vngracious Souters, and touch me not, since to me onely it belongs to cause to be imprinted *Cum bono Priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis*. *Don Quixote* was born for me alone, and I had my birth onely for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I haue had the glory to know how to write & compile them well. To be short, He & I are but one selfe-same thing, maugre & in despite of the fabulous Scribler *de Tordesillas*, who hath rashly and malapertly dared with an Estridge course and bungling pen, to write the prowesse and high Feates of Armes of my valorous Knight.

This fardle is too-too heauy for his weake shoulders, and his dull wit ouer-cold & frozen for such an enterprise. And if peraduenture thou know him, thou shalt also aduise him to suffer the weary and already rotten bones of *Don Quixote* to rest in his Sepulcher: For, it would be too great a cruelty, if contrary to all Orders and Decrees of Death, he should go about to make shew of him in Castila the olde, where in good sooth he lyeth within a Sepulchre, layd all along, and vnable to make a third iourney and a new outrode. It is sufficient to mocke those that so many wandring Knights haue made, that those two whereof he hath made shew vnto the world, to the generall applause, and vniuersall content of all Peoples and Nations that haue had knowledge of them, as well thorow the whole Countries of Spaine, as in all other forreigne Kingdomes. Thus shalt thou performe what a good Christian is bound to do, in giuing good counsell to him that wisheth thee euill. As for mee, I shall rest contented and well satisfied to

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haue beene the first that hath fully enioyed the fruites of his writings, and that according to my desires; since I neuer desired any other thing, then that men would vtterly abhorre the fabulous impertinent and extrauagant bookes of Chiualries: And to say truth, by meanes of my true *Don Quixote*, they begin already to stagger; for, vndoubtedly such fables and flim-flam tales will shortly faile, and I hope shall neuer rise againe.

Farewell.

FINIS.

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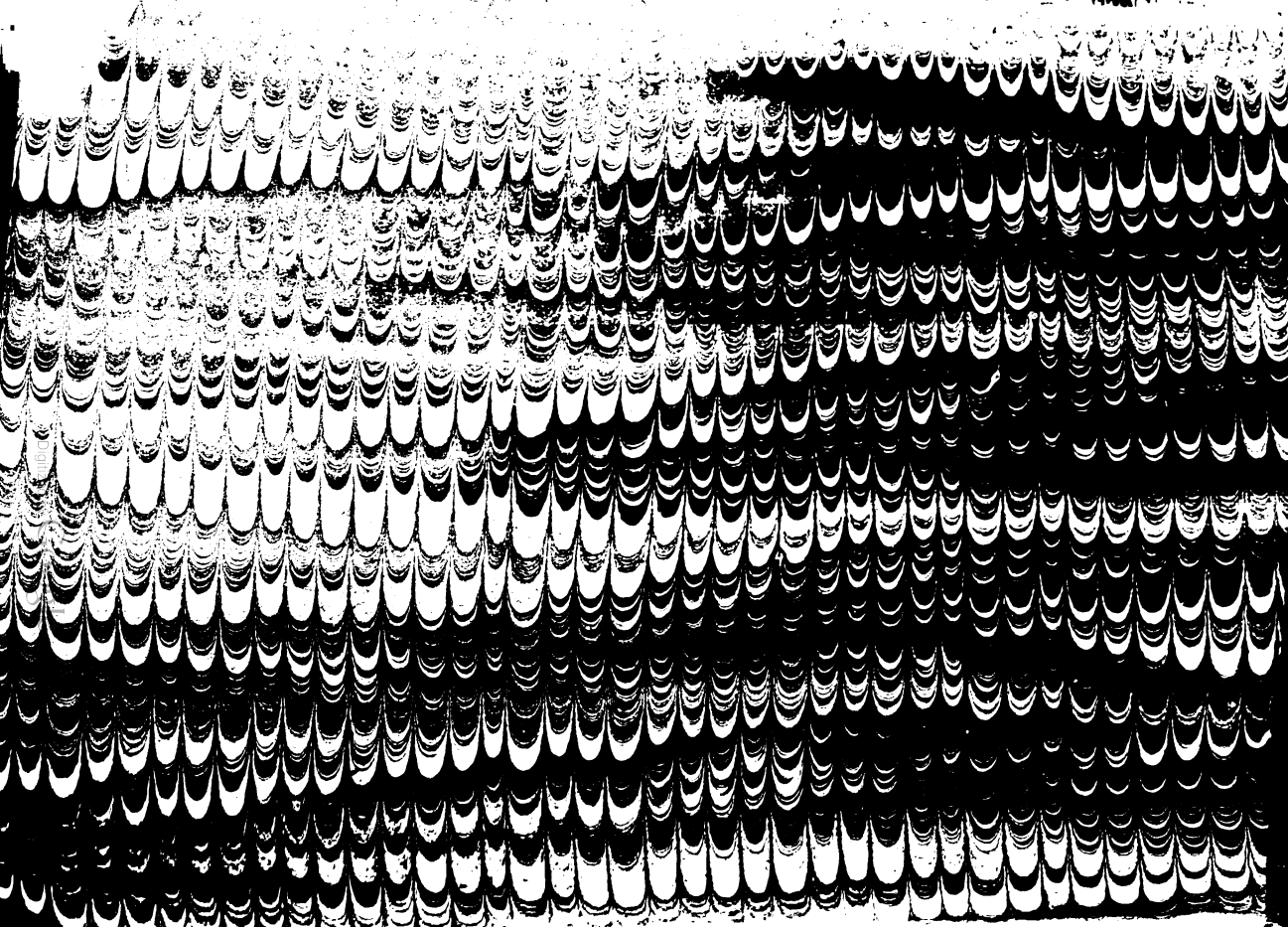

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